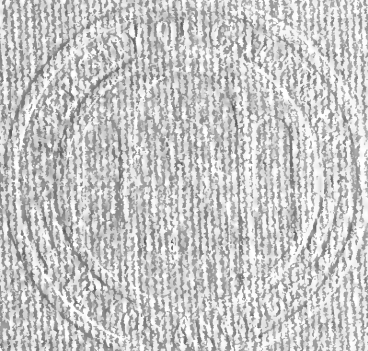


UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**G** 000 119 559 3



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES



EX LIBRIS









THE  
O D Y S S E Y  
OF  
H O M E R,  
TRANSLATED INTO  
E N G L I S H B L A N K V E R S E  
BY THE LATE  
WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

*The Second Edition,*

*With copious Alterations and Notes,*

PREPARED FOR THE PRESS BY THE TRANSLATOR,

AND NOW PUBLISHED WITH A PREFACE

BY HIS KINSMAN,

J. JOHNSON, LL.B.

CHAPLAIN TO THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

Τὰ δὲ δ' αἰὲν πάρος δ' ὅμοια, διὰ δὲ τῶν αὐτῶν αἰεῖ.—EPICHRMUS.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED

FOR J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD,

BY BUNNEY AND GOLD, SHOE LANE.

1803.





83  
105-  
TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

COUNTESS DOWAGER SPENCER,

THE FOLLOWING

TRANSLATION OF THE ODYSSEY,

A POEM THAT EXHIBITS,

IN THE CHARACTER OF ITS HEROINE,

*AN EXAMPLE*

OF ALL DOMESTIC VIRTUE,

IS WITH EQUAL PROPRIETY AND RESPECT

INSCRIBED

BY HER LADYSHIP'S

MOST DEVOTED SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



THE  
ODYSSEY OF HOMER.

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH BLANK VERSE.

# ARGUMENT

OF THE

## FIRST BOOK.

In a Council of the Gods, Minerva calls their attention to Ulyſſes, ſtill a wanderer. They reſolve to grant him a ſafe return to Ithaca. Minerva deſcends to encourage Telemachus, and in the form of Menes directs him in what manner to proceed. Throughout this book the extravagance and profligacy of the ſuitors are occaſionally ſuggeſted.

# O D Y S S E Y.

---

## B O O K I.

MUSE make the man thy theme, for shrewdness famed  
And genius versatile; who far and wide  
A Wand'rer, after Ilium overthrown,  
Discover'd various cities, and the mind  
And manners learn'd of men in lands remote.  
He num'rous woes, on Ocean tofs'd, endured,  
Anxious to save himself, and to conduct  
His followers to their home; yet all his care  
Preserved them not; they perish'd self-destroy'd  
By their own fault; infatuate! who devoured  
The oxen of the all-o'erseeing Sun,  
And, punish'd for that crime, return'd no more.  
Daughter divine of Jove, these things record,  
As it may please thee, even in our ears.

The rest, all those who had perdition 'scaped  
By war or on the Deep, dwelt now at home;  
Him only, of his country and his wife  
Alike desirous, in her hollow grot

Calypso, beauteous Goddess, still detained  
 Wooing him to her arms ; and, when at length,  
 Year rolling after year, the season came  
 That should restore him, by the will of heav'n,  
 To his loved Ithaca, (nor even there,  
 Friends only should he meet, but many a foe)  
 Then all the Pow'rs above with pity view'd  
 His num'rous toils, save Neptune ; He alone,  
 With ceaseless rage pursuing him, withheld  
 Godlike Ulysses from his native shores.  
 But Neptune, now, the Æthiopians sought,  
 (The Æthiopians, utmost of mankind,  
 These Eastward situate, those toward the West)  
 Call'd to an hecatomb of bulls and lambs\*.  
 There sitting, pleas'd he banquetted ; the Gods  
 In Jove's abode, mean-time, assembled all,  
 'Midst whom the Sire of heav'n and earth began.  
 For he recall'd to mind Ægisthus slain  
 By Agamemnon's celebrated son  
 Orestes, and retracing in his thought  
 That dread event, the Immortals thus address'd.

How rash are Human-kind ! who charge on Us

\* The Æthiopians, according to Diodorus Sic., are said to have been the first of the human race who celebrated the worship of the Gods, from whom they received, in recompense of their devotions, an immunity from conquest by the Kings their neighbours.

Their

Their suff'rings, far more truly the result  
 Of their own folly, than of our decrees \*.  
 So now Ægisthus, under no constraint  
 Of Destiny, hath ta'en Atrides' wife  
 To his own bed, and him at his return  
 Hath foully slain, though not unwarn'd by Us  
 That he would surely perish ; for we sent  
 The watchful Argicide, who bade him fear  
 Alike, to slay the King, or woo the Queen ;  
 For that Atrides' son Orestes, soon  
 As grown mature, and eager to assume  
 The sway in Argos, should avenge the deed.  
 So Hermes spake, but his advice moved not  
 Ægisthus, on whose head the whole arrear  
 Of vengeance heap'd, at last, hath therefore fall'n †.

To whom Minerva, Goddess azure-eyed.  
 Oh Jove, Saturnian Sire, o'er all supreme !

\* Chrysis, as quoted by Gellius, inveighs with much reasonable indignation against those profligate and audacious persons, who, to excuse a slavish obedience to their lusts, have recourse to the plea of Fatality, ascribing all their wickedness, not to their own impious rashness, the proper and true source of it, but to the will of heaven.—Homer however, as he observes, the wisest as well as the most antient of the poets, was the first also to censure this egregious folly.—C.

† Argus, the son of Arestor, was called the *πολύμματος κύων* or *dog with many eyes*, on account of the vigilance with which he guarded Io the daughter of Inachus ; but Mercury, by command of Jupiter slew him, and was thence entitled the Argicide.—B:

And well he merited the death he found ;  
So perish all who shall, like him, offend.  
But with a bosom anguish-rent I view  
Ulysses, hapless Chief ! who from his friends  
Remote, affliction hath long time endured  
In yonder wood-land isle, the central boss  
Of Ocean. That retreat a Goddess holds,  
Daughter of sapient Atlas, who the abyss  
Knows to its bottom, and the pillars high  
Himself upbears which separate earth from heav'n.  
His daughter, there, the sorrowing Chief detains,  
And ever with smooth speech insidious seeks  
To wean his heart from Ithaca ; mean-time  
Ulysses, happy might he but behold  
The smoke ascending from his native land,  
Death covets. Canst thou not, Olympian Jove !  
At last relent ? Hath not Ulysses oft  
With victims slain amid Achaia's fleet  
Thee gratified while yet at Troy he fought ?  
How, therefore, hath he thus incensed thee, Jove ?  
To whom the Sov'reign of the realms of air.  
What words, my daughter, have escaped thy lips ?  
Can I forget Ulysses ? Him forget  
So noble, who in wisdom all mankind  
Excels, and who hath sacrificed so oft  
To us whose dwelling is the boundless heav'n ?

Earth-



Earth-circling Neptune—He it is whose wrath  
 Pursues him ceaseless for the Cyclops' sake  
 Whom he hath blinded, Polypheme the vast,  
 In strength superiour to his giant kind.  
 For Him the sea-nymph, Phoreys' daughter, bore,  
 Thoöfa, by the Sov'reign of the waves  
 Impregnated in caverns of the Deep.  
 E'er since that day, the Shaker of the shores,  
 Although he slay him not, yet devious drives  
 Ulysses from his native isle afar.  
 But come—devise we, now, with one consent  
 His safe return, both means and prosp'rous end ;  
 So Neptune shall his wrath remit, whose pow'r  
 In contest with the force of all the Gods  
 Exerted single, can but strive in vain.

To whom Minerva, Goddess azure-eyed.  
 Oh Jupiter ! above all Kings enthroned !  
 If the Immortals ever-blest ordain  
 That wise Ulysses to his home return,  
 Dispatch we then Hermes the Argicide,  
 Our messenger, to fair Ogygia's isle,  
 Who shall inform Calypso, nymph divine,  
 Of this our purpose, that Ulysses, long  
 A suff'rer, seek, at length, his home again.  
 Myself will hence to Ithaca, mean-time,  
 His son to animate, and with new force

Inspire him, that (the Grecians all convened  
 In council,) he, at once, may bid depart  
 The suitors from his home, who, day by day,  
 His num'rous flocks and fatted herds consume.  
 And I will fend him thence to Sparta forth,  
 And into sandy Pylus, there to hear  
 (If hear he may) some tidings of his Sire,  
 And to procure himself a glorious name.

This said, her golden sandals to her feet  
 She bound, ambrosial, which o'er all the earth  
 And o'er the moist flood waft her fleet as air ;  
 Then, seizing her brass-pointed spear robust,  
 In length and bulk and weight a matchless beam,  
 With which the Jove-born Goddess levels ranks  
 Of Heroes against whom her anger burns,  
 From the Olympian summit down she flew  
 To Ithaca \*, where, in the vestibule  
 And on the threshold of Ulysses' hall  
 Grasping her brazen spear she stood, in form  
 The hero Mentès †, hospitable Chief

\* Στῆ δ' Ἰθάκης ἐν Δῆμῳ— The word Δῆμος is here said by the Scholiast to be a proper name, and the name of the place in Ithaca where stood the palace of Ulysses.—B. & C. But Barnes accounts this interpretation of it an idle dream, for which reason I have not attended to it in the translation.

† We are told that Homer was under obligations to Mentès, who had frequently given him a passage in his ship to different countries which he wished to see, for which reason he has here immortalized him.

Of Taphos' isle\*—the found the haughty throng  
 The suitors; they before the palace gate  
 Sported with iv'ry cubes, reclined on hides  
 Of num'rous oxen which themselves had slain.  
 The heralds and the busy menials there  
 Minister'd to them; these their mantling cups  
 With water flaked; with bibulous sponges those  
 Made clean the tables, set the banquet on,  
 And portion'd out to each his plenteous share.  
 Long ere the rest Telemachus himself  
 Mark'd her, for sad amid them all he sat,  
 Pourtraying in deep thought contemplative  
 His noble Sire, and questioning if yet  
 Perchance the Hero might return to chase  
 From all his palace that imperious herd,  
 'To his own honour lord of his own home.  
 Thus musing there, he suddenly perceived  
 The Goddess, and sprang forth, for he abhorr'd  
 To see a guest's admittance long delay'd;  
 Approaching eager, her right hand he seized,  
 The brazen spear took from her, and in words  
 With welcome wing'd Minerva thus address'd.

Stranger! Thou shalt be welcome; ent'ring, share  
 The banquet, first, then tell me thy desire.

\* Taphos was one of the Echinades, islands of the Ionian sea, and was inhabited by the Telebœans.—B. & C.

So faying, toward the fpacious hall he moved†  
 Follow'd by Pallas, and, arriving foon  
 Beneath the lofty roof, placed her bright fpear  
 Within a pillar's cavity, long time  
 The armoury where many a fpear had flood,  
 Bright weapons of his own illuftrious Sire.  
 Then, leading her toward a footftool'd throne  
 Magnificent, which firft he overfpread  
 With linen, there he feated her, apart  
 From that rude throng, and for himfelf difpofed  
 A throne of various colours at her fide ;  
 Left, ftunn'd with clamour of the lawlefs band,  
 His gueft fould fuffer pain, and that himfelf  
 Might ask him tidings of his abfent Sire.  
 And now a maiden charg'd with golden ew'r  
 And with an argent laver, pouring firft  
 Pure water on their hands, fupplied them, next,  
 With a reflplendent table, which the chafte  
 Direâtreffs of the houfehold heap'd with bread  
 And dainties, remnants of the laft regale.  
 Then, in his turn, the fewer\* with fav'ry meats  
 Served them, of delicate and various kinds,  
 And golden cups befide the chargers placed,  
 Which the attendant herald fill'd with wine.

\* Milton uſes the word—

————— Sewers and ſeneſchals.

Erclong, in rush'd the suitors, and the thrones  
 And couches occupied, on all whose hands  
 The heralds pour'd pure water; then the maids  
 Attended them with bread in baskets heap'd,  
 And cager they assail'd the ready feast.  
 At length, when neither thirst nor hunger more  
 They felt unsatisfied, to new delights  
 Their thoughts they turn'd, to song and sprightly dance,  
 Enlivening sequel of the banquet's joys.  
 An herald, then, to Phemius' hand consign'd  
 His beauteous lyre; he through constraint regaled  
 The suitors with his song, and while the chords  
 He struck in prelude to his pleasant strains,  
 Telemachus, in accents whisper'd close  
 To Pallas ear, the Goddess thus address'd.

My inmate and my friend! far from my lips  
 Be ev'ry word that might displease thine ear!  
 Song and the sprightly lyre may well engage  
 These wanton feeders at another's cost,  
 Whose bones lie weather-bleach'd, we know not where,  
 On foreign ground, or rolling in the Deep.  
 Ah! could they see him once to his own isle  
 Restored, both gold and raiment they would wish  
 Far less, and nimbleness of foot instead.  
 But He, alas! hath by a wretched fate  
 Past question perish'd, and what news foe'er

We hear of his return, no comfort breeds  
 In us, convinced that he returns no more.  
 But answer undiffembling; tell me true;  
 Who art thou? whence? where stands thy city? where  
 Thy father's mansion? In what kind of ship  
 Cam'st thou? Why steer'd the mariners their course  
 To Ithaca, and of what land are they?  
 For that on foot thou found'st us not, is sure.  
 This also tell me, hast thou now arrived  
 New to our isle, or waft thou heretofore  
 My father's guest? Since many to our house  
 Reforted in those happier days, for he  
 Drew irresistibly the hearts of all.

Then thus the Goddess of the azure eyes.  
 I will with all simplicity of truth  
 Thy questions satisfy\*. Behold in me  
 Mentis, the offspring of a Chief renown'd  
 In war, Anchialus; and I rule, myself,  
 The Taphians, mariners expert and bold.  
 This day we here arrived, myself and crew,  
 Seeking a people of another tongue

\* *Μὲν δ' ἀρχαίως*—Pallas promises in these emphatical words that she will tell him the truth, yet begins with a fiction. The promise therefore is understood by some to have reference only to the assurance she gives him that his father is still alive. But others interpret the words here noted as signifying no more than *circumstantially*.—C.

Athwart the gloomy flood, in quest of brass  
 For which I barter steel, ploughing the waves  
 'To Temesa\*. My ship beneath the woods  
 Of Neius, at yonder field that skirts  
 Your city, in the haven Rhethrus rides.  
 We are hereditary guests; our Sires  
 Were friends long since; as, when thou seest him next,  
 The Hero old Laertes will avouch,  
 Of whom, I learn, that he frequents no more  
 The city now, but in sequester'd scenes  
 Dwells sorrowful, and by an antient dame  
 Oft as strength fails him, while he creeps and toils  
 Among his vines, with food and drink supplied.  
 But I have come drawn hither by report  
 Which spake thy Sire arrived, though still it seems  
 The adverse Gods his homeward course retard.  
 For not yet breathless lies the noble Chief,  
 But in some island of the boundless flood  
 Resides a prisoner, by barbarous force  
 Of some rude race detained reluctant there.  
 And I will now foreshow thee what the Gods  
 Teach me, and what, though neither augur skill'd

\* Temesa was, according to some, a city of Cyprus, but others find it in Italy.—B. & C. Strabo observes of this last, that if in Homer's time it was famous for workers in brass, it has since ceased to be so.—C.

Nor prophet, I yet trust shall come to pass.  
 He shall not, henceforth, live an exile long  
 From his own shores ; no, not although in bands  
 Of iron held, but will ere long contrive  
 His own return ; for in expedients, framed  
 With wond'rous ingenuity, he abounds.  
 But tell me true ; art thou, in stature such,  
 Son of himself Ulysses ? for thy face  
 And sparkling eyes seem plainly to bespeak  
 Ulysses in thee ; for delights like these,  
 With Him conversing, I have oft enjoy'd,  
 Ere yet, with many a gallant Grecian more  
 He fail'd to Troy. But never have I, since,  
 Ulysses seen, nor hath Ulysses, me.

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.  
 Stranger ! The truth is this. My mother Him  
 Affirms my father, and the mother's voice  
 That question can, alone, with truth decide\*.

\* Eustathius observes that the legitimacy of a birth is best known to the mother ; and Aristotle is of the same opinion, who cites the case of a woman named Peparethia, whose oath in a dispute at law concerning the legitimacy of her child, was accepted as decisive. Telemachus therefore does not mean to impeach his mother's chastity, but merely to affirm his ignorance on a point which she alone was qualified to determine.—C.

Among us the child is always given by the Law to him to whom the mother swears it.

Would



Would I were offspring of some happier Sire,  
 Ordain'd in calm possession of his own  
 To reach the verge of life. But now, alas !  
 I am the rumour'd offspring of a man  
 Of all mankind unhappiest. Thy demand  
 Was simple truth; thus therefore I reply.

Then answer blue-eyed Pallas thus return'd.  
 From no ignoble race, in future days,  
 The Gods shall prove thee sprung, whom so endow'd  
 With ev'ry grace Penelope hath borne.  
 But tell me true. What festival is this ?  
 This throng—whence are they ? wherefore hast thou need  
 Of such a multitude ? Behold I here  
 A banquet, or a nuptial feast ? for these  
 Meet not by contribution \* to regale,  
 With such brutality and din they hold  
 Their riotous banquet ! a wise man and good  
 Arriving, now, among them, at the sight  
 Of such enormities would much be wroth.

To whom replied Telemachus discrete.  
 Since, stranger ! thou hast ask'd, learn also this.

\* *Ἐπαινος*, a convivial meeting, at which every man paid his proportion, at least contributed something ;—B. & C. but it seems to have been a meeting at which strict sobriety was observed, else Pallas would not have inferred from the noise and riot of this, that it was not such a one.

While yet Ulyffes with his people dwelt,  
 His prefence warranted the hope that here  
 Virtue fhould dwell and opulence ; but heav'n  
 Hath caft for us, at length, a diff'rent lot,  
 And he is loft, as never man before.  
 For I fhould lefs lament his death itfelf,  
 Had he among his friends at Ilium fall'n,  
 Or in the arms of his companions died,  
 Troy's fiege accomplifh'd. Then his tomb the Greeks  
 Of ev'ry tribe had built, and he had won  
 A never-dying name for me ; but now,  
 By harpies torn inglorious, beyond reach  
 Of eye or ear he lies ; and hath to me  
 Grief only, and unceafing fighs bequeath'd\*.  
 Nor mourn I for his fake alone ; the Gods  
 Have plann'd for me ftill many a woe befide ;  
 For all the rulers of the neighbour ifles,  
 Samos, Dulichium, and the foreft-crown'd

\* The Harpies and their place of habitation are mentioned by Virgil.—Æn. 3. l. 210.

The Strophades are ifles of Grecian name  
 Amid the wide Ionian Deep, poffefs'd  
 By dire Celæno and her Harpy brood ;  
 Nor ever, through the anger of the Gods,  
 Emerg'd a fouler, feller peft from Hell.  
 The birds have virgin looks, but they annoy  
 The fcent with filthieft ordure ; talons arm  
 Their hands, and famine pales their ghafly cheeks.

Zacynthus,

Zacynthus, others also, rulers here  
 In craggy Ithaca, my mother seek  
 In marriage, and my household stores consume.  
 But she nor *will* accept, nor *can* dismiss  
 Their hated suit, and They, mean-time, devour  
 My substance, who, myself, must perish soon.

To whom, with deep commiseration pang'd,  
 Pallas replied. Alas! great need hast thou  
 Of thy long absent father to avenge  
 These num'rous wrongs; for could he now appear  
 There, at yon portal, arm'd with helmet, shield,  
 And grasping his two spears, such as when first  
 I saw him drinking joyous at our board,  
 From Ilus son of Mermeris, who dwelt  
 In distant Ephyre\*, just then return'd,  
 (For thither also had Ulysses gone  
 In his swift bark, seeking some pois'nous drug  
 Wherewith to taint his brazen arrows keen †,  
 Which drug through fear of the eternal Gods  
 Ilus refused, but readily my Sire  
 Gave to him, for he lov'd him past belief)  
 Could now, Ulysses, clad in arms as then,

\* Ephyre has been already noticed in the first volume of the Iliad as a city of Thesprotia; but the Ephyre mentioned by Homer both there and here was probably Elis.

† The poet, it is observed, prepares us to see the suitors die by a single wound of these arrows.—B. & C.

Mix with these suitors, short his date of life  
 To each, and bitter should his nuptials prove.  
 But whether, safe restored, he shall avenge,  
 In his own house, his wrongs, or whether not,  
 Rests, for decision, with the Gods alone.  
 Mean-time I counsel thee, thyself to think  
 By what means likeliest thou shalt expel  
 These from thy doors. Now mark me : close attend.  
 To-morrow, summoning the Grecian Chiefs  
 To council, speak to them, and call the Gods  
 To witness that solemnity. Bid go  
 The suitors hence, each to his own abode,  
 And if thy mother's choice be strongly bent  
 To marriage, let her to the house return  
 Of her own potent father, who, himself,  
 Shall furnish forth her matrimonial rites,  
 And ample dow'r, such as it well becomes  
 A darling daughter to receive, bestow.  
 But hear me now ; thyself I thus advise.  
 The prime of all thy ships preparing, mann'd  
 With twenty rowers, voyage hence to seek  
 Intelligence of thy long-absent Sire.  
 Some mortal may inform thee, or a word \*

\* "Οσσα—*a* word spoken, with respect to the speaker, casually ; but with reference to the inquirer supposed to be sent for his information by the especial appointment and providential favour of the Gods.

Perchance, by Jove directed (safest source  
 Of notice to mankind) may reach thine ear.  
 First voyaging to Pylus, there enquire  
 Of noble Nestor; thence to Sparta tend,  
 To question Menelaus, last arrived  
 Of all the Grecians; and, if there thou learn  
 That still thy father lives, and hope obtain  
 Of his return, then, suffer as thou may'st,  
 With patience wait his coming, yet a year.  
 But should'st thou learn his death, then, seek again  
 Thy native shores, and, having heap'd his tomb,  
 And with due pomp his fun'ral rites perform'd,  
 Make thou thy mother's spoufals, next, thy care.  
 These duties satisfied, delib'rate last  
 Whether thou shalt these troublers of thy house  
 By stratagem, or by assault, destroy.  
 For thou art now no child, nor may'st pursue  
 The sports of children longer. Has the deed  
 Of brave Orestes never reach'd thine ear,  
 Whom all mankind extol? For he hath slain  
 Ægisthus, sly contriver of the death  
 Of Agamemnon, his illustrious sire.  
 And Thou, my youthful friend, whose form robust  
 And firm proportions with delight I view,  
 Be Thou brave also, that renown like His  
 Thou may'st acquire with ages yet to come.

But I will to my vefsel now repair,  
 And to my mariners, whom, abfent long,  
 I may perchance have troubled. Weigh thou well  
 My counfel ; let not my advice be loft.

To whom Telemachus difcrete replied.

Stranger ! thy words befpeak thee much my friend,  
 Who, as a father teaches his own fon,  
 Haft taught me what I never will forget.  
 But, though in hafte thy voyage to purfue,  
 Yet ftay, that in the bath refreshing firft  
 Thy limbs now weary, thou may'ft fprightlier feek  
 Thy gallant bark, charged with fome noble gift  
 Of finifh'd workmanfhip, which thou fhalt keep  
 As my memorial ever ; fuch a boon  
 As men confer on guefts whom much they love.

Then thus Minerva, Goddefs azure-eyed.

Retard me not, for go I muft ; the gift  
 Which lib'ral thou defireft to beftow  
 Give me at my return, that I may bear  
 The treafure home ; and, in exchange, thyfelf  
 Expect fome gift equivalent from me.

She fpake, and as with eagle-wings upborne,  
 Vanifh'd incontinent, but him infpired  
 With daring fortitude, and on his heart  
 Dearer remembrance of his Sire impreff'd  
 Than ever. Confcious of the mighty change,

Amazed

Amazed he stood, and, in his secret thought  
 Revolving all, believed his guest a God.  
 The youthful Hero to the suitors then  
 Repair'd; they silent, listen'd to the song  
 Of the illustrious Bard; he the return  
 Deplorable of the Achaian host  
 From Ilium by command of Pallas, sang. •  
 Penelope, Icarius' daughter, mark'd  
 Mean-time the song celestial, where she sat  
 In the superiour palace; down she came,  
 By all the num'rous steps of her abode;  
 Not sole, for two fair handmaids follow'd her.  
 She then, divinest of her sex, arrived  
 In presence of that lawless throng, beneath  
 The portal of her stately mansion stood,  
 Between her maidens, with her lucid veil  
 Her lovely features mantling. There, profuse  
 She wept, and thus the sacred bard bespake.

Phemius! for many a sorrow-soothing strain  
 Thou know'st beside, such as exploits record  
 Of Gods and men, the poet's frequent theme;  
 Give them of those a song, and let themselves  
 Their wine drink noiseless; but this mournful strain  
 Break off, unfriendly to my bosom's peace,  
 And which of all hearts nearest touches mine,  
 With such regret my dearest Lord I mourn,

Rememb'ring still an husband praised from side  
To side, and in the very heart of Greece.

Then answer thus Telemachus return'd.

My mother ! leave the tuneful bard unblamed  
To his own choice. No bard, himself, creates  
The woes of which he sings, but Jove supplies  
Each, at his pleasure, with a mournful theme ;  
And He records Achaia's hapless doom  
Thus sweetly, with good cause ; for newest strains  
Most take the list'ning ear. Of all who fought  
At Troy, Ulysses hath not lost, alone,  
His day of glad return ; but many a Chief  
Hath perish'd also. Seek thou then again  
Thy own apartment, spindle ply and loom,  
And task thy maidens ; management belongs  
To men of joys convivial, and of men  
Especially to me, chief ruler here\*.

She heard astonish'd ; and the prudent speech  
Reposing of her son deep in her heart,  
Again with her attendant maidens sought

\* This part of the speech of Telemachus has been rejected by some critics who contend that whatever propriety it may have when addressed by Hector to Andromache, it has not the same when addressed by a son to his mother. But Telemachus probably uses it, not as a reproof to her, but that the suitors hearing it, may infer from it his determined purpose to take the management of his family henceforth into his own hands. To be master, in short, for the time to come, and a child no longer.—B.



Her upper chamber. There arrived, she wept  
 Her lost Ulyffes, till Minerva bathed  
 Her weary lids in dewy fleep profound.  
 Then echoed through the gloomy vaults of all  
 The lofty roof, the fuitors' boift'rous roar,  
 For each was hot to fhare the royal bed.  
 Whom thus Telemachus difcrete address'd.

All ye my mother's fuitors, though addict  
 To contumacious wrangling fierce, fufpend  
 Your clamour ; for a courfe to me it feems  
 More decent far, when fuch a bard as this,  
 Godlike for fweetnefs, fings, to hear his fong.  
 To morrow meet we in full council all,  
 That I may plainly warn you to depart  
 From this our manfion. Seek ye where ye may  
 Your feafts ; confume your own, alternate fed  
 Each at the other's coft ; but if it feem  
 Wifeft in your account and beft, to eat  
 Voracious thus the patrimonial goods  
 Of one man, rend'ring no account of all \*,  
 Bite to the roots ; but know that I will cry  
 Ceafelefs to the eternal Gods, in hope  
 That Jove, for retribution of the wrong,  
 Shall doom you, where ye have intruded, there  
 To bleed, and of your blood afk no account \*.

\* There is in the Original an evident ftrefs laid on the word *Νήπιος*, which is ufed in both places. It was a fort of Lex falia .

He ended, and each gnaw'd his lip, aghast  
At his undaunted hardiness of speech.

Then thus Antinoüs spake, Eupithes' son.  
Telemachus! the Gods, methinks, themselves  
Teach thee sublimity, and to pronounce  
Thy matter fearless. Ah forbid it, Jove!  
That one so eloquent should with the weight  
Of kingly cares in Ithaca be charged,  
A realm, by claim hereditary, thine.

Then prudent thus Telemachus replied.  
Although my speech, Antinoüs, may, perchance,  
Provoke thee, know that I am not averse  
From kingly cares, if Jove appoint me such.  
Seems it to thee a burthen to be fear'd  
By men above all others? trust me, no.  
There is no ill in royalty; the man  
So station'd, waits not long ere he obtain  
Riches and honour. But I grant that Kings  
Of the Achaians may no few be found  
In sea-girt Ithaca both young and old,  
Of whom since great Ulyssès is no more,  
Reign who so may; but King, myself, I am  
In my own house, and over all my own

which Telemachus hoped might be put in force against them; and that Jove would demand no satisfaction for the lives of those, who made him none for the waste of his property.

Domestics,

Domestics, by Ulysses gained for me.

To whom Eurymachus replied, the son  
Of Polybus. What Grecian Chief shall reign  
In sea-girt Ithaca, must be referr'd  
To the Gods' will, Telemachus ! mean-time  
Ulysses' rich possessions and his house  
Are doubtless thine, and thou art sov'reign here.  
May never that man on her shores arrive,  
While an inhabitant shall yet be left  
In Ithaca, who shall by violence wrest  
Thine from thee. But permit me, noble Sir !  
To ask thee of thy guest. Whence came the man ?  
What country claims him ? Where are to be found  
His kindred and his patrimonial fields ?  
Brings he glad tidings of thy Sire's approach  
Homeward ? or came he to receive a debt  
Due to himself ? How swift he disappear'd !  
Nor opportunity to know him gave  
To those who wish'd it ; for his face and air  
Him speak not of Plebeian birth obscure.

Whom answer'd thus Telemachus discrete.  
Eurymachus ! my father comes no more.  
I can no longer credit tidings now,  
If such arrive ; nor heed I more the song  
Of sooth-sayers whom my mother may consult.  
But this my guest hath known in other days

My father, sea-girt Taphos is his home,  
 Mentos his name, Anchialus his fire,  
 And his control the Taphian race, renown'd  
 For naval skill, unanimous obey.

So spake Telemachus, but in his heart  
 Knew well his guest a Goddess from the skies.  
 Then they to dance and heart-enlivening song  
 Turn'd joyous, waiting the approach of eve ;  
 The dusky evening found them joyous still,  
 When each, to his own house retiring, sought  
 Needful repose. Telemachus, the while,  
 In various musings occupied, to rest  
 Also retired, in his own chamber, built  
 On the hall-roof, conspicuous from afar.  
 Sage Euryclea, bearing in each hand  
 A torch, preceded him ; her fire was Ops,  
 Pisenor's son, and, in her early prime,  
 At his own cost Laertes made her his,  
 Paying with twenty beeves her purchase-price.  
 Nor in less honour than his spotless wife  
 He held her ever ; but his consort's wrath  
 Fearing, at no time call'd her to his bed.  
 She bore the torches, and with truer heart  
 Loved him than any of the female train,  
 For she had nurs'd him in his infant years.  
 He open'd his broad chamber-valves, and sat

On his couch-side ; then, putting off his vest  
Of softest texture, placed it in the hands  
Of the attendant dame discrete, who first  
Folding it with exactest care, beside  
His bed suspended it, and, going forth,  
Drew by its silver ring the portal close,  
And fasten'd it with bolt and brace secure.  
There lay Telemachus, on finest wool  
Reposed, contemplating all night his course  
Prescribed by Pallas to the Pylian shore.

A R G U M E N T  
OF THE  
S E C O N D B O O K.

Telemachus having convened an assembly of the Grecians, publicly calls on the Suitors to relinquish the house of Ulysses. During the continuance of the Council he has much to suffer from the petulance of the Suitors, from whom, having informed them of his design to undertake a voyage in hope to obtain news of Ulysses, he asks a ship, with all things necessary for the purpose. He is refused, but is afterwards furnished with what he wants by Minerva, in the form of Mentor. He embarks in the evening without the privity of his mother, and the Goddess fails with him.

B O O K II.

AURORA, rosy daughter of the dawn,  
Now ting'd the East, when, habited again,  
Uprose Ulysses' offspring from his bed.  
Athwart his back his faulchion keen he flung,  
His sandals bound to his unfullied feet,  
And, godlike, issued from his chamber-door.  
At once the clear-voiced heralds he enjoin'd  
To call the Greeks to council ; they aloud  
Gave forth the summons, and the throng began.  
When all were gather'd, and th' assembly full,

He

He grasp'd his lance, and, setting forth, repair'd,  
 Himself, to council ; nor alone he went,  
 But follow'd by his hounds, a faithful pair.  
 O'er all his form Minerva largely shed  
 Majestic grace divine, and, as he moved,  
 The gazing crowd his princely port admired.  
 The seniors gave him place, and down he sat  
 On his paternal throne. Then grave arose  
 The Hero, old Ægyptius ; bow'd with age  
 Was he, and by experience deep-inform'd\*.  
 His son had with Ulysses, godlike Chief,  
 On board his fleet to distant Ilium gone,  
 The warrior Antiphus, whom in his cave  
 The savage Cyclops flew, and on his flesh  
 At ev'ning made obscene his last regale.  
 Three sons he had beside, a suitor one,  
 Eurynomus ; whose brothers, day by day,  
 Both serv'd their antient father in his fields.  
 Yet he forgot not, father as he was

\* Eustathius remarks it as a symptom that the poet himself was also an orator, and knew how difficult a young man must find it to open a debate by speaking first in the presence of more experienced persons, that he consigns that part of the business to Ægyptius, a speaker of long practice, who by interrogating the assembly gives Telemachus an opportunity to answer ; an easier task than to introduce the subject with nothing to lead to it. The young prince has the same advantage afforded him in the third book, where Nestor prepares the way for him by an enquiry concerning the cause of his voyage.—C.

Of these, his absent eldest, whom he mourn'd  
Ceaseless, and thus his speech, with tears, began.

Hear me, ye men of Ithaca, my friends!  
Nor council here nor session hath been held  
Since great Ulysses left his native shore.

Who now convenes us? what especial need  
Hath urged him, whether of our youth he be,  
Or of our senators by age matured?  
Have tidings reach'd him of our host's return,  
Which here he would divulge? or brings he aught  
Of publick import on a diff'rent theme?

I deem him, whosoe'er he be, a man  
Worthy to prosper, and may Jove vouchsafe  
A blessing on the purpose of his heart!

He ended, and Telemachus rejoiced  
In that good omen. Ardent to begin,  
He sat not long, but, moving to the midst,  
Received the sceptre from Pisenor's hand,  
His prudent herald, and addressing, next,  
The hoary Chief Ægyptius, thus replied.

Not far remote, as thou shalt soon thyself  
Perceive, oh venerable Chief! he stands,  
Who hath convened this council. I, am He.  
I am in chief the suff'rer. Tidings none  
Of the returning host I have received,  
Which here I would divulge, nor bring I aught



Of publick import on a different theme,  
 But my own trouble, on my own house fall'n,  
 And two-fold fall'n. One is, that I have lost  
 A noble father, who, as fathers rule  
 Benign their children, govern'd once yourselves ;  
 The other, and the more alarming ill,  
 With ruin threatens my whole house, and all  
 My patrimony with immediate waste.  
 Suitors, (their children who in this our isle  
 Hold highest rank) importunate besiege  
 My mother, though desirous not to wed,  
 Dare not solicit, in that cause, her Sire  
 Icarius, who might give his daughter dow'r,  
 And portion her to whom he most approves,  
 (A course which, only named, moves their disgust)  
 But rather choose, intruding here, to slay  
 My sheep, and beeves, and fatted goats, and drink  
 My sable wine—waste hard to be sustain'd.  
 For I have no Ulyffes to relieve  
 Me and my family from this abuse.  
 Ourselves are not sufficient ; we, alas !  
 Too feeble should be found, and yet to learn  
 How best to use the little force we own ;  
 Else, had I pow'r, I would, myself, redress  
 The evil ; for it now surpasses far  
 All suff'rance, now they ravage uncontroll'd,

Nor flow of decency vouchsafe me more.  
 Repent, yourselves, this outrage ; dread the blame  
 Which, else, ye must incur from ev'ry state  
 Around us, and the anger of the Gods,  
 Lest they impute these impious deeds to you \*.  
 I, next, adjure you by Olympian Jove,  
 By Themis, who convenes and who dissolves  
 All councils †, that ye interpose, my friends !  
 To check them, and afford to my distress  
 A solitary and a silent home.  
 But if Ulysses, my illustrious Sire,  
 Hath injur'd any noble Greccian here,  
 Whose wrongs ye purpose to avenge on me,  
 Then, aid them openly ; for better far  
 Were my condition, if yourselves consumed  
 My revenue ‡ ; ye should compensate soon  
 My suff'rings at *your* hands ; for my complaints

\* The reader is to be reminded that this is not an assembly of the suitors only, but a general one, which affords Telemachus an opportunity to apply himself to the feelings of the Ithacans at large.

† It is said by some to have been customary with the antients to introduce the image of Themis into all their public assemblies,—C. as the representative of peace and justice.

‡ The word *revenue* is very nearly a literal translation of the original word *πρὸβασις*, which Barnes, and Clarke after him, render by the word *proventus*. This seems the better sense of it, though there are others who understand it to signify *moveables*, especially such things as are *self-moved*, sheep, oxen, &c.

Should rouse all Ithaca to my redress,  
 Nor cease, till I were satisfied for all ;  
 But now, conniving at the wrong, ye pierce  
 My soul with anguish not to be endured.

He spake impassion'd, and to earth cast down  
 His sceptre, weeping. Pity at that sight  
 Sciz'd all the people ; mute the assembly sat  
 Long time, none dared with answer rough to greet  
 Telemachus, till of them all, at last,  
 Antinoüs, sole arising, thus replied,

Telemachus, intemp'rate in harangue,  
 High-sounding orator ! it is thy drift  
 To make us odious, all ; but the offence  
 Lies not with us the suitors ; she alone  
 Thy mother, who in subtlety excels,  
 And deep-wrought subterfuge, deserves the blame.  
 Three years entire, and, now, well nigh a fourth,  
 She hath beguiled with her delusive arts  
 The Grecians ; message after message sent  
 Brings hope to each, by turns, and promise fair ;  
 But she, mean-time, far otherwise intends.  
 Her other arts exhausted all, she framed  
 This stratagem ; a web of amplest size  
 And subtlest woof beginning, thus she spake \*.

\* The web she began was of the largest dimensions and of the finest texture, because a work of that kind proceeding slowly, both

Princes, my suitors ! since the noble Chief  
 Ulysses is no more, press not as yet  
 My nuptials, wait till I shall finish, first,  
 A fun'ral robe (left all my threads decay)  
 Which for the antient Hero I prepare,  
 Laertes, looking for the mournful hour  
 When fate shall snatch him to eternal rest ;  
 Else, I the censure dread of all my sex,  
 Should he, so wealthy, want at last a shroud.  
 So spake the Queen, and unsuspecting, we  
 With her request complied. Thenceforth, all day  
 She wove the ample web, and by the aid  
 Of torches ravell'd it again at night.  
 Three years by such contrivance she deceived  
 The Grecians ; but when (three whole years elaps'd)  
 The fourth arrived, then, conscious of the fraud,  
 A damsel of her train told all the truth,  
 And we surpris'd her marring all her work.  
 Thus, through necessity she hath, at length,  
 Perform'd the task, and in her own despite.  
 Therefore, to satisfy not thee alone  
 But all men here assembled, we reply.  
 Dismiss thy mother with a charge to wed

on account of the size and the difficulty with which it would be performed, the suitors would the less wonder at the time it cost to accomplish it.—C.

Whom

Whom most Icarus and herself approve.  
 But should she still torment us with delay,  
 Studious alone to merit praise for arts  
 By Pallas giv'n her largely ; matchless skill  
 To weave the splendid web ; sagacious thought ;  
 And shrewdness, such as never fame ascribed  
 To any beauteous Greek of antient days,  
 Tyro, Mycene, or Alcmena lov'd  
 By Jove himself, all whom th' accomplish'd Queen  
 Transcends in knowledge, ignorant alone  
 That wooed long-time she should, at last, be won,  
 Then know, that while the Gods with adverse sway  
 Thus warp her judgment, ev'ry suitor, still,  
 Shall banquet at thy cost. A glorious name  
 She to herself insures, but equal woe  
 And devastation of thy wealth to thee ;  
 For neither to our proper works at home  
 Go we, of that be sure, nor yet elsewhere,  
 Till him she wed to whom she most inclines \*.

Then prudent, thus, Telemachus replied.  
 Antinoüs ! to thrust the mother forth

\* Some have understood that Antilochus, in this close of his speech, produced a prophecy without intending it, because the suitors in fact did not depart till Ulysses came, the only person of her choice, and slew them. But Clarke judges, and seemingly with good reason, that the interpretation is a mere subtlety and of no value ; though Madame Dacier approves it.

Who gave me birth and rear'd me, were a deed  
 Unnat'ral and impossible to me.  
 Alive or dead, my Sire is far remote,  
 And should I, voluntary, hence dismiss  
 My mother to Icarius, I must much  
 Refund, which hardship were and loss to me \*.  
 So doing, I should also wrath incur  
 From my offended Sire, and from the Gods  
 Still more; for she, departing, would invoke  
 Erynnis to avenge her, and reproach  
 Beside would follow me from all mankind.  
 That word I, therefore, never will pronounce.  
 No, if ye judge your treatment at her hands  
 Injurious to you, go ye forth yourselves,  
 Forsake my mansion; seek where else ye may  
 Your feasts; consume your own; alternate feed  
 Each at the other's cost. But if it seem  
 Wisest in your account and best to eat  
 Voraciously the patrimonial goods  
 Of one man, rend'ring no account of all,  
 Bite to the roots; but know that I will cry

\* The commentators are here divided in opinion, doubting whether Telemachus means to say, that *if he sends away his mother he must refund her dowry to Icarius, or if he sends her to Icarius, he must incur great evil.*—B. & C. The words will bear either sense, according to their punctuation, but Dacier and Clarke both give the preference to that in which the passage is here rendered.

Ceaselets to the eternal Gods, in hope  
 That Jove, in retribution of the wrong,  
 Shall doom you, where ye have intruded, there  
 To bleed, and of your blood ask no account.

So spake Telemachus, and while he spake,  
 The Thund'rer from a lofty mountain-top  
 Turn'd off two eagles; on the winds, awhile,  
 With outspread pinions ample side by side  
 They floated; but, ere long, hov'ring aloft,  
 Right o'er the midst of the assembled Chiefs  
 They wheel'd around, clang'd all their num'rous plumes,  
 And eyeing with a downward look the throng,  
 Death boded, ominous; then rending each  
 The other's face and neck, they sprang at once  
 Toward the right, and darted through the town\*.  
 Amazement univerfal, at that sight,  
 Seized the assembly, and with anxious thought  
 Each scann'd the future; amidst whom arose  
 The Hero Halitherses, antient Seer,  
 Offspring of Mastor; for in judgment he  
 Of portents augural, and in forecast  
 Unerring, his coevals all excell'd,  
 And prudent thus the multitude bespake.

\* Not the faces and necks of the suitors, as some have very absurdly imagined, but each others, for an unanswerable reason which the learned reader will find in Clarke.

Hear, all ye men of Ithaca ! but hear  
 Ye Suitors chiefly, for I speak of woes  
 Tremendous, by the Gods prepared for you.  
 Ulyffes shall not from his friends, henceforth,  
 Live absent long, but, hasting to his home,  
 Comes even now, and as he comes, designs  
 A bloody death for these, whose bitter woes  
 No few shall share, inhabitants with us  
 Of pleasant Ithaca ; but let us frame  
 Effectual means maturely to suppress  
 Their violent deeds, or rather let themselves  
 Repentant cease ; and soonest shall be best.  
 Not inexpert, but well-inform'd I speak  
 The future, and the accomplishment announce  
 Of all which when Ulyffes with the Greeks  
 Embark'd for Troy, I to himself foretold.  
 I said that, after many woes, and loss  
 Of all his people, in the twentieth year,  
 Unknown to all, he should regain his home,  
 And my prediction shall be now fulfill'd.

Him, then, Eurymachus thus answer'd rough  
 The son of Polybus. Hence, dotard ! Hence  
 To thy own house ; there prophesying, warn  
 Thy children of calamities to come.  
 Birds num'rous flutter in the beams of day,



Not all predictive. Death, far hence remote  
 Hath found Ulysses, and I would to heav'n  
 That, where he died, thyself had perish'd too.  
 Then had'st thou not with these prophetic strains  
 O'erwhelm'd us, nor Telemachus impell'd  
 Already thus incens'd, in hope to win,  
 Perchance, for thine some favour at his hands.  
 But I to *thee* foretell, skilled as thou art  
 In legends old, (nor shall my threat be vain)  
 That if by artifice thou move to wrath  
 A younger than thyself, no matter whom,  
 Thou shalt but plunge him deeper, in his cause  
 Much enterprising, and performing nought,  
 And we will charge thyself with such a fine  
 As thou shalt pay with difficulty, and bear  
 The burthen of it with an aching heart.  
 As for Telemachus, I him advise,  
 Myself, and press the measure on his choice  
 Earnestly, that he send his mother hence  
 To her own father's house, who shall, himself,  
 Set forth her nuptial rites, and shall endow  
 His daughter sumptuously, and as he ought.  
 For this expensive wooing, as I judge,  
 Till then shall never cease; since we regard  
 No man—no—not Telemachus, although

In words exub'rant ; neither fear we aught  
 Thy vain prognostics, venerable fir !  
 But only hate thee for their sake the more.  
 Waste will continue and disorder foul  
 Unremedied, so long as she shall hold  
 The suitors in suspense, for, day by day,  
 Our emulation goads us to the strife,  
 Nor shall we seek, departing hence, to espouse  
 Each his own consort suitable elsewhere.

To whom, discrete, Telemachus replied.  
 Eurymachus, and ye the suitor train  
 Illustrious, I have spoken ; ye shall hear  
 No more this supplication urged by me.  
 The Gods, and all the Greeks, now know the truth.  
 But give me instantly a gallant bark  
 With twenty rowers, skill'd their course to win  
 To whatsoever haven ; for I go  
 To sandy Pylus, and shall hasten thence  
 To Lacedemon, tidings to obtain  
 Of my long-absent Sire, or from the lips  
 Of man, or by a word from Jove vouchsafed  
 Himself, best source of notice to mankind.  
 If, there inform'd that still my father lives  
 I hope conceive of his return, although  
 Distress'd, I shall be patient yet a year.

But

But should I haply learn that he survives  
 No longer, then, returning, I will raise  
 At home his tomb, will with such pomp perform  
 His fun'ral rites, as his great name demands,  
 And give my mother's hand to whom I may.

This said, he sat, and after him arose  
 Mentor, illustrious Ulysses' friend,  
 To whom, embarking thence, he had consign'd  
 All his concerns, that, under his discrete  
 And just control, his household might enjoy  
 Peace and security till his return.  
 Arising, thus the senior, sage, began.

Hear me, ye Ithacans! be never King  
 From this time forth, benevolent, humane  
 Or righteous, but let every sceptred hand  
 Rule merciless, and deal in wrong alone,  
 Since none of all his people, whom he sway'd  
 With such paternal gentleness and love,  
 Remembers the divine Ulysses more!  
 That the imperious suitors thus should weave  
 The web of mischief and atrocious wrong,  
 I grudge not; since at hazard of their heads  
 They make Ulysses' property a prey,  
 Persuaded that the Hero comes no more.  
 But much the people move me; how ye fit

All mute, and, though a crowd opposed to few,  
Check not the suitors with a single word!

Then thus Liocritus, Evenor's son.

Injurious Mentor! headlong orator!  
How dar'st thou move the populace against  
The suitors? Trust me they should find it hard,  
Numerous as they are, to cope with us,  
A feast the prize. Or should the King himself  
Of Ithaca, returning, undertake  
T' expel the jovial suitors from his house,  
Much as Penelope his absence mourns,  
His presence should afford her little joy;  
For fighting sole with many, he should meet  
A dreadful death. Thou, therefore, speak'st amiss.  
Mentor and Halytherses, from their youth  
His father's chosen friends, shall furnish forth  
Telemachus; but likelier far it seems  
That news should reach him here, than that himself  
In search of news, should reach the Pylian shore\*.

Thus saying, Liocritus dissolved in haste

\* The poet, it is observed by the Scholiast, represents Antinoüs as a plain and artless speaker, Eurymachus as vehement and haughty, and Liocritus as a man of not many words, but daring and insolent, who not only expresses himself contemptuously when he mentions Ulysses, but breaks up the council abruptly though he had not convened it.—B. & C. Eustathius makes the same observation.—C.

The

The council, and the scatt'ed concourse fought  
 Their sev'ral homes, while all the suitors flock'd  
 Thence to the palace of their absent King.  
 Mean-time, Telemachus from all resort  
 Retiring, in the surf of the gray Deep  
 First laved his hands, then, thus to Pallas pray'd.

O Goddess! who wast yesterday a guest  
 Beneath my roof, and didst enjoin me then  
 A voyage o'er the fable Deep in quest  
 Of tidings of my long-regretted Sire!  
 Behold! the Greeks, but, most of all, the proud  
 Injurious suitors thwart the whole design.

Such pray'r he made; then Pallas, in the form,  
 And with the voice of Mentor, drawing nigh,  
 In accents wing'd, him kindly thus bespake.

Telemachus! thou shalt hereafter prove  
 Nor base, nor poor in talents. If, in truth,  
 Thou have received from heav'n thy father's force  
 Infill'd into thee, and resemblest him  
 In promptness both of action and of speech,  
 Thy voyage shall not usefess be, or vain.  
 But if Penelope produced thee not  
 His son, I hope not, then, a good effect  
 Of this design which, ardent, thou pursuest.  
 Few sons their fathers equal; most appear  
 Degenerate; but we find, though rare, sometimes

A son

A fon superiour even to his Sire \*.  
 And fince thyfelf fhalt neither bafe be found  
 Nor fpiritlefs, nor altogether void  
 Of talents, fuch as in Ulyffes fhone,  
 I therefore hope fuccefs of thy attempt.  
 Heed not the fuitors' projects; neither wife  
 Are they, nor juft, nor aught fufpect the doom  
 Which now approaches them, and in one day  
 Shall overwhelm them all. No long fufpenfe  
 Shall hold thy purpofed enterprife in doubt,  
 Such help from me, of old thy father's friend,  
 Thou fhalt receive, who with a bark well-oar'd  
 Will ferve thee, and myfelf attend thee forth.  
 But hafte, join thou the fuitors, and provide,  
 In fep'rate veffels ftow'd, all needful ftores,  
 Wine in thy jars, and flour, the ftrength of man,  
 In fkins clofe-feam'd. I will, mean-time, felect  
 Such as fhall voluntary fhare thy toils.  
 In fea-girt Ithaca new fhips and old  
 Abound, and I will choofe, myfelf, for thee  
 The prime of all, which without more delay

\* The fentiment is juftified by the opinion of many Antients. Ælius Spartianus in his life of the Emperor Severus fays "It is fufficiently known that hardly any great man has left a fon of much merit or ufe behind him."—*The fons of heroes are a nuisance*, was proverbial, and Demofthenes obferved that *good and valuable men are fo often fucceeded by a race of triflers, that it feems the effect of fome fatality.*—C.

We will launch out into the spacious Deep.

So Pallas, progeny of Jove ; nor long,  
Thus greeted by the voice divine, delay'd  
Telemachus, but to his palace went  
Distress'd in heart. He found the suitors there  
Goats flaying in the hall, and fatted swine  
Roasting ; when with a laugh Antinoüs flew  
To meet him, fasten'd on his hand, and said,

Telemachus, in eloquence sublime,  
And of a spirit not to be controll'd !  
Give harbour in thy breast on no account  
To after-grudge or enmity, but eat  
Rather with cheerfulness as thou art wont,  
And freely drink, committing all thy cares  
To the Achaians, who shall furnish forth  
A gallant ship and chosen crew for thee,  
That thou may'st hence to Pylus with all speed,  
Tidings to learn of thy illustrious Sire.

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.  
Antinoüs ! I have no heart to feast  
With guests so insolent, nor can indulge  
The pleasures of a mind at ease, with you.  
May it not well suffice you to have used  
My noble patrimony as your own  
While I was yet a child ? now, grown mature,  
And competent to understand the speech

Of my instructors, feeling, too, a mind  
 Within me conscious of augmented pow'rs,  
 I will attempt your ruin, be assured,  
 Whether at Pylus, or continuing here.  
 I go, indeed, (nor shall my voyage prove  
 Of which I speak, a fruitless one) I go  
 An humble passenger, who neither bark  
 Nor rowers have to boast my own, denied  
 That honour (so ye judg'd it best) by you.

He said, and from Antinoüs' hand his own  
 Drew softly. Then their delicate repast  
 The busy suitors on all sides prepared,  
 Still taunting as they toil'd, and with sharp speech  
 Sarcastic wantoning, of whom a youth,  
 Arrogant as his fellows, thus began.

Our doom is fixt, and we must all be slain.  
 Either Telemachus will aids procure  
 From sandy Pylus, or will bring them arm'd  
 From Sparta; such is his tremendous drift.  
 Even to fruitful Ephyre, perchance,  
 He will proceed, seeking some baneful herb  
 Which cast into our cup, shall drug us all\*.

\* It is as plain in the original as in the translation that the suitors speak ironically, though the Scholiast, much to the astonishment of Clarke, understands them as expressing serious apprehensions that Telemachus has framed some such project. It is indeed hardly possible not to remark with how much labour the commentators sometimes misinterpret, especially when the true sense is obvious.



Another, in his turn, thus scoff'd aloud.  
 Who knows but that himself, while far remote  
 From all his friends, he roams the dreary Deep,  
 May perish like Ulysses? Whence to us  
 Should double toil ensue, on whom the charge  
 To parcel out his wealth would then devolve,  
 And to endow his mother with the house  
 For his abode whom she should chance to wed.

So sported they; but he, ascending, sought  
 His father's chamber, where his brass and gold  
 And raiment in capacious chests he kept,  
 And oils of fragrant scent, a copious store.  
 There many a cask with season'd nectar fill'd  
 The grape's pure juice divine, beside the wall  
 Stood waiting, orderly arranged, the hour  
 (Should e'er such hour arrive) when, after woes  
 Num'rous, Ulysses should regain his home.  
 Secure that chamber was with folding doors  
 Of massy planks compact, and, night and day,  
 Within it antient Euryclæa dwelt,  
 Guardian discrete of all the treasures there,  
 Whom, thither call'd, Telemachus address'd.

Nurse! draw me forth sweet wine into my jars,  
 Delicious next to that which thou reserv'st  
 For our poor wand'rer; if escaping death  
 At last, divine Ulysses e'er return.

Fill twelve, and stop them close ; pour also meal  
 Well-mill'd (full twenty measures) into skins  
 Close-seam'd, and mention what thou dost to none \*.  
 Place them together ; for at even-tide  
 Soon as the Queen, retiring to her couch  
 Shall seek repose, I will bestow them all  
 On board a bark ; for to the Pylian shore  
 And Spartan, there to gather, if I may,  
 Some hopes that still Ulysses lives, I go.

He ended, and in accents shrill that spoke  
 Her tender fears, his gentle nurse exclaim'd.

My child ! ah, wherefore hath a thought so rash  
 Possess'd thee ? whither, only and lov'd,  
 Seek'st thou to ramble, travelling, alas !  
 To distant climes ? Ulysses is no more ;  
 Dead lies the Hero in some land unknown,  
 And thou no sooner shalt depart, than these  
 Will plot to slay thee, and divide thy wealth.  
 No, stay with us who love thee. Need is none  
 That thou should'st on the barren Deep distress  
 Encounter, roaming without hope or end †.

\* The Scholiast tells us that the Antients kept their flour in skins and not in sacks, which were a subsequent invention, and applied the word measure both to wet and dry.—B. & C.

† She speaks of the death of Ulysses as a certainty, the more effectually to deter Telemachus from his voyage, though it is plain that she did not in reality consider it as such, since she kept for him with so much care the very best of all the wines entrusted to her.—C.

Whom, prudent, thus answer'd Telemachus.  
 Take courage, nurse! for not without consent  
 Of the Immortals I have thus resolved.  
 But swear, that till eleven days be past,  
 Or twelve, or, till enquiry made, she learn  
 Herself my going, thou wilt nought impart  
 Of this my purpose to my mother's ear,  
 Lest all her beauties fade by grief impair'd.

He ended, and the antient matron swore  
 Solemnly by the Gods; which done, she fill'd  
 With wine the vessels and the skins with meal,  
 And he, returning, join'd the throng below\*.

Then Pallas, Goddess azure-eyed, her thoughts  
 Elsewhere directing, all the city ranged  
 In semblance of Telemachus, each man  
 Exhorting, at the dusk of eve, to seek  
 The gallant ship, and from Noëmon, son  
 Renown'd of Phronius, ask'd, herself, a bark,  
 Which soon as ask'd, he promis'd to supply†.

Now

\* The word *swear* serves us for oaths of both kinds, both negative and affirmative; but the Greeks had words to distinguish them; *ἐπομύνας* signifying to swear that a thing *shall be done*, *ἀπομύνας*, that it *shall not*.—C. The latter is the word used here.

† Both Eustathius and the Scholiast understand here a secret meaning, and consider the exhortations given by Minerva in the form of Telemachus, as an allegorical way of saying, that the Ithacans being much impressed and affected with the remembrance  
 of

Now set the sun, and twilight dimm'd the ways,  
 When, drawing down his bark into the Deep,  
 He gave her all her furniture, oars, arms  
 And tackle, such as well-built galleys bear,  
 Then moor'd her in the bottom of the bay.  
 Mean-time, his mariners in haste repair'd  
 Down to the shore, for Pallas urged them on.  
 And now, on other purposes intent,  
 The Goddesses fought the palace, where with dews  
 Of slumber drenching ev'ry sutor's eye,  
 She fool'd the drunkard multitude, and dash'd  
 The goblets from their idle hands away.  
 They through the city reeled, all glad to leave  
 The dull caroufal, when the flumb'rous weight  
 Oppressive on their eyelids once had fall'n.  
 Next, Pallas azure-eyed in Mentor's form  
 And with the voice of Mentor, summoning  
 Telemachus abroad, him thus bespake.

Telemachus! already at their oars  
 Sit all thy fellow-voyagers, and wait  
 Thy coming; linger not, but haste away.

of what had passed in council, seeming still to have the figure of Telemachus before their eyes, and convinced that he had required only what was reasonable and just, though they accounted it too dangerous an enterprize to engage publickly on his side, had yet no unwillingness to accommodate him with a ship, or even to furnish him from among themselves with mariners.—B. & C.

This

This said, Minerva led him thence, whom he  
 With nimble steps pursued, and, on the shore  
 Arrived, found all his mariners prepared,  
 Whom thus the princely voyager address'd.

Haste ye, my friends ! and from the palace bring  
 The stores, which all stand ready ; but the Queen  
 Of this my purpos'd voyage nothing knows,  
 Nor the Queen's women aught, save One alone.

He spake, and led them ; they, obedient, brought  
 All down, and, as Ulysses' son enjoin'd,  
 Within the gallant bark the charge bestow'd.

Then, led by Pallas, went the prince on board,  
 Where down they sat, the Goddess in the stern,  
 And at her side Telemachus. The crew  
 Cast loose the hawsers, and, embarking, fill'd  
 The benches. Blue-eyed Pallas from the West  
 Call'd forth propitious breezes ; fresh they curled  
 The sable Deep, and, sounding, swept the waves.  
 He loud-exhorting them, his people bade  
 Hand, brisk, the tackle ; they, obedient, reared  
 The pine-tree mast, which in its socket deep  
 They lodg'd, then strain'd the cordage, and with thongs  
 Well-twisted, drew the shining sail aloft.  
 A land-breeze fill'd the canvas, and the flood  
 Roar'd as she went against the steady bark  
 That ran with even course her liquid way.

The rigging, thus, of all the galley fet,  
 Their beakers crowning high with wine, they hail'd  
 The ever-living Gods, but above all  
 Minerva, daughter azure-eyed of Jove.  
 Thus, all night long the galley, and till dawn  
 Had brighten'd into day, cleaved swift the flood\*.

\* Scaliger comparing the two lines of Homer

Ἐπρησεν δ' ἀνεμος μέσον ἰσίων\* ἀμφὶ δὲ κῦμα  
 Στείρη προφύρεον μεγάλ' ἰαχῆς, νηὸς ἰάσης\*

with the following two of Virgil

Tendunt vela Noti; fugimus spumantibus undis  
 Qua cursum ventusque gubernatorque vocabant,

is enraptured with the last of Virgil's, and for the sake of it gives him the preference. But, as Clarke justly observes, the learned Critick forgot himself a little, for the line that charms him to such a degree is almost a literal version of a line found in the eleventh book of the *Odyfsey*.

—Τὴν δ' ἀνεμός τε κυβερνήτης τ' ἴθυεν.

# A R G U M E N T

## OF THE

### T H I R D B O O K.

Telemachus arriving at Pylus, enquires of Nestor concerning Ulysses. Nestor relates to him all that he knows or has heard of the Grecians since their departure from Troy, but not being able to give him any satisfactory account of Ulysses, refers him to Menelaus. At evening Minerva quits Telemachus, but discovers herself in going. Nestor sacrifices to the Goddess, and the solemnity ended, Telemachus sets forth for Sparta in one of Nestor's chariots, and accompanied by Nestor's son Pisistratus.

### B O O K III.

**T**HE sun, emerging from the lucid waves,  
 Ascended now the brazen vault with light  
 For the inhabitants of earth and heav'n,  
 When in their bark at Pylus they arrived,  
 City of Neleus. On the shore they found  
 The people sacrificing; bulls they slew  
 Black without spot, to Neptune azure-hair'd\*.

\* On the southern side of Pylus stood a town called Lepreos, at the distance of forty stadia from the sea. In the midway between Lepreos and Annios stood the temple of Samian Neptune, distant an hundred stadia from each. At that temple it was that Telemachus found the Pylians performing sacrifice.—C.

On ranges nine of seats they sat ; each range  
 Received five hundred, and to each they made  
 Allotment equal of nine fable bulls \*.

The feast was now begun ; these tasting † sat  
 The entrails, those stood off'ring to the God  
 The thighs, his portion, when the Ithacans  
 Push'd right ashore, and, furling close the sails,  
 And making fast their moorings, disembark'd.  
 Forth came Telemachus by Pallas led,  
 Whom thus the Goddess azure-eyed address'd.

Telemachus ! there is no longer room  
 For bashful fear, since thou hast cross'd the flood  
 With purpose to enquire what land conceals  
 Thy father, and what fate hath followed him.  
 Advance at once to the equestrian Chief  
 Nestor, within whose bosom lies, perhaps,  
 Advice well worthy of thy search ; entreat  
 An answer at his lips sincere and true,  
 Who will not lye, for he is passing wise.

To whom Telemachus discrete replied.  
 Ah Mentor ! how can I advance, how greet

\* In Pylus were nine cities, and each city had a seat or bench appropriated to it.—B. & C.

† They are said to *taste* them only, because they were a great multitude, and the entrails would not afford more than a taste for each.—C.



A Chief like him, unpractis'd as I am  
 In manag'd phrafe? Shame bids the youth beware  
 How he accosts the man of many years.

But thus the blue-eyed Goddess in return,  
 Telemachus! Thou wilt, in part, thyself  
 Fit speech devise, and heav'n will give the rest:  
 For thou wast neither born, nor hast been train'd  
 To manhood, under unpropitious Pow'rs.

So saying, Minerva led him thence, whom he  
 With nimble steps attending, soon arrived  
 Among the multitude. There Nestor sat,  
 And Nestor's sons, while, busily the feast  
 Tending, his num'rous followers roasted, some,  
 The viands, some, transfix'd them with the spits.  
 They seeing guests arrived, together all  
 Advanced, and, grasping courteously their hands,  
 Invited them to sit; but first, the son  
 Of Nestor, young Pisistratus, approach'd,  
 Who, fast'ning on the hands of both, beside  
 The banquet placed them, where the beach was spread  
 With fleeces, and where Thrasymedes sat  
 His brother, and the hoary Chief his Sire,  
 To each, a portion of the inner parts  
 He gave, then fill'd a golden cup with wine,  
 Which, tasted first, he to the daughter bore

Of Jove the Thund'rer, and her thus bespake,

Now, franger ! worship Neptune ; for the feast,  
As it hath chanced, which ye arrive to share  
Is sacred to the Sov'reign of the waves ;  
Libation therefore, first, thyself perform,  
And supplication, as thy duty bids,  
Then give the goblet of delicious wine  
To this thy fellow-voyager, that He  
Pour forth libation also ; for I deem  
Him wont to pray ; since all of ev'ry land  
Need succour from the Gods. But he is young ;  
Coeval with myself ; and, for that cause,  
I shall present the goblet first to Thee.

He ceas'd, and to her hand consign'd the cup,  
Which Pallas gladly from a youth received  
So just and wise, who to herself had first  
The golden cup presented \*. Then she pray'd,  
And thus the Sov'reign of the Seas adored.

Hear, earth-encircler Neptune ! O vouchsafe

\* Plutarch observes that Minerva rejoices in Piſistratus neither because he is rich, nor because he is beautiful, nor because he is strong, but because he is prudent and judicious. The same joy is expressed in the Pythian Oracle cited by Barnes.

Εὐσεβείῃσι δὲ βροτοῖς γάνυμαι ὅσον ἕσσον Ἰκλίμπι.—C.  
Heav'n is not more my joy, than pious men.

To us thy suppliant the desired effect  
 Of this our voyage ; glory, first, bestow  
 On Nestor and his offspring both, then grant  
 To all the Pylians such a gracious boon  
 As shall requite their noble off'ring well.  
 Grant also to Telemachus and me  
 To voyage hence, possess'd of what we fought  
 When hither in our sable bark we came.

So Pallas pray'd, and her own pray'r herself  
 Accomplish'd. To Telemachus she gave  
 The splendid goblet next, and in his turn  
 His pray'r Ulysses' offspring also made.  
 And now (the banquet from the spits withdrawn)  
 They, next, distributed sufficient share  
 To each, and all were sumptuously regaled.  
 At length (both hunger satisfied and thirst)  
 Thus Nestor, the Gerenian Chief, began.

Now with more seemliness we may enquire,  
 After repast, what guests we have received.  
 Our guests ! who are ye ? Whence have ye the waves  
 Plough'd hither ? Come ye to transact concerns  
 Commercial, or at random roam the Deep  
 Like pirates, who with mischief charged and woe  
 To foreign States, oft hazard life themselves \* ?

Him

\* The Antients, it is observed by the Scholiast, accounted piracy no dishonourable occupation.—B.&C. And Thucydides says, 'The Grecians

Him answer'd, bolder now, but still discrete,  
 Telemachus. For Pallas had his heart  
 With manly courage arm'd, that he might ask  
 From Nestor tidings of his absent Sire,  
 And win, himself, distinction and renown.

Oh Nestor, Neleus' son, glory of Greece!  
 Thou askest whence we are. I tell thee whence.  
 From Ithaca, by the umbrageous woods  
 Of Neritus o'erhung, by private need,  
 Not publick, urged, we come. Desire to learn  
 The mighty deeds of my illustrious Sire  
 Ulyffes, if I may, me prompted forth;  
 For Fame reports him, by thy prudent aid,  
 Long since the conqu'ror of imperial Troy.  
 Full well we know, where all besides, who fought

cians formerly, and the Barbarians also, as well those who inhabited the shores of the continent as the islanders, soon as they became sufficiently skilled in navigation to pass over to each other, inclined to piracy, and were conducted in their expeditions of that sort by the principal men of their country, animated by a desire to enrich themselves and to procure sustenance for the weaker. They invaded the inhabitants of unwall'd cities and villages, and plundered them, and subsisted chiefly by such acts of rapine, accounting them by no means disgraceful, but rather honourable. To this very day there are some who dwell on the continent of the same opinion; and in the works of the ancient poets mariners are universally asked—if they are pirates? the enquirer accounting it no uncivil question, and the answerer never resenting it.—C.

At

At Ilium, found a miserable end,  
 But of Ulyffes' fate Saturnian Jove  
 Denies us knowledge ; for enquiry gains  
 No clear report from any, where He died,  
 If on the continent in battle slain,  
 Or overwhelm'd by billows of the Deep.  
 Now, therefore, whether thou beheld'st, thyself,  
 Ulyffes' death, or at some wand'rer's lips  
 Haft learn'd it, fuppliant at thy knees I beg  
 The sad recital ; for no common woes  
 Were his allotted portion from the womb.  
 Neither through pity, or o'erstrain'd respect  
 Flatter me, but explicit all relate  
 Which thou haft witness'd. If my noble Sire  
 E'er gratified thee by performance juft  
 Of word or deed at Ilium, where ye fell  
 So num'rous slain in fight, oh, recollect  
 Now his fidelity, and tell me true.

Then Nestor thus Grecian Hero old.  
 Young friend ! fince thou remind'st me, by thy fuit  
 Of all the woes which on thofe hostile shores  
 We Grecians with fuch fortitude endured,  
 Both when, in queft of fpoil, we roam'd the Deep  
 Achilles leading us, and in the fiege  
 Of Priam's royal city, learn the truth—  
 Then, all the chief Achaians bled and died.

There

There warlike Ajax lies, there Peleus' son ;  
 There, too, Patroclus, like the Gods themselves  
 In council, and my son beloved there,  
 Brave, virtuous, swift of foot, and bold in fight,  
 Antilochus. Nor are these sorrows all ;  
 What tongue of mortal man could all relate ?  
 Should'st thou, abiding here, five years employ  
 Or six, enquiring of the woes endured  
 By the Achaians, ere thou should'st have learn'd  
 All, thou would'st leave us, weary of the tale.  
 For stratagems of ev'ry kind nine years  
 We framed against them, and Saturnian Jove  
 Scarce crown'd the difficult attempt at last\*.  
 There, no competitor in wiles well-plann'd  
 Ulysses found, so far were all surpass'd  
 In shrewd invention by thy noble Sire,  
 If thou indeed art his, as sure thou art,  
 Whose sight breeds wonder in me, and thy speech  
 His speech resembles more than might be deem'd  
 Within the scope of years so green as thine.  
 There, never in opinion, or in voice  
 Illustrious Ulysses and myself

\* Longinus has observed that Homer introducing into his *Odysey* a variety of facts subsequent to the conclusion of the *Iliad*, as so many episodes arising out of the war of Troy and its consequences, has rendered it a sort of epilogue to that poem, of which it may with the strictest propriety be termed a second part.—C.

Divided were, but, one in heart, contrived  
 As best we might, the benefit of all\*.  
 But when, Troy's lofty tow'rs in ashes laid,  
 We thence embark'd, and, by the will of heav'n,  
 With disunited minds, then Jove ordain'd  
 Our sorrowful return; for neither wife  
 Were all, nor righteous, therefore many found  
 A fate disastrous through the vengeful ire  
 Of Jove-born Pallas, who between the sons  
 Of Atreus sharp contention interpos'd†.  
 They, unadvisedly, nor less against  
 Just order, summoning by night‡ the Greeks

To

\* It is a remark of Eustathius that Nestor having first ascribed to Ulysses the honour of surpassing all the Greeks in subtlety and ingenuity of contrivance, and following this praise of him with an assertion that they never differed in opinion, compliments, by implication, himself, as much as the hero he celebrates.—C.

† The wrath of Pallas was occasioned, as I believe has been already noted, by the rape which Ajax the Locrian perpetrated on Cassandra in the temple of that Goddess; and she avenged it on all the Grecians, because, permitting the offender to go unpunished, they had all alike connived at the enormity.—B. & C.

‡ Spondanus observes that councils were regularly convened in the morning, and that the poet therefore condemns this, because it was convened at night.—C. But Eustathius, with whom Clarke agrees, is of a different opinion, and alleges that many of Homer's councils, as well as others mentioned by historians, were held, and very properly too, at as late an hour, and that the fault therefore was not that they met at an undue season, but that they met in a state of intoxication.

To council, of whom many came with wine  
 Oppress'd, promulgated the cause for which  
 They had convened the people. Then it was  
 That Menelaus bade the general host  
 Their thoughts bend homeward o'er the sacred Deep,  
 Which Agamemnon in no sort approved.  
 His counsel was to stay them yet at Troy,  
 That so he might assuage the dreadful wrath  
 Of Pallas, first, by sacrifice and pray'r.  
 Vain hope! he little thought how ill should speed  
 That fond attempt; for, once provok'd, the Gods  
 Are not with ease conciliated again.  
 Thus stood the brothers, altercation hot  
 Maintaining, till at length, uprose the Greeks  
 With deaf'ning clamours, and with diff'ring minds.  
 We slept the night, but teeming with disgust  
 Mutual, for Jove great woe prepar'd for all.  
 At dawn of day we drew our gallies down  
 Into the sea, and, hasty, put on board  
 The spoils and female captives. Half the host

intoxication. But though it might be lawful in a case of emergency to assemble in the evening or even in the night, may not the poet censure them for having done it on this occasion, when, for aught that appears, there was no emergency to justify it? If it were lawful to differ from two such authorities, I should not hesitate to say that Spondanus is in the right. In time of battle commanders may be supposed sober at any hour, but not in an evening when there is no enemy to disturb them.

With



With Agamemnon, son of Atreus, chief  
Commander, tarried, and, embarking, half  
Push'd forth. Swift course we made, for God before  
Our gallant barks made smooth the monstrous Deep.  
At Tenedos arriv'd, we there perform'd  
Oblation to the Gods, ardent to reach  
Our native land; but unpropitious Jove,  
Not yet designing our arrival there,  
Involv'd us in diffention yet again.  
For all the crews attendant on the King  
Thy noble Sire, to gratify our Chief,  
The son of Atreus, chose a diff'rent course,  
And steer'd their oary barks again to Troy.  
But I, assur'd that evil from the Gods  
Impended, gath'ring all my gallant fleet,  
Fled thence in haste, and warlike Diomede  
Exhorting his attendants, also fled.  
At length, the Hero Menelaus join'd  
Our fleets at Lesbos; there he found us held  
In deep deliberation on the length  
Of way before us, whether we should steer  
Above the craggy Chios to the isle  
Pfyria, that island holding on our left,  
Or under Chios by the wind-swept heights  
Of Mimas. Then we ask'd from Jove a sign,  
And by a sign vouchsafed he bade us cut

The wide sea to Eubœa sheer athwart,  
 So soonest to escape the threat'ned harm.  
 Shrill fang the rising gale, and with swift prows  
 Cleaving the fitthy flood, we reach'd by night  
 Geræstus ; where arrived, we burn'd the thighs  
 Of num'rous bulls to Neptune, who had safe  
 Conducted us through all our perilous course.  
 The fleet of Diomedes in safety moor'd  
 On the fourth day at Argos ; but myself  
 Held on my course to Pylus, nor the wind  
 One moment thwarted us, or died away,  
 When Jove had once commanded it to blow\*.

Thus, uninform'd, I have arrived, my son !  
 Nor of the Grecians, who are saved have heard,  
 Or who have perish'd ; but what news foe'er  
 I have obtain'd since my return, with truth  
 I will relate, nor aught conceal from thee.

The warlike Myrmidons, as rumour speaks,  
 By Neoptolemus, illustrious son  
 Of brave Achilles led, have safe arrived ;

\* Lesbos was a Trojan island in which were five cities—Pyrrha, Erechus, Mitylene, Methymna, and Antissa. Chios lay between Psyria and Mimas. Psyria was a small narrow island at no great distance from Chios, and had an harbour where ships that had suffered in the Ægean sea took shelter. Mimas was a promontory opposite to Chios, which had its name from Mimas one of the Giants ; and Geræstus was a port of Eubœa. —B. & C.

Safe, Philoctetes also, son renown'd  
 Of Pæas ; and Idomencus at Crete  
 Hath landed all his followers who survive  
 The bloody war ; the waves have swallow'd none.  
 Ye have yourselves doubtless, although remote,  
 Of Agamemnon heard, how he return'd,  
 And how Ægisthus cruelly contrived  
 For him a bloody welcome, but himself  
 Hath with his own life paid the murth'rous deed.  
 Good, therefore, is it, when, the father slain,  
 A son survives him ; since, although a youth,  
 Orestes hath avenged his glorious Sire,  
 Slaying Ægisthus by whose arts he died.  
 And Thou, my youthful friend, whose form robust  
 And fair proportions with delight I view,  
 Be Thou brave also, that renown like His  
 Thou may'st acquire with ages yet to come.

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.  
 Oh Nestor ! Neleus' son ! The pride of Greece !  
 And righteous was that vengeance ; *his* renown  
 Achaia's sons shall far and wide diffuse,  
 To future times transmitting it in song.  
 Ah ! would that such ability the Gods  
 Would grant to me, that I, as well, the deeds  
 Might punish of our suitors, whose excess  
 Enormous, and whose bitter taunts I feel

Continual,

Continual, object of their subtle hate.  
 But not for me such happiness the Gods  
 Have twined into my thread; no, not for me  
 Or for my father. Patience is our part.

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied.  
 Young friend! (since thou remind'st me of that theme)  
 Fame here reports that num'rous suitors haunt  
 Thy palace for thy mother's sake, and there  
 Much evil perpetrate in thy despite.  
 But say, endur'st thou willingly their acts  
 Imperious, or because the people, sway'd  
 By some response oracular, incline  
 Against thee? But who knows? the time may come  
 When to his home restored, either alone,  
 Or aided by the force of all the Greeks,  
 Ulysses may avenge the wrong; at least,  
 Would Pallas thee so favour as, of late,  
 Ulysses, in the fatal field of Troy;  
 (For never such apparent aid I saw  
 Giv'n by the Gods, as to thy Father there)  
 Would but the Goddess to thyself extend  
 Like fond solicitude, some few of those  
 Should dream, perchance, of wedlock never more.

Then answer thus Telemachus return'd.  
 Oh Nestor! never shall I see fulfill'd  
 That word of thine; it passes all belief,

All hope, and overwhelms me with amaze ;  
 No—were I conscious that the Gods themselves  
 Such Good design'd me, I should yet despair.

But him the blue-eyed Goddess thus reproved.  
 Telemachus ! what word was that which leap'd  
 The iv'ry guard that should have fenced it in \* ?  
 A God, so willing, could with utmost ease  
 Save any man, howe'er remote. Myself  
 Far happier should esteem a late return  
 After much sorrow, to my native home,  
 Than to arrive there only to be slain,  
 Like Agamemnon, whom his faithless wife  
 And her adult'rer slew ; but mortal man  
 Once seized by Fate, must perish ; nor the Gods  
 Themselves can save him, love him as they may.

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.  
 Howe'er it interest us, let us leave  
 This question, Mentor ! He, I am assured,  
 Returns no more, but hath already found  
 A sad, sad fate by the decree of heav'n.  
 But I would now interrogate again  
 Nestor, and on a different theme, for him

\* Ἐρκος ὀδόντων. Prior alluding to this expression, ludicrously renders it

“ When words like these in vocal breath  
 “ Burst from his twofold hedge of teeth.”

In human rights I judge, and laws expert,  
 And in all knowledge beyond other men ;  
 For he hath govern'd, as report proclaims,  
 Three generations ; therefore in my eyes  
 He wears the awful impress of a God.  
 Oh Nestor, son of Neleus, tell me true ;  
 The means, the manner of Atrides' death—  
 Relate them—Where, in that tremendous hour,  
 Was Menelaus ? By what cruel stroke  
 Contrived Ægisthus, subtle as he was,  
 To slay so much a nobler than himself ?  
 Had not the brother of the Monarch reach'd  
 Achaian Argos yet, but, wand'ring still  
 In other climes, by his long absence gave  
 Ægisthus courage for that bloody deed \* ?

Whom answer'd the Gerenian Chief renown'd.  
 My son ! I will inform thee true ; mean-time  
 Thy own suspicions border on the fact.  
 Had Menelaus, Hero amber-hair'd,

\* Eustathius, remarking on this passage, says that you cannot gratify an old man more than by asking him many questions, even when you feel yourself but little interested in his answers ; and Macrobius, making the same observation, quotes this passage in support of it, to which he adds another from Virgil, where Æneas, to flatter the ancient Etruscan's propensity to talk, is as inquisitive as Telemachus here.

—————singula lætus  
 Exquirique, eoditque vitæ monumenta priorum.—C.

Ægisthus found alive at his return  
 From Ilium, never on *his* bones the Greeks  
 Had heap'd a tomb, but dogs and rav'ning fowls  
 Had torn him lying in the open field  
 Far from the town, nor him had woman wept  
 Of all in Greece, for heinous was his crime\*.  
 But we, in many an arduous task engaged,  
 Lay before Ilium; he, the while, secure  
 Within the green retreats of Argos, found  
 Occasion apt by flatt'ry to delude  
 The spouse of Agamemnon; she, at first,  
 (The royal Clytemnestra) firm refused  
 The deed dishonourable (for she bore  
 A virtuous mind, and at her side a bard  
 Attended ever, whom the King, to Troy  
 Departing, had appointed to the charge †.)  
 But when the Gods, that he might perish, form'd

\* We learn from Xenophon that the Athenians had a law among them according to which no traitor or person guilty of sacrilege, once duly convicted, was allowed the rites of burial.—C.

† The poets of antient times, says Athenæus, were not only esteemed as such, but as philosophers also. Therefore, Agamemnon at his departure for Troy, entrusted his wife to the care of such a one, whose office it was to inspire her with an ambition to excel in the performance of all female duties, and to divert her attention from trivial and criminal topicks by strains of pleasant and instructive poetry. Nor could Ægisthus with all his seductive practices prevail to alienate Clytemnestra from the paths of virtue and honour, till he had first disposed of the bard by banishing him to a desert island.—C.

The snare which caught Ægiffthus, he convey'd  
 The bard into a defart ifle remote,  
 Where leaving him to rav'nous birds a prey,  
 The Queen he led, not willing lefs than he,  
 To his own manfion. Num'rous thighs he burn'd  
 On all their hallow'd altars to the Gods,  
 And hung with tap'firy, images, and gold  
 Their fhines, his great exploit paff hope achiev'd.  
 We (Menelaus and myfelf) had fail'd  
 From Troy together, but when we approach'd  
 Sunium, headland of th' Athenian fhore,  
 There Phœbus, fudden, with his gentle fhafte  
 Slew Menelaus' pilot while he fteer'd  
 The volant bark, Phrontis, Onetor's fon,  
 A mariner paff all expert, whom none  
 In fteerage match'd, what time the tempeft roar'd.  
 Here, therefore, Menelaus was detained,  
 Giving his friend due burial, and his rites  
 Funereal celebrating, though in hafte  
 Still to proceed. But when, with all his fleet  
 The wide fea traverfing, he reach'd at length  
 Malea's lofty foreland in his courfe,  
 Rough paffage, then, and perilous he found.  
 Shrill blafts the Thund'rer pour'd into his fails,  
 And wild waves fent him mountainous. His fhips  
 There fcatte'r'd, fome to the Cydonian coaft



Of Crete he push'd, near where the Jordan flows.  
 Beside the confines of Gortyna stands,  
 Amid the gloomy flood, a smooth rock, steep  
 Toward the sea, against whose leftward point  
 Phæstus, the Southwind rolls the sea amain,  
 Whose mighty surf the rock, though small, repels\*.  
 Hither with part he came, and scarce the crews  
 Themselves escaped, while the huge billows broke  
 Their ships against the rocks; but five were driv'n  
 By winds and waves to the Ægyptian shore.

Thus he, provision gath'ring as he went  
 And gold abundant, roam'd to distant lands  
 And nations of another tongue. Mean-time,  
 Ægisthus these enormities at home  
 Devising, slew Atrides, and supreme  
 Ruled the subjected land; sev'n years he reign'd  
 In opulent Mycenæ, but the next,  
 To Him an evil year, from Athens brought  
 Orestes home, and young Orestes flew  
 (Glorious revenge!) the slayer of his Sire.  
 Orestes, therefore, the funereal rites  
 Performing to his shameless mother's shade

\* The waves excited by the South would have deprived Phæstus of its haven, had not the rock here mentioned made the water smooth within, receiving the billows first and breaking the force of them.—B. & C.

And to her lufeful paramour, a feaft  
 Gave to the Argives ; on which felf-fame day  
 The warlike Menelaus, with his fhips  
 All treasure-laden to the brink, arrived.

And thou, young friend ! from thy forfaken home  
 Rove not long time remote, thy treasures left  
 With inmates proud as they ; left, much confumed,  
 They fhare the remnant, and thy voyage thence  
 In queft of tidings prove a fruitlefs toil.  
 But hence to Menelaus is the courfe  
 To which I counfel thee ; for he hath come  
 Of late from diftant lands, whence none could hope  
 A fafe return, whom storms had firft compell'd  
 To plough the billows of fo wide a fea ;  
 A gulph fo vaft, that not the birds of heav'n  
 From fide to fide might pafs it in a year.  
 Go, then, with fhip and fhipmates, or if more  
 The land delight thee, fteeds thou fhalt not want  
 Or chariot, and my fons fhall be thy guides  
 To noble Lacedemon, the abode  
 Of Menelaus ; ask from him the truth,  
 Who will not lye, for he is paffing wife.

While thus he fpake, the fun declined, and night  
 Approaching, blue-eyed Pallas interpoſed.

Oh ancient King ! well haſt thou ſpoken all.  
 But now delay not. Cut ye forth the tongues,

And mingle wine, that (Neptune first invoked  
 With due libation, and the other Gods)  
 We may repair to rest ; for even now  
 The fun is sunk, and it becomes us not  
 To make a banquet sacred to the Gods  
 Exceed the limits of a sober hour\*.

So spake Jove's daughter ; they obedient heard.  
 The heralds, then, pour'd water on their hands,  
 And, filling high the cups, attendant youths  
 Served them from right to left. Next all the tongues  
 They cast into the fire, and ev'ry guest  
 Arising, pour'd libation to the Gods.  
 Libation made, and all with wine sufficed,  
 Godlike Telemachus and Pallas both  
 Would have return'd, incontinent, on board,  
 But Nestor urged them still to be his guests.

Jove and the Gods forbid that ye should seek  
 Your galley now, me leaving as a wretch  
 Necessitous and wanting couch-attire,  
 Rugs and warm mantles for the soft repose  
 Of me and of my guests, for I possess  
 Large stores of each ; nor shall Ulysses' son

\* It is said to have been customary in the days of Homer, when the Greeks retired from a banquet to their beds, to cut out the tongues of the victims, and offer them to the Gods in particular who presided over conversation.—B. & C.

Hence to a galley's deck for sleep retire  
 While Nestor lives ; and, dying, may I leave  
 An offspring ever prompt to entertain  
 The worthy guest, come hither who so may.

To whom the Goddesses of the azure eyes.  
 Old Chief! thou hast well said, and reason bids  
 Telemachus thy kind commands obey.  
 Let *him* attend thee hence, that he may sleep  
 Beneath thy roof ; but I return on board  
 Myself, to instruct my people, and to give  
 All needful orders ; for among them none  
 Is old as I, but they are youths alike,  
 Coevals of Telemachus, with whom  
 They have embark'd for friendship's sake alone.  
 I therefore will repose myself on board  
 This night, and to the Caucons\* bold in arms  
 Will sail tomorrow, to demand arrears  
 Long time unpaid, and of no small amount.  
 But, since he is become thy guest, afford  
 My friend a chariot, and a son of thine  
 Who shall direct his way, nor let him want  
 Of all thy steeds the swiftest and the best.

The Goddesses said, and, in an eagle's form  
 Flew swiftly thence. Amazement at the sight

\* According to the Scholiast a people of Arcadia,—B.&C. but according to Strabo a people dwelling in the country of the Epeans.—C.

Seized all beholders ; hoary Nestor, fill'd  
 With wonder, gazed, and grasping, as he stood,  
 The hand of young Telemachus, exclaim'd.

Nor fordid thou, my friend ! nor prone to fear  
 Shalt prove hereafter, whom the Gods attend  
 Thus early ; for of all th' Olympian Pow'rs  
 None other, now, than Pallas have we seen,  
 Jove's awful daughter, who with honour crown'd,  
 So oft, thy father, where the Greccians fought.

But thou, O Queen ! compassionate us all,  
 Myself, my sons, my comfort ; give to each  
 A glorious name, and I to thee will give  
 For sacrifice an heifer of the year,  
 Untamed, gall'd never by the pond'rous yoke,  
 And will in case her horns with hammer'd gold.

So Nestor pray'd, whom Pallas gracious heard.  
 Then the Gerenian warrior old, before  
 His sons and sons-in-law, to his abode  
 Magnificent proceeded ; they (arrived  
 Within the splendid palace of the King)  
 On thrones and couches sat in order ranged,  
 Whom Nestor welcom'd, charging high the cup  
 With wine of richest sort, which she who kept  
 That treasure, now, in the eleventh year  
 First broach'd, unsealing the delicious juice.  
 With this the hoary Senior fill'd a cup,

And

And to the daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd  
Pouring libation, offer'd fervent pray'r.

When all had made libation, and no wish  
Remain'd of more, then each to rest retired,  
And Nestor the Gerenian warrior old  
To a carved couch led forth Ulysses' son  
In his own founding portico prepared.  
Beside him he bade sleep the spearman bold,  
Pisistratus, a gallant youth, the sole  
Unwedded in his house of all his sons.  
Himself in the interior palace lay,  
Where couch and splendid cov'ring for his use  
Provided by the consort Queen he found.

But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
Had tinged the East, arising from his bed,  
Gerenian Nestor issued forth, and sat  
Before his palace-gate on the white stones  
Resplendent as with oil, on which of old  
His father Neleus had been wont to sit,  
In council like a God; but he had fought,  
By destiny dismiss'd long since, the shades.  
On those stones therefore, guardian of the Greeks  
Sat Nestor now, his sceptre in his hand,  
And thither from their chambers also came,  
To encircle him around, his num'rous sons,

Aretus,

Aretus, Stratius, Perfeus, Echephron,  
 And godlike Thrasymedes ; after whom  
 Came, sixth and last, Pisistratus. Beside  
 Their antient Sire, Telemachus they placed,  
 And the Gerenian Hero thus began.

Be quick, my sons ! to serve me ; for in haste  
 I would propitiate of all Pow'rs above  
 Minerva first, of whose arrival here  
 To share our hallow'd feast, no doubt remains.  
 Seek, One, in haste the pasture, and command  
 The herdsman that he drive an heifer home ;  
 Another—from his bark bring all the friends  
 Of young Telemachus, save only two ;  
 And let a third find, instantly, the smith  
 Laerceus, that he come to enwrap with gold  
 The victim's horns. Abide ye here, the rest,  
 And bid my female train (for I intend  
 A banquet) with all diligence provide  
 Seats, stores of wood, and water from the rock.

α He said, whom instant all obey'd. The ox  
 Came from the field, and from the gallant ship  
 The ship-mates of the brave Telemachus ;  
 Next, charged with all his implements of art,  
 His mallet, anvil, pincers, came the smith  
 To give the horns their gilding ; also came

Pallas

β. The Ox becomes an heifer as soon as proceed;

Pallas herself to her own sacred rites\*.

Then Nestor, hoary warrior, furnish'd gold,  
Which, hammer'd thin, the artist wrapp'd around

α The victim's horns, that seeing him attired  
So cosily, Pallas might the more be pleas'd.

Stratius and brave Echephron introduced

α The victim by his horns; Aretus brought  
A laver, in one hand, with flow'rs emboss'd,  
And in his other hand a basket stor'd

With cakes, while warlike Thrasymedes, arm'd  
With his long-hafted axe, prepared to finite  
The ox, and Perseus to receive the blood.

The hoary Nestor consecrated first

Both cakes and water, and with earnest pray'r  
To Pallas, gave the forelock to the flames.

When all had pray'd, and strew'd with crumbled cakes  
The heifer o'er, then, hast'ing to his work,  
The godlike Thrasymedes with his axe

α Her tough neck-tendons sever'd, and she fell.

\* The Antients observed it as a constant practice, to make an offering to the Gods at the beginning of a feast, and to pour libation at the end of it, that the company persuad'd that the Gods, though unseen, were personally present, might abstain from all those outrages into which the occasion might otherwise betray them.—C. At those tables of ours where Grace is said, the effect is much better insur'd, if it be not us'd merely as an unmeaning ceremony.



At once, the daughters of the Pylian King,  
 His sons' fair comforts, and the comfort Queen,  
 Daughter first-born of Clymenus, the chaste  
 Eurydice, with mingled voices shrill  
 Upsent their suppliant wailings to the skies.  
 The royal youths then raising from the ground  
 The heifer's head, sustain'd it, while he pour'd  
 α Her ebbing life's last current, in the throat  
 Pierced by Pifistratus, the Prince of men.  
 Soon as the fable blood had ceased, and life  
 α Had left the victim, spreading him abroad,  
 With nice address they parted at the joint  
His thighs, and wrapp'd them in the double cawl,  
 Which with crude flices thin they overspread.  
 The hoary King, himself, with incense firew'd  
 The flaming brands, and pour'd libation forth  
 Of fable wine, while, ranged on either side,  
 'The Princes held the spits. The thighs consumed,  
 They ate the interior part, then, slicing thin  
 The remnant, pierced and held it to the fire.  
 Mean-time the youngest of the daughters fair  
 Of Nestor, beauteous Polycaste, laved,  
 Anointed, and in vest and tunick clothed  
 Telemachus, who, so refresh'd, stepp'd forth  
 From the bright laver graceful as a God,

And

*By mistake the heifer is made now male  
 now female. It should be female. Johnson.  
 The original word is βεβ*

And took his feat at antient Nestor's side \*.  
The viands drefs'd, and from the spits withdrawn,  
They sat to share the feast, and princely youths  
Arising, gave them wine in cups of gold.  
When neither hunger now nor thirst remain'd  
Unfated, thus Gerenian Nestor spake.

My sons, arise! lead forth the sprightly steeds,  
And yoke them, that Telemachus may go.

So spake the Chief, to whose command his sons  
Obedient, yoked in haste the rapid steeds,  
And she who held in charge his household stores,  
Within the chariot wine and bread disposed,  
With viands, such as regal state requires.  
Telemachus into the chariot first  
Ascended, and beside him, next, his place  
Pisistratus the son of Nestor took,  
Then seiz'd the reins, and lash'd the courfers on.  
They, nothing loth, sprang swiftly forth, and soon  
The lofty tow'rs of Pylus left remote.  
Thus, journeying, they shook on either side

\* The strict morality and modesty of the Antients may be fairly enough inferred from the custom of employing young women to perform this office for strangers young as themselves. Had the consequences been such as we should have reason to apprehend from the same practice here, it would either never have obtained so universally as it did in Greece, or would quickly have been discontinued.

The yoke all day, and when the setting sun  
To dusky evening had resign'd the roads,  
At Pheræ they arrived, and at the house  
Where dwelt Diocles, whose illustrious Sire  
Orfilochus from Alpheus sprang, reposed.

But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
Look'd rosy forth, then, binding to the yoke  
Their steeds again, they mounted. Nestor's son  
Urged through the vestibule and founding porch  
His courfers, of themselves not slack to go.  
A corn-invested land\* receiv'd them next,  
And there they brought their journey to a close,  
So rapidly they sped; and now the sun  
Went down, and even-tide dimm'd all the ways.

\* Lacedæmon.

## A R G U M E N T

OF THE

## F O U R T H B O O K.

Telemachus, with Pisistratus, arrives at the palace of Menelaus, from whom he receives some fresh information concerning the return of the Grecians, and is in particular told on the authority of Proteus, that his father is detained by Calypso. The suitors, plotting against the life of Telemachus, lie in wait to intercept him in his return to Ithaca. Penelope being informed of his departure, and of their designs to slay him, becomes inconsolable, but is relieved by a dream sent to her from Minerva.

## B O O K IV.

IN hollow Lacedæmon's spacious vale  
 Arriving, to the residence they drove  
 Of royal Menelaus; him they found  
 In his own palace, all his num'rous friends  
 Regaling at a nuptial banquet giv'n  
 Both for his daughter and the prince his son.  
 His daughter to renown'd Achilles heir  
 He sent, to whom he had at Troy engaged

To

To give her, and the Gods now made her his.  
 With chariots and with steeds he sent her forth  
 To Phthia's glorious city, where he reign'd.  
 But to his son he gave a Spartan fair,  
 Alektor's daughter ; from an handmaid sprang  
 That son to Menelaus in his age,  
 Brave Megapenthes ; for the Gods vouchsafed  
 No child to Helen, after Her who vied  
 With Venus' self in charms, Hermione\*.

Thus all the neighbour princes and the friends  
 Of noble Menelaus, feasting sat  
 Within his spacious palace, among whom  
 A sacred bard sang sweetly to his harp,  
 While, in the midst, two dancers smote the ground  
 With measur'd steps responsive to his song.

Sudden, within the vestibule appeared  
 Those two, Telemachus, illustrious youth,  
 And Nestor's son. Them, issuing from the hall,  
 The noble Eteoneus of the train  
 Of Menelaus, saw ; at once he ran  
 Across the palace to report the news  
 To his Lord's ear, and, standing at his side,  
 With eager haste his tidings thus declared.

Oh Menelaus ! Heav'n-descended Chief !

\* From an handmaid called Teridaë, by whom he had also a son named Nicostratus.—B. & C.

Two guests arrive, both strangers, but alike  
 Resembling in their form the sons of Jove.  
 Say, shall we loose, ourselves, their rapid steeds,  
 Or hence dismiss them to some other host ?

But Menelaus, Hero golden-hair'd,  
 Indignant answer'd him. Bothe's son !  
 Thou wast not, Eteoneus, heretofore,  
 A babbler, who now pratest as a child.  
 We have ourselves arrived indebted much  
 To hospitality of other men,  
 If Jove shall, even here, some pause at last  
 Of woe afford us. Therefore loose, at once,  
 Their steeds, and introduce them to the feast.

He said, and, issuing, Eteoneus call'd  
 The brisk attendants to his aid, with whom  
 He loos'd their foaming courfers from the yoke.  
 Them first they bound to mangers, which with oats  
 And mingled barley they supplied, then thrust  
 The chariot sidelong to the splendid wall\*.  
 Themselves he, next, into the royal house  
 Conducted, who with wonder view'd the abode  
 Of the illustrious Chief; for on all sides  
 As with the splendour of the sun or moon

\* Hefychius tells us, that the Grecians ornamented with much attention the front wall of their courts for the admiration of passengers.

The lofty dome of Menelaus blazed \*.  
 Sate, at length, with wonder at that sight,  
 They enter'd each a bath, and by the hands  
 Of maidens laved, and oil'd, and cloth'd again  
 With shaggy mantles and resplendent vests,  
 Sat both enthroned at Menelaus' side.  
 And now a maiden charged with golden ew'r,  
 And with argent laver, pouring first  
 Pure water on their hands, supplied them next  
 With a bright table, which the maiden, chief  
 In office, furnish'd plenteously with bread  
 And dainties, remnants of the last regale.  
 Then came the sew'r, who with delicious meats  
 Of all kinds, serv'd them, and with cups of gold,  
 And Menelaus, greeting each, began.

Eat and rejoice, and when ye shall have shared  
 Our nuptial banquet, we will, then, inquire  
 Who are ye both ; for, certain, not from those  
 Whose generation perishes are ye,  
 But rather of some race of sceptred Chiefs

\* It is remarked by Athenæus that whoever goes to be entertained at another's table, should not, like a glutton and a wine-bibber, immediately on his entrance take his place in the symposium or banquetting room, but should first employ a reasonable time in viewing and giving due commendation to the house and furniture. A point of good breeding in which it appears that Telemachus and his friend were not deficient.—C.

Heav'n-born ; the base have never sons like you.

So saying, he lifted from the board his own  
Distinguish'd portion \*, and the fatted chine  
Gave to his guests ; the ready viands placed  
Before them, they with willing hands assail'd,  
And when nor hunger, more, nor thirst they felt,  
Telemachus, his head inclining close  
To Nestor's son, thus whisper'd his amaze.

Dearest Pifistratus, observe, my friend !  
How all the echoing palace with the light  
Of brass, and gold of brightest lustre, shines †,  
Silver and ivory ‡ ! for radiance such  
Th' interior mansion of Olympian Jove  
I deem. What wealth, how various, how immense

\* Kings and Chiefs and important personages were customarily served with a larger portion than others, not on a supposition that they could eat or had occasion to eat more than guests of inferior rank, but that they might have opportunity to compliment whom they pleased with a part of it.—C.

† This line is thus altered, and the amber discarded from it, in conformity to the learned remark of the Analytical Reviewer, who appeals to Pliny for the existence in those days of such a mixt metal as was called *Electrum*, or gold containing a fifth part of silver. But we have no English term by which to express such a metal ; I have therefore given the gold the attribute of superior brilliancy ascribed by Pliny to that mixture, and could devise no better expedient.

‡ Ivory was well known to Homer, but he nowhere mentions the elephant.



Is here! astonish'd I survey the sight \*!

But Menelaus, whisper'd as they were,  
His words heard not the less, and thus replied.

No mortal man, my children! may pretend  
Comparison with Jove; His palace stands  
For ever, and His treasures ne'er decay;  
But mine, small need hath any man to praise  
Or much admire; for, after num'rous toils  
And perilous wand'rings o'er the stormy Deep,  
In the eighth year, at last I brought them home.  
Cyprus, Phœnicia, Sidon, and the shores  
Of Egypt, roaming without hope, I reach'd,  
In distant Æthiopia thence arrived,  
And Lybia, where the lambs their foreheads show  
With budding horns defended, soon as year'd †.

\* Young persons, who have seen little, are frequently astonished at that which their seniors view with indifference. The wonder expressed by Telemachus is therefore perfectly natural, nor less natural was the contempt for such things expressed by Diogenes and even by Socrates, who professed that the sight of so many labour'd and useless bawbles, rather moved their laughter than their admiration.—C. Neither to admire however, nor to despise, seems to be the point at which the judgment ought to stand; for as there is nothing in splendour that ought to captivate or confound the beholder, so there is nothing in suitable and well-placed ornaments that can in reality be ridiculous.

† On account of the heat of the climate their horns are said to produce themselves immediately.—C.

There, thrice within the year the flocks produce ;  
 Nor master, there, nor shepherd ever feels  
 A dearth of cheese, of flesh, or of sweet milk  
 Delicious, drawn from udders never dry.  
 While thus I roam'd collecting wealth from all  
 Those shores, another, aided by the arts  
 Of his pernicious spouse, of life bereav'd  
 My brother treacherously and when least  
 He fear'd to lose it. Therefore little joy  
 To me results from all that I possess.  
 Your fathers (be those fathers who they may)  
 These things have doubtless told you ; for immense  
 Have been my suff'rings, and I have destroy'd  
 A palace well inhabited and stored  
 With precious furniture in ev'ry kind \* ;  
 Such, that I would to heav'n ! I own'd at home  
 Though but the third of it, and that the Greeks  
 Who perish'd then, beneath the walls of Troy  
 Remote from fertile Argos, still survived.  
 Yet while, sequester'd here, full oft I mourn  
 My slaughter'd friends, by turns I sooth my soul

\* Doubts have been entertained whether Menelaus does not rather mean to say that he has consumed his own wealth, than that he has destroyed the wealth of Priam. Eultathius, whom Barnes follows, inclines to the former sense, but Madame Dacier deems the latter, which is given here, so plainly intended, that the passage is not in the least degree ambiguous.—C.

With tears shed for them, and by turns I cease,  
 Yet short, alas! and transient is the pause.  
 But more than all, though sorrowful for all,  
 I one deplore, rememb'ring whom, I loathe  
 My wonted food, nor sleep's soft influence less.  
 For, of the Greeks, in sufferings or in toils  
 None match'd Ulysses; but the doom of woe  
 Was his, and ceaseless sorrow for his sake  
 Thus long a wand'rer, mine; nor have we learn'd  
 If still he lives, or have already died.  
 Him doubtless, old Laertes mourns, and him  
 Discrete Penelope, nor less his son  
 Telemachus, born newly when he sail'd.

So saying, he kindled in him strong desire  
 To mourn his father; at his father's name  
 Fast fell his tears to ground, and with both hands  
 He spread his purple cloak before his eyes;  
 Which Menelaus marking, doubtful fat  
 If he should leave him to lament his Sire,  
 Or question him, and tell him all at large\*.

While thus he doubted, Helen (as it chanced)  
 Leaving her fragrant chamber, came, august

\* The poet's powers of giving variety to similar incidents are here noticed by Eustathius. Nestor learns his guests by interrogation, but Menelaus by inference, concluding from the tears shed by the young stranger at the mention of his name, that he can be no other than the son of Ulysses.—C.

As Dian, goddess of the golden bow.  
 Adrafta, for her use, set forth a throne,  
 Alcippe with soft arras cover'd it,  
 And Philo brought her silver basket, gift  
 Of fair Alcandra, wife of Polybus,  
 Whose mansion in Ægyptian Thebes is rich  
 In untold treasure, and who gave, himself,  
 Ten golden talents, and two silver baths  
 With two bright tripods to the Spartan prince,  
 Besides what Helen from his spouse receiv'd.  
 A golden spindle, and a basket wheel'd,  
 Itself of silver, and its lip of gold.  
 That basket Philo, her own handmaid, placed  
 At Helen's side, with slend'rest thread replete,  
 On which infolded thick with purple wool  
 The spindle lay. Her foot-stool'd throne she press'd,  
 And, soon as seated, of her spouse enquired.

Know we, my Menelaus, dear to Jove!  
 These guests of ours, and whence they have arrived?  
 Erroneous I may speak, yet speak I must;  
 In man or woman never have I seen  
 Such likenesses to another (wonder-fixt  
 I gaze) as in this stranger to the son  
 Of brave Ulysses, whom that Hero left  
 New-born at home, when (shameless as I was)  
 For my unworthy sake the Greccians failed

To Ilium, with fierce rage of battle fired\*.

Then Menelaus, thus, the golden-hair'd.  
Such likenefs in him of Laertes' fon  
Myself perceive; hands, feet, expreffive eyes,  
Fair open brows, and locks of kindred hue.  
And, even now, when, calling him to mind,  
I fpake of brave Ulyffes, and his toils  
Endured for me, his starting tears I mark'd,  
Which with his purple cloak he fought to hide.

To whom the fon of Nestor thus replied.  
Atrides! Menelaus! Chief renown'd!  
He is in truth his fon, as thou haft faid;  
But he is modeft, and would much himself  
Condemn, if, at his first arrival here,  
He should loquacious seem and bold to thee,  
To whom we liften, captived by thy voice,  
As if some God had fpoken. As for me,  
Nestor, my father, the Gerenian Chief  
Bade me conduct him hither, for he wish'd  
To fee thee, that fome word or deed of thine  
Might sooth his sorrow; for what grief foe'er  
The fon sustains, who finds not at his home

\* Gataker in his *Adversaria Miscellanea* fuppofes that Helen calling herself *Κυνώπιδα* rather means to difclaim all pretensions to beauty, than to modefty, for that it is not to be imagined that any woman would acknowledge herself impudent and shameless. But Clarke difapproves the criticism.

Father or friend to succour him, with such  
Telemachus is charged; *His* father roams,  
And none hath he t' avenge him in his stead.

To whom the Hero amber-hair'd replied.  
Ye Gods! the offspring of indeed a friend  
Hath reach'd my house, of one who hath endured  
Full many an arduous conflict for my sake;  
And much I purpos'd, had Olympian Jove  
Vouchsafed us prosp'rous passage o'er the Deep,  
To have receiv'd him with such friendship here  
As none beside. In Argos I had then  
Founded a city for him, and had rais'd  
A palace for himself; I would have brought  
The Hero hither, and his son, with all  
His people, and with all his wealth, some towns  
Evacuating for his sake, of those  
Ruled by myself, and nearest to my own.  
Thus situate, we had often interchanged  
Sweet converse, nor had other cause at last  
Our friendship terminated or our joys,  
Than death's black cloud o'ershadowing him or me,  
But pleasures pure as those, had envy moved  
In Jove himself; who, of Achaia's sons,  
Hath intercepted from his native shores  
The hapless Laertiades alone.

So saying, he kindled the desire to weep

In ev'ry bosom. Argive Helen wept,  
 Jove's daughter; wept Telemachus as fast  
 And Menelaus; nor with tearless eyes  
 Pisistratus remain'd, who call'd to mind  
 Antilochus by the illustrious son  
 Of bright Aurora slain, rememb'ring whom  
 His speech to Menelaus thus he turn'd\*.

Atrides! antient Nestor, when of late  
 Conversing with him we remember'd thee,  
 Pronounced thee wise beyond all human-kind.  
 Now therefore, let not even my advice  
 Displease thee. It affords me no delight  
 To intermingle tears with my repast,  
 And soon, Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
 Will tinge the orient. Not that I account  
 The mourner, whomsoever he lament,  
 Blame worthy, since, to shear the locks and weep,  
 Is all we can for the unhappy dead.  
 I also have my sorrow, call'd to mourn  
 One, not the meanest of Achaia's sons†,

\* Antilochus was his brother. The son of Aurora, who slew Antilochus, was Memnon.—B. & C.

† This negative manner of praising is not what it seems to be, a slight and moderate eulogium, but intends the highest, and with that intention has been used by poets and rhetoricians in all ages. So Homer, in another place, speaking of Hector bruised by Ajax with a stone, ascribes the greatest possible force to the latter when he calls him—not the feeblest of the sons of Greece.

My brother ; him I cannot but suppose  
 To thee well-known, although unknown to me  
 Who saw him never \* ; but report proclaims  
 Antilochus superiour to the most,  
 In speed superiour, and in feats of arms.

To whom, the Hero of the yellow locks.  
 Ah my young friend ! since nought which thou hast said  
 Or recommended now, would have disgraced  
 A man of years maturer far than thine,  
 (For wife thy father is, and such art thou,  
 And easy is it to discern the son  
 Of such a father, whom Saturnian Jove  
 In marriage both and at his birth ordain'd  
 To great felicity †; for he hath giv'n  
 To Nestor gradually to sink at home  
 Into old age, and, while he lives, to see  
 His sons past others wife, and skill'd in arms)  
 The grief which seized us suddenly, shall cease.  
 Come therefore—now to our repast again—

\* Because Pifistratus was born after Antilochus had failed to Troy.

† It is the opinion of Dionysius Halicarn: that Homer considered virtue alone as insufficient to happiness; for having represented Nestor and Ulysses as alike in prudence, in fortitude and eloquence, but dissimilar in their lot, Nestor being blest with great prosperity and Ulysses an afflicted wanderer, he calls the former happy, and the latter, with all his mental accomplishments and with all his patience, unfortunate and wretched.—C.



Pour water on our hands, for we shall find,  
 (Telemachus and I) no dearth of themes  
 For mutual converse when the morrow comes.

He ended; then, Asphalion, at his word,  
 Servant of glorious Menelaus, poured  
 Pure water on their hands, and they the feast  
 Before them with keen appetite assail'd.  
 But Helen, Jove's fair daughter, to compose  
 Their troubled spirits, with a sudden hand  
 Infused into the wine of which they drank  
 A drug most potent to suppress or grief  
 Or anger, and oblivion to induce  
 Of all past evil\*. Whoso'er his wine  
 So medicated drinks, he will not bathe  
 His cheek all day with trickling tears, although  
 His father and his mother both were dead,  
 Nor even though his brother or his son  
 Had fall'n in battle, and before his eyes.  
 Such drugs of foreign use had Helen brought  
 Erewhile to Sparta, Polydamna's gift,  
 Wife of Ægyptian Thone; for Ægypt teems

\* Plutarch, Macrobius, and Eustathius, were all of opinion that by this drug we are to understand not what the word imports, a medicine, but the discourse of Helen so admirably calculated to interest and to console Telemachus.—C. But how she can be said to have fetched that discourse from Ægypt, these learned expositors and lovers of allegory have not told us.

*My friend Dr Falconer with more probability that Helen gave With hem opium. 1157*

With drugs of various pow'rs ; falubrious some  
 With wine received, and some of deadliest kind,  
 Nor dwells on earth a race that may pretend,  
 In healing arts equality with them,  
 For they are genuine sons of Pæon, all \*.  
 That drug infused, she bade her servant pour  
 The bev'rage forth, and thus her speech resumed.

Atrides ! Menelaus ! dear to Jove !  
 These guests of ours are also nobly born,  
 But good or evil is the lot of man  
 As Jove ordains, sole arbiter of each.  
 Now therefore, feasting at your ease reclined,  
 Listen with pleasure, for myself, the while,  
 Will matter seasonable interpose.  
 I cannot all rehearse, nor even name,  
 (Omitting none) the conflicts and exploits  
 Of brave Ulyssès ; but with what address  
 Successful, one achievement he perform'd  
 At Ilium, where Achaia's sons endured  
 Such hardship, will I speak. Inflicting wounds  
 Dishonourable on himself, he took  
 A tatter'd garb, and like a serving-man

\* Pæon was the physician of the Gods, and not the same with Apollo, as Hesiod testifies.

Εἰ μὴ Ἀπόλλων Φαῖσος ὑπ' ἐκ θανάτοιο σάωση,  
 Ἦ αὐτὸς Πάϊων, ὃς ἀπάντων φάρμακα οἶδεν.—B. & C.

Enter'd the spacious city of our foes \*  
 So clad, although of nobler port than He  
 Might none be found, when in the camp of Greece,  
 Some mendicant he seem'd. In such disguise  
 He enter'd Ilium's gate. There, all alike  
 Misdeem'd him ; me alone he not deceived  
 Who challeng'd him, but, shrewd, he turn'd away.  
 But bathed, at length, anointed and attired  
 At my command, and by a solemn oath  
 Of mine assured, that not a Trojan there  
 Should learn him for Ulysses, taught by me,  
 Till he had reach'd, secure, the camp again,  
 He told me all the counsel of the Greeks.  
 Thus, many a Trojan slaughter'd, he rejoin'd  
 Achaia's host, full-fraught, for future use,  
 With wise remark on all that he had seen †.  
 Then, wail'd the Trojan women, but delight  
 My bosom fill'd, for with an alter'd heart

\* Some say that he engaged in this enterprise to procure himself an opportunity to measure the walls of Troy, others, that he might persuade Helen to cooperate with the Grecians.—B. & C.

† He might inform the Greeks, according to Eustathius, of his success with Helen, how he had prevailed to win her to their interests, of the Trojan counsels also, and of the dimensions of the walls, especially of the gate to which he intended to adapt the size of the wooden horse. It is not improbable likewise that on this occasion he contrived to carry off the Palladium.—C.

Φειδίας is translated here in the sense given it by Dacier.—C.

I, now, regretted my forsaken home,  
 And mourn'd the fatal crime, to which impell'd  
 By Venus, I had sought a distant shore,  
 Leaving my daughter, and my rightful Lord,  
 Although in feature, form, and mind, a Prince  
 Uncensurable, and from blemish free.

Her answer'd then the Hero golden-hair'd.  
 Helen! thou hast well spoken. All is true.  
 I have the talents fathom'd and the minds  
 Of num'rous Heroes, and have travell'd far,  
 Yet never saw I with these eyes in man  
 Such firmness as the calm Ulysses own'd;  
 None such as in the hollow horse he proved,  
 Where all our bravest sat, designing woe  
 And bloody havock for the sons of Troy\*.  
 Thou thither cam'st, incited, as it seem'd,  
 By some Divinity, propitious more  
 To Troy than to the Greeks, and on thy steps  
 Waited Deiphobus†. Thrice round about  
 Thou did'st encompass, and with curious hand

\* Homer, says Quintilian, when he tells us that the Grecians *sat* in the horse, gives us in one word an idea of its magnitude, as Virgil does of its height, when he tells us that they *let themselves down from it by a rope*.—C.

† Deiphobus is said to have accompanied her, that if any one spoke to her from within the horse, he might know it; not choosing to trust Her for the discovery of it.—C.

Try the huge ambush, founding forth, the while,  
The names of all our Leaders, with the voice  
Well counterfeited of the wife of each.

Tydides, and Ulysses, and myself  
Among the midmost seated, heard the call.  
We, starting both, had either left at once  
Our close concealment, or, at least, replied,  
But more discrete Ulysses interposed  
Firm hind'rance, and controll'd the rash desire.  
Now, therefore, all were quiet, save alone  
Anticlus, still impatient to reply.

But, pressing with both hands his op'ning lips  
Ulysses saved us; for the close constraint  
He still enforced, till Pallas led thee thence.

Then thus, discrete, Telemachus replied.  
Atrides! Menelaus! prince renown'd!  
Hard was his lot, whom these rare qualities  
Preserved not, neither had his dauntless heart  
Been iron, had he 'scaped his cruel doom.  
But haste, and with dismission to repose  
Now needful, gratify my friend and me.

He ceas'd; then Argive Helen gave command  
To her attendant maidens to prepare  
Beds in the portico with purple rugs  
Resplendent, and with arras, overspread,  
And cover'd warm with cloaks of shaggy pile.

Forth went the maidens, bearing each a torch,  
 And in the vestibule their beds prepar'd.  
 Then came an herald who conducted forth  
 The weary guests, and, there, the noble son  
 Of Nestor slept, and, there, his youthful friend  
 Telemachus; but in the interiour house  
 Atrides, with the loveliest of her sex  
 Beside him, Helen of the sweeping stole.  
 But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
 Glow'd in the East, then from his couch arose  
 The warlike Menelaus, fresh attired;  
 His faulchion o'er his shoulders slung, he bound  
 His sandals fair to his unfulled feet,  
 And, godlike, issuing from his chamber, sat  
 Beside Telemachus, and thus began.

Hero! Telemachus! what urgent cause  
 Hath hither led thee, to the land far-famed  
 Of Lacedæmon o'er the spacious Deep?  
 Publick concern or private? Tell me true\*.

To whom Telemachus discrete replied.  
 Atrides! Menelaus! prince renown'd!  
 News seeking of my Sire, I have arrived.  
 My household is devour'd, my fruitful fields  
 Are desolated, and my palace fill'd

\* Menelaus puts this question to Telemachus, knowing that Pisistratus came only as his companion.—C.

With enemies, who while they mutual wage  
 Proud competition for my mother's love,  
 My flocks unsparing slaughter, and my beeves.  
 Now, therefore, whether thou beheld'st, thyself,  
 Ulysses' death, or at some wand'rer's lips  
 Hast learn'd it, suppliant at thy knees I beg  
 The sad recital; for no common woes  
 Were his allotted portion from the womb.  
 Neither through pity or o'erstrain'd respect  
 Flatter me, but explicit all relate  
 Which thou hast witness'd. If my noble Sire  
 E'er gratified thee by performance just  
 Of word or deed at Ilium, where ye fell  
 So num'rous slain in fight, oh recollect  
 Now his fidelity, and tell me true!

Then Menelaus, sighing deep, replied.  
 Gods! their ambition is to reach the bed  
 Of a brave man, however base themselves.  
 But as it chances, when the hart hath lay'd  
 Her fawns new-yea'd and sucklings yet, to rest  
 Within some dreadful lion's gloomy den,  
 She roams the hills, and in the grassy vales  
 Feeds heedless, till the lion, to his lair  
 Returning, rends them both; with such a force  
 Resistless shall Ulysses them destroy.  
 Jove, Pallas and Apollo! oh that such

As erst in well-built Lesbos, where he threw  
 Philomelides in a wrestling-match  
 With mighty force, when all the Greeks rejoiced,  
 Such, now, Ulysses might assail them all !  
 Short life and bitter nuptials should be theirs \*.  
 But now, such answer as with earnest suit  
 Thou hast implored, direct and true, receive ;  
 For I will nought conceal, but will impart  
 All that the antient Prophet of the Deep †  
 Hath taught me, with exactest truth to Thee.

The Gods, resenting my neglect to pile  
 Their altars high with hecatombs, detain'd  
 Me still in Ægypt, anxious to return,  
 For just observance of their high behests  
 Alone can please the Gods. There is an isle  
 Amid the billowy flood, Pharos by name,  
 In front of Ægypt, distant from her shore  
 Far as a vessel by a sprightly gale

\* By Philomelides some have rather absurdly supposed Patroclus, whose mother's name was Philomela, to be intended. But Homer never forms his patronymies from the mother's side, and why should the Greeks exult in the fall of an amiable man whom all respected. The person in question is therefore more probably affirmed by others to have been the King of Lesbos, whose custom being to challenge all comers, he challenged, on their arrival in his island, the Grecians also.—C.

† Proteus.



Impell'd, may push her voyage in a day \*.  
 It owns a quiet port, and many a ship  
 Finds wat'ring there from riv'lets on the coast.  
 There me the Gods kept twenty days, no breeze  
 Propitious granting, that might sweep the waves,  
 And usher to her home the flying bark.  
 And now had our provision, all consumed,  
 Left us exhausted, but a certain nymph  
 Pitied and saved me. Daughter fair was she  
 Of mighty Proteus, Antient of the Deep,  
 Idothea named; her most my sorrows moved;  
 She found me wandering alone, remote  
 From all my followers, who around the isle  
 The fishes snaring roamed, by famine urged,  
 And standing at my side, me thus bespake †.

Stranger! Thou, sure, art childish, or of heart  
 Dull and insensible, or thy delight  
 Is in distress and mis'ry. Wherefore, else,  
 Within these island-limits art thou pent  
 Thus long, nor end hast found of ling'ring here,  
 Where famine wastes thy people day by day?

\* In the heroick ages the distance might be such; though now by the accumulation of soil from the mouth of the Nile, it is united to the land, or nearly so.—B. & C.

† Idothea is said to have been enamoured of Canobus, the pilot of Menelaus.—B.

So spake the Goddess, and I thus replied.  
 I tell thee, whosoever of the Pow'rs  
 Divine thou art, that I am prison'd here  
 Not willingly, but must have, doubtless, sinn'd  
 Against the deathless tenants of the skies.  
 Yet say (for the Immortals all things know)  
 What God detains me, and my course forbids  
 Hence to my country o'er the fishy Deep?

I spake; when thus the Goddess all-divine.  
 Hear me, for all that I relate is true.  
 A faithful seer, the Antient of the Deep,  
 Immortal Proteus, the Ægyptian, haunts  
 These shores, familiar with all Ocean's gulphs,  
 Neptune's attendant ever, and esteem'd  
 My father. Him if thou art able once  
 To seize and bind, he will prescribe the course  
 With all its measured distances, by which  
 Thou shalt regain secure thy native shores.  
 He will, moreover, at thy suit declare,  
 Thou favour'd of the skies! what good, what ill  
 Hath in thine house befall'n, while absent thou  
 Thy voyage difficult perform'ft and long\*.

She

\* Ὅ, τί τι ἐν μεγάροισι κακὸν τ' ἀγαθὸν τε τίτυκται.

What good and what evil hath befallen thee in thy house.

Socrates as Cellius says, accounted this line of Homer his dearest and best treasure, and declared that it comprises the sum total of philosophy.

She spake, and I replied—Thyself reveal  
 By what effectual bands I may secure  
 The antient Deity marine, lest, warn'd  
 Of my approach, he shun me and escape.  
 Hard task for mortal hands to bind a God!

Then thus Idothea answer'd all-divine.  
 I will inform thee true. Soon as the sun  
 Hath climb'd the middle heav'ns, the prophet old,  
 Emerging while the breezy zephyr blows,  
 And cover'd with the scum of ocean, seeks  
 His spacious cove, in which outstretch'd he lies.  
 The phocæ\* also, rising from the waves,  
 Offspring of beautiful Halosydna, sleep  
 Around him, numerous, the fishy scent  
 Exhaling rank of the unfathom'd flood †.  
 Thither conducting thee at early dawn  
 I will dispose thee in some safe recess,

philosophy.—C. The line, however, must be detached from the context and have a new sense given it before it can serve the uses to which he applied it. For Homer means simply to say by it, that Proteus would inform Menelaus of all that had happened in his absence; whereas Socrates found in it a hint not to suffer his curiosity to tempt him astray in quest of knowledge more specious than useful, but rather to attend to what was passing at home and in his own heart.—An excellent lesson certainly, but not found here or any where else in Homer.

\* Seals, or sea-calves.

† According to Ælian no animal sleeps so sound.—B.

But from among thy followers thou shalt choofe  
 The bravest three in all thy gallant fleet.  
 And now the artifices understand  
 Of the old prophet of the sea. His herd  
 Of phocæ numb'ring first, he will pass through  
 And sum them all by fives, then lying down  
 Will sleep as sleeps the shepherd with his flock.  
 When ye shall see him stretch'd, then call to mind  
 That moment all your prowess, and prevent,  
 Howe'er he strive impatient, his escape.  
 All changes trying, ev'ry reptiles form  
 On earth he will adopt, and he will seem  
 A river now, and now devouring fire ;  
 But ye, the more he strives, with added force  
 Strive also, and constrain him still the more.  
 And when himself shall question you, restored  
 To his own form in which ye found him first  
 Reposing, then from farther force abstain ;  
 Then, Hero ! loose the Antient of the Deep,  
 And ask him what Divinity impedes  
 Thy voyage homeward o'er the fishy flood.

So saying, she plunged into the billowy waste.  
 I then, in various musings lost, my ships  
 Along the sea-beach station'd, fought again,  
 And when I reach'd my galley on the shore  
 We supp'd, and, at the fall of dewy night,

On Ocean's side extended, took repose.  
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
Look'd rosy forth, beside the spacious Deep  
Proceeding, first I importuned the Gods  
With fervent pray'r, then chose the fittest three  
For bold assault, and worthiest of my trust.  
Mean-while the Goddess deep into the gulphs  
Of Ocean plunging, from the bottom brought  
Four hides, the skins of Phocæ newly slain,  
Forecasting to deceive her antient Sire.  
Four cradles in the sea-sand, next, she scoop'd,  
Then waited our approach. We soon arrived;  
When, side by side, she lodg'd us, and a skin  
Cast over each. But terrible we found  
Our ambush, there, so rancid was the scent  
And noisome to us all; for who could rest  
Extended at a foul sea-monster's side?  
But she a potent remedy devised  
Herself to save us, who applied beneath  
Our nostrils sweetest odours of divine  
Ambrosia, which the fishy scent subdued.  
All morning, patient watchers, there we lay;  
And now the num'rous phocæ from the Deep  
Emerging, slept along the shore, and he  
At noon came also, and perceiving there  
His fatted monsters, through the flock his course

Took regular, and summ'd them ; with the first  
 He number'd us, fuspicion none of fraud  
 Conceiving, then couch'd also. We, at once,  
 Loud-shouting flew on him, and in our arms  
 Constrain'd him fast ; nor the sea-prophet old  
 Call'd not incontinent his shifts to mind.  
 First he became a long-maned lion grim,  
 A dragon then, a panther, an huge boar,  
 A limpid stream, and an o'ershadowing tree.  
 We persevering held him, till at length  
 The subtle Sage, his ineffectual arts  
 Resigning weary, question'd me, and said.

Say, son of Atreus ! what confed'rate Pow'r  
 Assisted thy contrivance to ensnare  
 And thus constrain me ? what is thy desire ?

So He ; to whom thus answer I return'd.  
 Oh antient Prophet ! guile alone suggests  
 These questions, for thyself already know'st.  
 Within these island-limits have I dwelt  
 Long time, no means discov'ring of escape,  
 Though famine wastes my people day by day.  
 Yet say (for the Immortals all things know)  
 What God detains me, and my course forbids  
 Hence to my country o'er the fishy Deep ?

So I ; when thus the old one of the waves.

\* But thy plain duty was to have adored  
 Jove, first, in sacrifice, and all the Gods,  
 That then embarking, by propitious gales  
 Impell'd, thou might'st have reach'd thy country soon,  
 For thou art destin'd ne'er to see again  
 Thy friends, thy palace, or thy native shores,  
 Till thou have reach'd once more the hallow'd flood  
 Of Ægypt, and with hecatombs adored  
 Devout, the deathless tenants of the skies.  
 Then will they speed thee whither thou desir'st.

He ceased. I listen'd with a broken heart,  
 Thus bidden o'er the gloomy waves again  
 To Ægypt; voyage long and hard to achieve!  
 Yet, though in sorrow whelm'd, I thus presumed.

Old prophet! I will all thy will perform.  
 But tell me, and the truth without disguise.  
 Have the Achæians with their ships arrived  
 All safe, whom Nestor left and I, at Troy?  
 Hath none of all our heroes, since the siege,  
 Died prematurely, or, on board his bark,  
 Or in th' embraces of his friends at home?

I spake, when answer thus the God return'd.

\* From the abruptness of this beginning, Virgil, probably, who has copied the story, took the hint of his admired exordium

Nam quis te, juvenum confidentissime, nostras  
 Egit adire domos?

Atrides, why these questions? Better far  
 Were ignorance for thee; since, knowing all,  
 Thou wilt not long, I judge, from tears abstain\*.  
 No few have died, and many still survive  
 Of those Achaian Chiefs; but Two alone  
 In their return have perish'd, and a third  
 Still lives, imprison'd in the boundless Deep.

Ajax, surrounded by his galleys, died†.  
 Him Neptune, first, against the bulky rocks  
 The Gyraë, drove, but saved him from the Deep;  
 Nor had he perish'd, hated as he was  
 By Pallas, but for his presumptuous boast  
 That Him the Gods themselves should strive in vain  
 To overwhelm in Ocean's gulphy flood‡.  
 Neptune that speech vain-glorious hearing, grasp'd

\* Here, it is observed, the poet condemns an importunate curiosity concerning the Future.—B. Certainly it is one of the chief mercies of God to man that he hides it from him.

† Pallas persecuted the Grecians on their return for the reason already mentioned, the rape of Cassandra by the Locrian Ajax. Nor was she even so appeased, but, during a period of a thousand years, compelled the Locrians to send annually a certain number of virgins chosen by lot, to Ilium.—B. & C.

‡ Pliny takes notice of a picture the work of Apollodorus the Athenian, which he had seen at Pergamus, and the subject of which was the Ajax here mentioned struck with thunder.—B. & C.

§ The Gyraë were rocks situated very near to the island Myconos, and were so called because they threw the water into whirlpools.—B. & C.



His trident, and the huge Gyræan rock  
 Smiting indignant, dash'd it half away ;  
 Part flood, and part, on which the boaster sat  
 When, first, the brainsick fury seiz'd him, fell,  
 Bearing him with it down into the gulphs  
 Of Ocean, where he drank the brine, and died\*.  
 But thy own brother in his barks escaped  
 That fate, by Juno saved ; yet when, at length,  
 He should have gain'd Malea's craggy shore,  
 Then, by a sudden tempest caught, he flew  
 With many a groan far o'er the fishy Deep  
 To the land's utmost point, where once his home  
 Thyestes had, but where Thyestes' son  
 Dwelt then, Ægisthus. There, the Gods appeas'd  
 The stormy blast, and, deeming most secure  
 His passage to Mycenæ thence by land,  
 He disembark'd. With calm delight he trod  
 The shore of Argos, kiss'd his native soil,  
 And, at a sight so welcome, wept for joy.  
 But not unscen he landed ; for a spy,  
 One whom the shrewd Ægisthus had seduced

\* Homer literally interpreted says—*so there he died, when he had drunk salt water.*—A line which, according to Eustathius, had place in none of the ancient editions, being rejected as too simple, and even trivial.—C. It was once however well chosen for his motto by a physician who wrote a treatise against the internal use of sea-water.

By promise of two golden talents, mark'd  
 His coming from a rock where he had watch'd  
 The year complete, left, passing unperceived,  
 The King should reaffert his right in arms.  
 Swift flew the spy with tidings to his Lord,  
 And He, incontinent, this project framed  
 Insidious. Twenty men, the boldest hearts  
 Of all the people, from the rest he chose,  
 Whom he in ambush placed, and others charged  
 With diligence to spread the festal board.  
 With horses, then, and chariots forth he drove  
 Full-fraught with mischief, and, inviting home  
 The unsuspecting King, amid the feast  
 Slew him, as at his crib men slay an ox.  
 Nor of Atrides' or Ægisthus' train  
 A man escaped; all perished by the sword.

He ceas'd, I heard him with a broken heart,  
 And on the sands sat weeping; life itself  
 Now fail'd to please me, and the light of day.  
 Long time I wept and roll'd me in the dust,  
 But, fated, ceased at length; when thus his speech  
 The antient Prophet of the Deep resumed.

Atrides! sit not weeping without end  
 Or measure here, since remedy thy grief  
 Will yield thee none, but with thy best dispatch  
 Strive for deliv'rance and to reach again

Thy native home ; for thou shalt either find  
 Ægisthus living, or, if haply, first,  
 Orestes have avenged his father's death,  
 At least shalt witness his funereal fires.

He ceas'd, and I, afflicted as I was,  
 Yet felt my spirit at that word refresh'd,  
 And in wing'd accents answer thus return'd.

Of these I am inform'd ; but name the third  
 Who, dead or living, in the boundless Deep  
 Is still detain'd ; I dread, yet wish to hear.

So I ; to whom thus Proteus in return.  
 Laertes' son, the Lord of Ithaca—  
 Him in an island weeping I beheld,  
 Guest of the nymph Calypso, by constraint  
 Her guest, and from his native land withheld  
 By sad necessity ; for ships well-oar'd,  
 Or faithful followers hath he none, whose aid  
 Might speed him safely o'er the spacious flood.  
 But, Menelaus ! not for Thee thy doom  
 Has death prepared in Argos—Thee the Gods  
 Have destin'd to the blest Elysian isles \*,  
 Earth's utmost bound'ries ; (Rhadamanthus there

\* The abode of Heroes after death, so named either from Elufius of Eleutheræ, a person of uncommon piety, or because the inhabitants suffer no more dissolution. They were called the happy isles, or the isles of the blessed.—B. & C.

For ever reigns, and there the human kind  
Enjoy the easiest life ; no snow is there,  
No biting winter, and no drenching show'r,  
But zephyr always gently from the sea  
Breathes on them, to refresh the happy race )  
Because that Helen is thy wife, and thee  
They deem, for her sake, near allied to Jove.

So saying, he plunged into the billowy waste.  
I then, with my brave comrades to the fleet  
Return'd, deep-musing as I went, and sad.  
No sooner had I reach'd my ship beside  
The ocean, and we all had supp'd, than night  
From heav'n fell on us, and, at ease reposed  
Along the margin of the sea, we slept.  
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
Look'd rosy forth, drawing our galleys down  
Into the sacred Deep, we rear'd again  
The mast, unfurled the sail, and to our seats  
On board returning, thresh'd the foamy flood.  
Once more, at length, within the hallow'd stream  
Of Ægypt mooring, on the shore I flew  
Whole hecatombs, and (the displeasure thus  
Of the Immortal Gods appeas'd) I reared  
To Agamemnon's never-dying fame  
A tomb, and finishing it, sail'd again  
With such a gale from heaven vouchsafed, as sent

My

My ships swift-scudding to the shores of Greece.  
 But come—eleven days wait here, or twelve  
 A guest with me, when I will send thee hence  
 Nobly, and honour'd with illustrious gifts,  
 With splendid chariot, with three princely steeds,  
 And with a gorgeous cup, that to the Gods  
 Libation pouring ever while thou liv'st  
 From that same cup, thou may'st remember me.

Him, prudent, then answer'd Telemachus.

Atrides! spare to press my longer stay,  
 For, willing, so delightful is the sound  
 Of thy recital, I could list'ning sit  
 The year entire, rememb'ring neither home  
 Nor parents more; but my companions, left  
 In Pylus, deem already my return  
 Too long delay'd, whom thou would'st still detain.  
 What boon soe'er thou giv'st me, be it such  
 As I may treasur'd keep; for I will take  
 No steeds to Ithaca, where glory none  
 They can achieve, as here, for thee, they may.  
 For thou art Lord of an extensive plain,  
 Where lotus, herbage of all favours, wheat,  
 Pulse, and white barley clothe the fruitful soil\*.

But

\* Herodotus says that when the Nile overflows, many lilies grow in the water of a kind which the Ægyptians name *Lotus*; gathering these, they dry them in the sun, and make the fruit into bread

But Ithaca no level champaign owns,  
 A nursery of goats, and yet a land  
 Fairer than richest pastures in mine eye.  
 But none of all our rugged isles affords  
 Large growth of herbs, or level space to run,  
 And Ithaca the rudest is of all.

He said ; the Hero Menelaus smiled,  
 And stroaking tenderly his cheek, replied.  
 Dear youth ! thy speech proclaims thy noble blood.  
 I can with ease supply thee from within  
 With what shall suit thee better, and the gift  
 Of all that I possess which most excels  
 In beauty, and the noblest shall be thine.  
 I give thee, wrought elaborate, a cup  
 Itself all silver, bound with lip of gold.  
 It is the work of Vulcan, which to me  
 The Hero Phædimus presented, King  
 Of the Sidonians, when on my return  
 His house received me. That shall be thy own \*.

Thus

which they eat toasted. The root likewise is eatable, has an agreeable sweetness, is round and of the size of an apple.—C.

But according to the Scholiast there was a tree called *Lotus*, and a species of grass also.—B. & C.

\* It is doubted whether Phædimus is here a proper name or an epithet signifying *illustrious*. They who understand it in the latter sense affirm this illustrious hero, the King of Sidon, to have been Solomon ; in support of which opinion Barnes cites the following passage from Clemens Alexandrinus.

“ Iramus

Thus they conferr'd; and now the busy train  
 Of menials culinary, at the gate  
 Of Menelaus, glorious Chief, appear'd \*.  
 They brought him sheep, with heart-ennobling wine,  
 While all their wives, their brows with frontlets bound,  
 Came charg'd with bread. Thus busy they prepared  
 A banquet in the mansion of the King.

Mean-time, before Ulysses' palace gate  
 The suitors sported with the quoit and spear  
 On the smooth area, customary scene  
 Of all their strife and angry clamour loud †.  
 There sat Antinoüs, and the godlike youth  
 Eurymachus, superiour to the rest

“Iramus or Hiram gave his daughter to Solomon at the time when Menelaus returning from the siege of Troy arrived at Phœnice.”

Sidon was a city of that country.

\* *Δαιτυμόν*—generally signifies the founder of a feast; but we are taught by Eustathius to understand by it, in this place, the persons employed in preparing it.—C.

The same commentator understands these preparations to be made not in the palace of Menelaus but of Ulysses. It is however in the beginning of the next paragraph, and not before, that the poet conducts us back to Ithaca. This is noticed by Barnes, who terms it a pardonable error indeed, but still worthy to be censured as an error, lest the authority of so learned a critic should mislead the reader.

† The quoit was commonly a stone, but was sometimes made of iron, and had a thong tied about the middle of it, by which they swung and cast it. What the translation calls a spear was rather a javelin, such as was used in goat-hunting.—C.

And Chiefs among them, to whom Phronius' son  
 Noëmon drawing nigh, with anxious mien  
 Question'd Antinoüs, and thus began.

Know we, Antinoüs ! or know we not,  
 When to expect Telemachus at home  
 Again from Pylus ? In my ship he went,  
 Which now I need, that I may cross the sea  
 To Elis, on whose spacious plain I feed  
 Twelve mares, each suckling a mule-colt as yet  
 Unbroken, but of which I purpose one  
 To ferry thence, and break him into use.

He spake, whom they astonish'd heard ; for him  
 They deem'd not to Nelëian Pylus gone,  
 But, likeliest, to the field, his num'rous flocks  
 To visit, or the steward of his swine.

Then thus, Eupithes' son, Antinoüs, spake,

Say true. When sail'd he forth ? of all our youth,  
 Whom chose he for his followers ? his own train  
 Of slaves and hirelings ? Hath he pow'r to effect  
 This also ? Tell me too, for I would learn—  
 Took he perforce thy fable bark away,  
 Or gav'st it to him at his first demand \* ?

To

\* The question of Antinoüs, says Barnes, seems to be asked with a malicious intention to betray Noëmon into a false accusation of Telemachus, a modest and virtuous prince, whom he affects to consider as one like himself, according to the manner of such profligates



To whom Noëmon, Phronius' son, replied.  
 I gave it voluntary; what could'st thou,  
 Should such a prince petition for thy bark  
 In such distress? Hard were it to refuse.  
 A band, inferiour to yourselves alone  
 Attends him forth; and with them I observed  
 Mentor embarking, ruler o'er them all,  
 Or, if not him, a God; for such he seem'd.  
 But this much moves my wonder. Yester-morn  
 I saw, at day break, noble Mentor here,  
 Whom shipp'd for Pylus I had seen before.

He ceas'd; and to his father's house return'd;  
 They, hearing, sat aghast. Their games mean-time  
 Finish'd, the suitors on their seats repos'd,  
 To whom Eupithes' son, Antinous, next,  
 Much troubled spake; a black storm overcharged  
 His bosom, and his vivid eyes flash'd fire.

Ye Gods, a proud exploit is here achieved,  
 This voyage of Telemachus, by us  
 Pronounced impracticable; yet the boy  
 In rash defiance of us all, is gone,  
 With a swift bark, and with a chosen crew.  
 He soon will prove more mischievous, whose pow'r

as he. But Noëmon answers honestly and boldly, doing justice to the son of the King his master, and tacitly condemning the suitors' iniquitous treatment of him.

Jove wither, ere we suffer its effects !  
 But, be ye quick, launch also forth for me  
 A bark with twenty rowers ; close conceal'd  
 Within the narrow frith that sep'rates these  
 From the rough shores of Samos, will I lurk,  
 And watch his coming, who shall dearly rue  
 That e'er he roam'd to seek his wand'ring Sire.

He ceas'd, and loud applause heard in reply,  
 With warm encouragement. Then, rising all,  
 Into Ulysses' house at once they throng'd.  
 Nor was Penelope left uninformed  
 Long time of their clandestine plottings deep,  
 For herald Medon told her all, whose ear  
 Their councils caught while in the outer-court  
 He stood, and they that project framed within.  
 Swift to Penelope the tale he bore,  
 Who as he pass'd the gate, him thus address'd.

Why, herald ! thus in haste ? With what command  
 Charged by the suitors ? That Ulysses' maids  
 Their tasks resign, to furnish, at his cost,  
 The board for them ? Here end, for ever end  
 Their tedious wooing ! May ye \* never hence

\* This transition from the third to the second person belongs to the original, and is considered as a fine stroke of art in the poet, who represents Penelope in the warmth of her resentment, forgetting where she is, and addressing the suitors as if present.

Escape t' assemble at the festive board  
 Elsewhere, as, here assembling, day by day  
 Ye have devour'd the substance of my son  
 The Prince Telemachus ! Ye never, sure,  
 When children, from your parents learn'd, how kind  
 Ulysses, in their days, had ever been,  
 No wrongs committing, criminating none  
 Before the people, as the practice is  
 Of mighty chiefs, who favour without cause,  
 And without cause discount'nance whom they please.  
 He no man wrong'd at any time ; but ye  
 Proclaim your own ingratitude, and prove  
 His kindness to your parents lost on you.

Then Medon answer thus, prudent, return'd.  
 Grant Heav'n, oh Queen, that this woe prove the worst !  
 But greater far and heavier ills than this  
 The suitors plan, whose counsels Jove confound !  
 Their base desire and purpose are to slay  
 Telemachus on his return ; for he,  
 To gather tidings of his Sire is gone  
 To Pylus, or to Sparta's land divine.

He said ; and where she stood, her trembling knees  
 Fail'd under her, and all her spirits went.  
 Speechless she long remain'd, tears fill'd her eyes,  
 And inarticulate in its passage died  
 Her utt'rance, till at last with pain she spake.

Herald ! why went my son ? he hath no need  
 On board swift ships to ride, which are to man  
 His steeds that bear him over seas remote \*.  
 Went he resolved on death, and that his name,  
 Sunk with himself, should be pronounced no more ?

Then answer, thus, Medon the wise return'd,  
 I know not whether him some God impell'd  
 Or his own heart to Pylus, there to hear  
 News of his Sire's return, or by what fate  
 At least he died, if he return no more.

He said, and traversing Ulysses' courts,  
 Departed ; she, with heart-consuming woe  
 O'erwhelm'd, no longer could endure to take  
 Repose on any of her num'rous seats,  
 But on the threshold of her chamber-door  
 Lamenting sat, while all her female train  
 Around her moan'd, the antient and the young,

\* Literally, *which are the mariner's horses*. The metaphor itself is admired by Eustathius, but not the use of it by Penelope in her present circumstances. Distressed as she is, she ought not to be supposed to have leisure for poetical fancies and the exercise of ingenuity. Virgil errs in like manner, as is observed by Fulvius Ursinus, introducing into the speech of Venus while she laments the sufferings of Æneas, an epifodical description of Timavus.

————— et fontem superare Timavi ;  
 Unde per ora novem vasto cum mormure montis  
 It mare prouptum, et pelago premit arva sonanti.

Æn. I. 248.—C.

Whom, fobbing, thus, Penelope bespake.

Hear me, ye maidens! for of woman born  
 Coeval with me, none hath e'er received  
 Such plenteous sorrow from the Gods as I,  
 Who first my noble husband lost, endued  
 With courage lion-like, of all the Greeks  
 The Chief with ev'ry virtue most adorn'd,  
 A prince all-excellent, whose glorious praise  
 Through Hellas and all Argos flew diffused,  
 And now, my darling son,—him storms have snatch'd  
 Far hence inglorious, and I knew it not.  
 Ah treach'rous servants! conscious as ye were  
 Of his design, not one of you the thought  
 Conceived to wake me when he went on board.  
 For had I known his purpose to depart,  
 He either had not gone (how much soe'er  
 He wish'd to leave me) or had left me dead.  
 But haste ye,—bid my antient servant come,  
 Dolion (whom when I left my father's house  
 He gave me, and whose office is to attend  
 My num'rous garden-plants) that he may seek  
 At once Laertes, and may tell him all;  
 He may, perchance, some remedy devise,  
 And, weeping, move the people to withstand  
 These cruel men, who purpose to destroy  
 My son, sole offspring of his godlike Sire.

Then

Then thus the gentle Euryclea spake,  
Nurse of Telemachus. Alas! my Queen!  
Slay me, or spare, deal with me as thou wilt,  
I will confess the truth. I knew it all.  
I gave him all that he required from me,  
Both wine and bread, and, at his bidding, swore  
To tell thee naught in twelve whole days to come,  
Or till, inquiry made, thou should'st thyself  
Learn his departure; lest thou should'st impair  
Thy lovely features with excess of grief.  
But lave thyself, and, fresh attired, ascend  
To thy own chamber, there, with all thy train,  
To worship Pallas, who shall save, thenceforth,  
Thy son from death, what ills foe'er he meet.  
Add not fresh sorrows to the present woes  
Of the old King, for I believe not yet  
Arcefius' race rejected by the Gods  
Wholly, but trust that there shall still be found  
Among them, who shall, undisturb'd, possess  
This palace, with its distant fair domain.

So saying, she hush'd her sorrow, and her eyes  
No longer stream'd. Then, bathed and fresh attired,  
Penelope ascended with her train  
The upper palace, and a basket stored  
With hallow'd cakes to Pallas off'ring, pray'd.

Hear matchless daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd!

If ever wise Ulysses offer'd here  
 The thighs of fatted kine or sheep to thee,  
 Now mindful of his piety, preserve  
 His darling son, and frustrate with a frown  
 The cruelty of these imperious guests!

She said, and with shrill voice melodious pray'd,  
 Whom Pallas heard. And now the spacious hall  
 And gloomy passages with tumult rang  
 And clamour of that throng, when thus, a youth  
 Insolent as his fellows, dared to speak.

Much woo'd and long, the Queen at length prepares  
 To choose another mate, and nought suspects  
 The bloody death to which her son we doom\*.

So He; but of his doom they little knew,  
 And, cautious, thus Antinoüs replied.

Sirs! one and all, I counsel you, beware  
 Of such bold boasting unadvised; lest one  
 O'erhearing you, report your words within.  
 No—rather thus, in silence, let us move  
 To an exploit so pleasant to us all.

He said, and twenty chose, the bravest there,  
 With whom he fought the galley on the shore,  
 Which haling down to sea, with mast and sails

\* Mistaking, perhaps, the sound of her voice, and imagining that she sang.—B.

They furnish'd, and, adjusting, next, their oars  
 Each to its groove with smoothest leather lined,  
 Unfurl'd their shining canvas to the gale\*.  
 Their bold attendants brought them then their arms  
 And thrusting forth the galley till she swam,  
 They moor'd her fast, then went themselves on board,  
 And supping, waited for the dusk of eve.

But when Penelope, the palace stairs  
 Remounting, had her upper chamber reach'd,  
 There, unrefresh'd with either food or wine,  
 She lay'd her down, her noble son the theme  
 Of all her musings, whether he should 'scape  
 His impious foes, or perish by their hands.  
 Num'rous as are the lion's thoughts, who sees,  
 Not without fear, a multitude with toils  
 Encircling him around, such num'rous thoughts  
 Her bosom occupied, till sleep at length  
 Invading her, she sank in soft repose.

Then Pallas, teeming with a new design,  
 Set forth an airy phantom in the form  
 Of fair Iphthima, daughter of the brave

\* The Scholiast asks, Why do they set up the mast if they purpose to use their oars? and concludes it to be only that the vessel may make the better appearance. But Clarke asks, why might they not use both?

What is here called the *groove*, the watermen on the Thames call the *shole*.



Icarius, and Eumelus' wedded wife  
 In Pheræ\*. Shaped like her the dream she sent  
 Into the mansion of the godlike Chief  
 Ulysses, with kind purpose to abate  
 The sighs and tears of sad Penelope.  
 Ent'ring the chamber-portal where the bolt  
 Secured it, at her head the image stood,  
 And thus, in terms compassionate, began.

Sleep'st thou, distress'd Penelope? The Gods,  
 Happy in everlasting rest themselves,  
 Forbid thy sorrows. Thou shalt yet behold  
 Thy son again, who hath by no offence  
 Incurr'd at any time the wrath of heav'n.

To whom, sweet-slumbering in the shadowy gate  
 By which dreams pass, Penelope replied.

What cause, my sister, brings thee, who art seen  
 Unfrequent here, for that thou dwell'st remote?  
 And thou enjoin'st me a cessation too  
 From sorrows num'rous, and which, fretting, wear  
 My heart continual; first, my spouse I lost  
 With courage lion-like endow'd, a prince  
 All-excellent, whose never-dying praise  
 Through Hellas and all Argos flew diffus'd;  
 And now my only son, new to the toils

\* A city of Thessaly, so named from Pheres the founder of it.—B.

And hazards of the sea, nor less untaught  
 The arts of traffick, in a ship is gone  
 Far hence, for whose dear cause I sorrow more  
 Than for his Sire himself, and even shake  
 With terrour, lest he perish by their hands  
 To whom he goes, or in the stormy Deep ;  
 For num'rous are his foes, and all intent  
 To slay him, ere he reach his home again \*.

Then answer thus the shadowy form return'd.  
 Take courage ; suffer not excessive dread  
 To overwhelm thee, for secur'd he goes  
 By Pallas ; a protectress such as all  
 Would wish to gain ; for harm can ne'er betide

\* Spondanus, though ready to grant every thing to maternal love, accounts the affection shown by Penelope to her husband, in this instance, inferior to the requisitions of the Divine Law as they are urged on us. Yet he allows (but it is an allowance not called for) that the grief of Penelope on account of Ulysses is, if not almost obliterated by time, yet certainly much abated. But there are many reasons, as Barnes observes, to justify her deeper concern for Telemachus on the present occasion, to which, though the poet has mentioned them, Spondanus was not attentive. Telemachus wanted experience, but Ulysses in that respect, as well as in point of uncommon natural sagacity, was eminently qualified to encounter danger. Ulysses, when he went to Troy, was aware of all the hazard of the enterprise, but his son is ignorant that an ambush is set for his life, from which he can hardly escape but by a miracle. And, after all, says Barnes, whether greater conjugal affection than Penelope manifests is required of us or not, certain it is that we see few instances of any like it.

Whom

Whom she defends. In pity of thy woes  
She urged me forth, and charged me thus to speak.

Then thus Penelope the wife replied.  
Oh! if thou art a Goddess, and hast heard  
A Goddess' voice, rehearse to me the lot  
Of that unhappy one, if yet he live  
Spectator of the cheerful beams of day,  
Or if, already dead, he dwell below.

Then answer thus the fading form return'd.  
Vain words are evil. Whether he be dead,  
Or still alive, rest uninform'd by me\*.

So saying, her egress swift beside the bolt  
She made, and melted into air. Upsprang  
From sleep Icarus' daughter, and her heart  
Felt heal'd within her, by that dream impress'd  
Distinctly in the noiseless night serene.

Mean-time the suitors urged their wat'ry way,  
To instant death devoting in their hearts  
Telemachus. There is a rocky isle  
In the mid sea, Samos the rude between  
And Ithaca, not large, named Asteris,

\* This answer of the phantom, says Eustathius, is dexterously managed; for to have proceeded to tell the whole truth and to have informed her that Ulysses was still alive, would have been incompatible with the sequel, to which it is essential that Ulysses at his return should be unknown to all, but especially to Penelope. = C.

It hath commodious havens, into which  
 A passage clear opens on either side,  
 And there the ambush'd Greeks his coming watch'd\*.

\* The concluding lines of this Book have been altered, but, by an oversight of the Translator, so altered that, for an obvious reason, the Editor is obliged to give them in a Note, or not at all:

Midway between the rugged Samian † shore  
 And Ithaca there lies, not large, an isle  
 Named Asteris ‡, with ports at either end  
 Accessible; among the rocks conceal'd  
 There lay the suitors, watching his return.

† Or Cephallenian;—B & C. for Cephallenia is sometimes called by Homer, Same or Samos from a town in it of that name.

‡ Apollodorus says that the island continued in his time such as Homer describes it, and had a small city in it, on that side next to the continent, called Alalcomene. But Strabo is so much at a loss about it, that he thinks Homer must have misrepresented the place either for want of sufficient acquaintance with it, or for the sake of his fable.—C.

## A R G U M E N T

OF THE

## F I F T H B O O K.

Mercury bears to Calypso a command from Jupiter that she dismiss Ulysses. She, after some remonstrances, promises obedience and furnishes him with implements and materials, with which he constructs a raft. He quits Calypso's island; is persecuted by Neptune with dreadful tempests, but by the assistance of a sea nymph, after having lost his raft, is enabled to swim to Phæacia.

## B O O K V.

AURORA from beside her glorious mate  
 Tithonus now arose, dispensing light  
 Through earth and heav'n, when the assembled Gods  
 In council sat, o'er whom high-thund'ring Jove  
 Presided, mightiest of the Pow'rs above.  
 Amid them, Pallas all Ulysses' woes  
 Enumerated, whom with grief she saw

Detain'd still pris'ner in Calypso's isle\*.

Jove, and ye blest inhabitants of heav'n!  
 Be never King, hereafter, lib'ral, kind,  
 Or righteous, but let ev'ry sceptred hand  
 Rule merciless, and deal in wrong alone,  
 Since none of all his people whom he sway'd  
 With such paternal gentleness and love  
 Remembers, now, divine Ulysses more.  
 He, in yon distant isle a suff'rer lies  
 Of hopeless sorrow, through constraint the guest  
 Still of the nymph Calypso, without means  
 Or pow'r to reach his native shores again,  
 Alike of gallant barks and friends deprived,  
 Who might conduct him o'er the spacious Deep.  
 Nor this is all, but enemies combine  
 To slay his son ere yet he can return  
 From Pylus, whither he hath gone to learn  
 There, or in Sparta, tidings of his Sire.

To whom the Sov'reign of the skies replied.  
 What words are these which now have pass'd thy lips

\* Tithonus, son of Laomedon, brother of Priam, husband of Aurora, is called Endymion also. As Endymion, he is mate of the Moon, and as Tithonus, of the Morning. As Endymion, he is fabled to be a hunter and to sleep in the night only, devoting the day to the labours of the chase; but as Tithonus, he is an astronomer and sleeps in the day, watching all the night that he may observe the stars.—B. & C.

My daughter? Hast thou not, thyself, decreed  
 A safe return and vengeance on his foes  
 To brave Ulysses? Thou hast also skill  
 To guide uninjur'd to his native home  
 Telemachus his son, and can'st with ease  
 Send back the suitors vex'd at his escape.

He ceas'd, and thus to Hermes spake, his son.  
 Hermes! (for thou art herald of our will  
 At all times) to you beauteous nymph convey  
 Our fixt resolve, that brave Ulysses thence  
 Depart, unaccompanied by God or man.  
 Borne on a corded raft, and suff'ring woe  
 Extreme, he on the twentieth day shall reach,  
 Not sooner, Scherie the deep-foild, possess'd  
 By the Phæacians, kinsmen of the Gods\*.  
 They, as a God shall reverence the Chief  
 And in a bark of theirs shall send him thence  
 To his own home, much treasure, brass and gold  
 And raiment giving him, to an amount  
 Surpassing all that, had he safe return'd,  
 He should by lot have shared of Ilium's spoil.

\* Scherie, the island of the Phæacians, has since been called Corcyra, but its most antient name was Drepane. They are said to be ἀγγιθεοί, or to have affinity with the Gods, either on account of their King's descent from Neptune, or because they were a happy people, or because the Gods occasionally visited them and shared their banquets.—B. & C.

Thus Fate appoints Ulysses to regain  
His native shore, his palace and his friends.

He ended, nor the Argicide refused,  
Messenger of the skies ; his sandals fair,  
Ambrosial, golden, to his feet he bound,  
Which o'er the moist wave, rapid as the wind,  
Bear him, and o'er th' illimitable earth,  
Then took his rod with which, at will, all eyes  
He softly shuts, or opens them again.  
So arm'd, forth flew the valiant Argicide.  
Alighting on Pieria, down he stoop'd  
To Ocean, and the billows lightly skimm'd  
In form a sea-mew, such as in the bays  
Tremendous of the barren Deep her food  
Seeking, dips oft in brine her ample wing.  
In such disguise o'er many a wave he rode,  
But reaching, now, that isle remote, forsook  
The azure Deep, and at the spacious grot,  
Where dwelt the amber-tressed nymph, arrived,  
Found her within. A fire on all the hearth  
Blazed sprightly, and, afar-diffused, the scent  
Of smooth-split cedar and of cypress-wood  
Odorous, burning, cheer'd the happy isle.  
She, busied at the loom, and plying fast  
Her golden shuttle, with melodious voice  
Sat chaunting there ; a grove on either side,



Alder and poplar, and the redolent branch  
 Of cyprefs hemm'd the dark retreat around.  
 There many a bird of broadest pinion built  
 Secure her nest, the owl, the kite, and daw  
 Long-tongued, frequenter of the sandy shores.  
 A garden-vine luxuriant on all sides  
 Mantled the spacious cavern, cluster-hung  
 Profuse ; four fountains of sereneſt lymph  
 Their ſinuouſ courſe purſuing ſide by ſide,  
 Stray'd all around, and ev'ry where appear'd  
 Meadows of ſofterſt verdure, purpled o'er  
 With violets ; it was a ſcene to fill  
 A God from heav'n with wonder and delight.  
 Hermes, Heav'n's meſſenger, admiring ſtood  
 That ſight, and having all ſurvey'd, at length  
 Enter'd the grotto ; nor the lovely nymph  
 Him knew not ſoon as ſeen, for not unknown  
 Each to the other the Immortals are,  
 How far ſoever ſep'rate their abodes.  
 Yet found he not within the mighty Chief  
 Ulyſſes ; he ſat weeping on the ſhore,  
 Forlorn ; for there his cuſtom was with groans  
 Of ſad regret t' afflict his breaking heart,  
 Looking continual o'er the barren Deep \*.

Then

\* The poet is ſuppoſed to ſequeſter Ulyſſes on this occaſion, that ignorant of the constraint under which Calypſo acted, he might

Then thus Calypso, loveliest nymph divine,  
Of Hermes, from her dazzling throne, enquired.

Hermes, swift bearer of the golden rod!  
Whom I respect and love, thou art a guest  
Unfrequent here—say, wherefore hast thou come?  
Speak thy desire; I grant it, if thou ask  
Things possible, and possible to me.  
Stay not, but ent'ring farther, at my board  
Due rites of hospitality receive.

So saying, the Goddess with ambrosial food  
Her table cover'd, and with rosy juice  
Nectarous charged the cup. Then ate and drank  
The Argicide and herald of the skies,  
And when, divinely banquetted, he felt  
His heart refresh'd, his message thus declared.

Questionest thou, a Goddess, me a God?  
I tell thee truth, since such is thy demand.  
Not willing, but by Jove constrain'd, I come.  
For who would, voluntary, such a breadth  
Enormous measure of the salt expanse,  
Where city none is seen in which the Gods  
Are serv'd with chosen hecatombs and pray'r?  
But no divinity may the designs

imagine her consent to his departure and the means with which she furnished him to construct his raft, the effects of kindness merely, and hold himself everlastingly indebted to her.—C.

Elude,

Elude, or contravert, of Jove supreme.  
 He saith, that here thou hold'st the most distressed  
 Of all those warriors who nine years assail'd  
 The city of Priam, and, (that city sack'd)  
 Departed in the tenth; but, going thence,  
 Offended Pallas, who with adverse winds  
 Opposed their voyage, and with boist'rous waves.  
 Then perish'd all his gallant friends, but him  
 Billows and storms drove hither; Jove commands  
 That thou dismiss him hence without delay,  
 For fate ordains him not to perish here  
 From all his friends remote, but he is doom'd  
 To see them yet again, and to arrive  
 At his own palace in his native land.

He said; divine Calypso at the sound  
 Shudder'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied.

Ye are unjust, ye Gods, and envious past  
 All others, grudging if a Goddess choose  
 A mortal husband, and avow the choice.  
 So, when the rosy-palm'd Aurora chose  
 Orion, even in your blest abodes  
 Ye rested not, till, in Ortygia, pierced  
 By fair Diana's gentle shafts he died.  
 So when the beautiful Ceres, in a deep  
 Thrice-labour'd fallow, sway'd by soft desire,

Infolded young Iäfion in her arms,  
 Not long remain'd Jove ignorant, who smote  
 With his bright bolt and flew the favour'd fwain\*.  
 So alfo, O ye Gods, ye envy me  
 The mortal man, my confort, Him I faved  
 Myfelf, while folitary on his keel  
 He rode, for with his fulph'rous arrow Jove  
 Had cleft his bark amid the fable Deep.  
 Then perith'd all his gallant friends, but him  
 Billows and ftorms drove hither, whom I lov'd  
 Sincere, and fondly deftin'd to a life  
 Immortal, unobnoxious to decay.  
 But fince no Deity may the defigns  
 Elude or controvert of Jove fupreme,  
 Hence with him to a death abhorr'd, if fuch  
 The Sov'reign's will and fuch his ftern command.  
 But undifmifs'd he goes by me, who fhips  
 Myfelf well-oar'd and mariners have none  
 To fend with him athwart the fpacious flood;  
 Yet will I counfel him, nor fhall he want

\* He was the fon of Jupiter and Eleätra the daughter of Atlas, and by his amour with Ceres became the father of Plutus.—B. & C. This amour, however, was probably an allegorical one, as the Scholiaft obferves, and the truth of his hiftory amounted to no more than that he was a perfon fkilful in agriculture, and profiting much by his art, grew rich in confequence.—C.

Such

Such means of furth'rance to his native isle  
As my best help can furnish for his use.

Then Hermes thus, the messenger of heav'n.  
So send him hence, and quickly, through respect  
For the command of Jove ; whose fiery wrath,  
If thou delay, thou may'ft, thyself, incur.

So saying, the dauntless Argicide withdrew,  
And she (Jove's mandate heard) all-graceful went,  
Seeking the brave Ulysses ; on the shore  
She found him seated ; tears that never ceas'd  
His cheek bedew'd, and, since the lovely nymph  
Had lost her pow'r to charm him, he resign'd  
All thought of bliss besides, and in the pangs  
Of hopeless exile pass'd his happiest hours.  
Yet, through constraint, and listless to return  
Her fond embraces, in her arch'd recess  
He slept the night beside her, and, by day,  
Reclining on the rocks that lined the shore,  
And viewing wistfully the barren Deep,  
Wept, groan'd, desponded, sigh'd, and wept again.  
Then, drawing near, thus spake the nymph divine.

Unhappy ! weep not here, nor life consume  
In anguish ; go ; thou hast my glad consent.  
Arise, and hewing from the trunks of trees  
Long planks, with bolts of iron form a raft  
Of needful breadth, which closely floor'd above,

Shall

Shall hence convey thee o'er the gloomy Deep.  
 Bread, water, and the red grape's cheering juice  
 Myself will put on board, which shall preserve  
 Thy life from famine; I will also give  
 New raiment for thy limbs, and will dispatch  
 Winds after thee to waft thee home unharm'd,  
 If such the pleasure of the Gods who dwell  
 In yonder boundless heav'n, to whom belongs  
 Unerring skill to judge, and not to me.

She spake; Ulysses shudder'd at the sound,  
 And thus th' afflicted Hero, quick, replied.

Ah! other thoughts than of my safe return  
 Employ thee, Goddess, now, who bid'st me pass  
 The perilous gulph of Ocean on a raft,  
 That wild expanse, which even gallant ships  
 Pass not, though form'd to cleave their way with ease,  
 And joyful in propitious winds from Jove\*.  
 No—let me never, in despite of thee,  
 Embark on board a raft, nor till thou swear,  
 Oh Goddess! the inviolable oath,  
 That future mischief thou intend'st me none.

He said; Calypso, beautiful Goddess, stroak'd

\* Ἀγαλλόμεναι. Homer, as Aristotle has observed, frequently ascribes life to inanimate things, and endues them with a metaphorical sensibility.—C.

His wan, wet cheek, and, smiling, thus replied.

Thou dost asperse me rudely, and excuse  
 Of ignorance hast none, far better taught ;  
 What words were these ? How could'st thou thus reply ?  
 Now hear me Earth, and the wide Heav'n above !  
 Hear, too, ye waters of the Stygian stream  
 Under the earth, (by which the blessed Gods  
 Swear trembling, and revere the awful oath !)  
 That future mischief I intend thee none \*.  
 No, my designs concerning thee are such  
 As, in an exigence resembling thine,  
 Myself, most sure, should for myself conceive.  
 I have a mind more equal, not of steel  
 My heart is form'd, but much to pity inclined.

So saying, the lovely Goddess with swift pace  
 Led on, whose footsteps he as swift pursued.  
 Within the vaulted cavern they arrived,  
 The Goddess and the man ; on the same throne  
 Ulyssès sat, whence Hermes had aris'n,  
 Where all refreshments, such as mortals use,  
 Calypso plac'd before him, drink and meats

\* The water of Styx, according to Pausanias, dripped from a fountain near to Nonacris a town of Arcadia, and fell into the hollow of a lofty rock through which it passed into the river Crætis. He adds that it was fatal to every animal that drank it.—C.

Of various kinds, then, opposite reposed,  
 Was served, herself, by her attendant train  
 With nectar and ambrosia. They their hands  
 Stretch'd forth together to the ready feast,  
 And when nor hunger more nor thirst remain'd  
 Unfated, thus the beauteous nymph began.

Laertes' godlike son, for wiles renown'd !  
 Can'st thou resolve thus suddenly to seek  
 Thy native shores ?—I wish thee, not the less,  
 All joy—but knew'st thou to what num'rous woes  
 Thy fate ordains thee, in thy voyage hence,  
 This calm retirement and immortal life  
 Enjoy'd with me, would win thee to remain,  
 Ardent and ceaseless as thy wishes are  
 To see Penelope ; for, whether face  
 Or form engage thee, well may I presume  
 Mine scarce inferiour, since immortal charms,  
 Compared with mortal merely, must excel.

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.  
 Dread Goddess ! bear with me. Myself, I know  
 That my Penelope, alike, in form  
 And stature altogether yields to thee,  
 For she is mortal, and immortal thou,  
 From age exempt ; yet not the less I wish  
 My native home, and languish till the day

That



That sees my safe arrival, shall arise.  
 But should some God amid the fable Deep  
 Dash me again into a wreck, my soul  
 Shall never, ev'n for such a cause, renounce  
 Her wonted fortitude; for I have borne  
 In storms and battle much; now, therefore, come  
 This evil also, following all the rest\*!

He ended, and the sinking sun resign'd  
 The earth to darkness. Then in a recess  
 Interior of the cavern, side by side  
 Reposed, they took their amorous delight.  
 But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
 Look'd rosy forth, Ulysses then in haste  
 Put on his vest and mantle, and, the nymph  
 Her snowy vesture of transparent woof,  
 Graceful, redundant; to her waist she bound  
 Her golden zone, and veil'd her beauteous head,

\* Maximus Tyrius considers the refusal of Ulysses to become immortal, exempt from all infirmity, and to dwell for ever with Calypso attended by beautiful Nymphs and enjoying perpetual pleasure, as an argument that he was of a dull and gross nature, and so destitute of all virtue, that but for his misfortunes and sufferings he would soon be utterly forgotten.—C. But surely he inverts the conclusion which the premises naturally suggest; and the hero may much more justly be said, when he prefers the barren Ithaca, because it is his proper home, to the delightful island of Calypso, to exhibit proof of the most consummate virtue. There seems no reason to doubt that Homer designed it as his highest eulogium.

Then,

Then, musing, plann'd the noble Chief's return.  
 She gave him, fitted to the grasp, an axe  
 Of iron, pond'rous, double edg'd, with haft  
 Of olive-wood, inferted firm, and wrought  
 With curious art. Then, placing in his hand  
 A polish'd adze, she led, herself, the way  
 To her isle's utmost verge, where loftiest stood  
 The alder, poplar, and cloud-piercing fir,  
 Though sapless, sound, and fittest for his use  
 As buoyant most. To that once verdant grove  
 His steps, the beauteous Nymph Calypso led,  
 And sought her home again. Then slept not He,  
 But, swinging with both hands the axe, his task  
 Soon finish'd; trees full twenty to the ground  
 He cast, which, dext'rous, with his adze he smooth'd,  
 The knotted surface chipping by a line.  
 Mean-time the lovely Goddess to his aid  
 Sharp augres brought, with which he bored the beams,  
 Then placed them side by side, adapting each  
 To other, and the seams with wadding clos'd\*.  
 Broad as an artist, skill'd in naval works,  
 The bottom of a ship of burthen spreads,

\* This, according to Eustathius, is the probable meaning of ἀρμονίῃσιν ἀφίηεν. He supposes the ἀρμονίη to be a sort of tow made from vegetables, and applied by the antients to naval uses, as hemp among us.—C.

Such breadth Ulysses to his raft assign'd.  
He deck'd her over with long planks, upborn  
On massy beams; He made the mast, to which  
He added suitable the yard;—he framed  
Rudder and helm to regulate her course,  
With wicker-work he border'd all her length  
For safety, and much ballast stow'd within.  
Mean-time, Calypso brought him for a sail  
Fittest materials, which he also shap'd,  
And to his sail due furniture annex'd  
Of cordage strong, foot-ropes and ropes aloft,  
Then heav'd her down with levers to the Deep.  
He finish'd all his work on the fourth day,  
And on the fifth, Calypso, nymph divine,  
Dismiss'd him from her isle, but laved him first,  
And cloth'd him in sweet-scented garments new.  
Two skins the Goddess also placed on board,  
One charg'd with crimson wine, and ampler one  
With water; nor a bag with food replete  
Forgot, nutritious, grateful to the taste,  
Nor yet, her latest gift, a gentle gale  
And manageable, which Ulysses spread,  
Exulting, all his canvas to receive.  
Beside the helm he sat, steering expert,  
Nor sleep fell ever on his eyes that watch'd  
Intent the Pleiads, tardy in decline

Bootes,

Bootes, and the Bear, call'd else the Wain,  
 Which, in his polar prison circling, looks  
 Direct toward Orion, and alone  
 Of these sinks never to the briny Deep\*.  
 That star the lovely Goddess bade him hold  
 Continual on his left through all his course.  
 Ten days and sev'n, he, navigating, cleav'd  
 The brine, and on the eighteenth day, at length  
 The shadowy mountains of Phæacia's land  
 Descried, where nearest to his course it lay  
 Like a broad buckler on the waves afloat.

But Neptune, traversing, in his return  
 From Æthiopia's sons, the mountain-heights  
 Of Solymè, descried him from afar  
 Born on the smooth expanse†. His fiery wrath  
 Redoubling at the sight, his brows he shook,  
 And thus within himself, indignant, spake.

So then—while I with Æthiopia's sons  
 Have dwelt secure, Ulysses, as it seems,  
 Hath found the Gods less adverse. He beholds  
 Phæacia nigh, where he is doom'd to leap

\* That Homer had an accurate knowledge of astronomy, says Dionysius Hal. is evident, and if he has not given us in his poems the whole theory of the heavens, as Aratus, or any other professed astronomer may have done, it is only because his subject did not call him to it.—C.

† The Solymi were a people on the confines of Lycia. Their country was also called Pisidia.—C.

The bound'ry of his woes ; yet such distrefs  
As I can caufe, he fhall not want the while.

He fpake, and grafping his huge trident, call'd  
Storms from all quarters, cov'ring earth and fea  
With blackeft clouds, and night rufh'd down from heav'n.  
The Eaft, the South, the heavy-blowing Weft,  
And the cold North-wind clear, affail'd at once  
The raft, and heav'd on high the billowy flood.  
All hope, all courage, in that moment, loft,  
The Hero thus within himfelf complain'd.

Wretch that I am, what deftiny at laft  
Attends me ! much I fear the Goddefs' words  
All true, which threaten'd me with num'rous ills  
On the wide fea, ere I fhould reach my home.  
Behold them all fulfill'd ! with what a ftorm  
Jove hangs the heav'ns, and agitates the Deep !  
Swift comes the tempeft on ; the gather'd winds  
All rage at once, and there is no efcape.  
Thrice bleft, and more than thrice, Achaia's fons  
At Ilium flain for the Atridæ' fake !  
Oh that contending with the Trojan hoft  
For flain Achilles, when a thoufand fpears  
Affail'd me, I had died ! Achaia's fons  
Had then, with founding fhields, and folemn march,  
And ftrains funereal compafs'd me around,  
Whom ruthlefs Fate now dooms to perifh here.

A billow, at that word, with dreadful sweep  
Roll'd o'er his head, and whirl'd the raft around.  
Dash'd from the steerage o'er the vessel's side,  
He plunged remote; the gust of mingling winds  
Snapp'd short the mast, and sail and sail-yard bore  
Afar into the Deep. Long time beneath  
The whelming waves he lay, nor could emerge  
With sudden force, for furious was the shock,  
And his apparel, fair Calypso's gift,  
Oppress'd him forely; but, at length, he rose,  
And, rising, spatter'd from his lips the brine  
Which trickling left his brows in many a stream.  
Nor, though distress'd, unmindful to regain  
His raft was he, but, buffeting the waves  
Pursued, and, wellnigh at his dying gasp  
Recover'd it, and in the centre sat.  
She, by the billows tofs'd, at random roll'd.  
As when, in autumn, Boreas o'er the plain  
Before him drives a mass of matted thorns,  
They, tangled, to each other close adhere,  
So her the winds drove wild about the Deep.  
By turns, the South consign'd her, as in sport,  
To the rude North-wind, and the West, by turns,  
Received her from the intermitting East.  
Him Cadmus' daughter, Ino named of old,  
But now Leucothea, saw. She, lovely Nymph,

Once

Once mortal, trod the ground \*, but in the gulphs  
Of Ocean shares immortal honours now.

Her pity, tempest-tofs'd and worn with toil  
Ulyffes moved, and in a fea-mew's form  
Emerging, with broad wing ſhe ſkimm'd the waves,  
And perching on the raft, him thus addreſs'd.

Alas! unhappy! how haſt thou incenſed  
So terribly the Shaker of the ſhores,  
That he purſues thee with ſuch num'rous ills?  
Sink thee he cannot, wiſh it as he may.  
Thus do (for I accout thee not unwiſe)  
Thy garments putting off, let drive thy raft  
As the winds will; then, ſwimming, ſtrive to reach  
Phæacia, where thy doom is to eſcape.

Take this. This riband bind beneath thy breaſt,  
Celeſtial texture. Thenceforth every fear  
Of death diſmiſs, and, laying once thy hands  
On the firm continent, unbind the zone,  
Which thou ſhalt caſt far diſtant from the ſhore  
Into the Deep; but turn thy face away.

So ſaying, the Goddeſs gave into his hand  
The wond'rous zone, and, fea-mew ſtill in form,  
Plunged from his ſight beneath the rolling flood.  
But ſtill th' afflicted hero ſat perplex'd,

\* The Tranſlator finding himſelf free to chooſe between *ἀυδρίσσα*  
and *ἐδρίσσα*, has preferred the latter.

And with his noble heart thus communed sad.

Alas ! This counsel to forsake the raft—  
I fear it—left some Deity design  
Another snare for me ; nor shall I yield  
Obedience soon ; for I beheld the land  
Of my foretold deliv'rance far remote.  
Thus, therefore, will I do, for such appears  
My wiser course. While yet the planks sustain  
This tempest undisjoin'd, I will abide  
A suff'rer on the raft ; but when the waves  
Shall once have shatter'd it, I will essay  
This girdle then—my sole expedient left.  
While thus he mused, the God of ocean heav'd  
A mountainous and overwhelming wave  
And hurl'd it at the raft. As when the wind  
'Tempestuous, falling on some stubble-heap,  
The arid straws disperses ev'ry way,  
So flew the timbers. He, a single beam  
Besriding, oar'd it onward with his feet,  
As he had urged an horse. Then putting off  
Calypso's gift, his drench'd attire, he bound  
His girdle on, and prone into the sea  
With wide-spread palms prepar'd for swimming, fell.  
The God of ocean eyed him ; in disdain  
He shook his brows, and in his heart he said,  
Thus, suff'ring many mis'ries roam the flood,



Till thou shalt mingle with a race of men  
 Heav'n's special favourites; yet even there  
 Fear not that thou shalt feel thy sorrows light.

He said, and scourging his bright steeds, arrived  
 At Ægæ, where his glorious palace stands\*.

But other thoughts Minerva's mind employ'd  
 Jove's daughter; binding ev'ry wind beside,  
 She lull'd them, and enjoin'd them all to sleep,  
 But roused swift Boreas, and the billows bade  
 Subside before him, till the noble Chief,  
 From death deliver'd and the grasp of fate,  
 Should mingle with Phæacia's sons, secure.

Two nights of terrour and two dreadful days  
 Bewilder'd in the Deep, and many a time  
 Foreboding death, he roam'd; but when, at length,  
 The third bright morn appear'd, the wind, assuaged,  
 Blew softly, and a breathless calm ensued.  
 Then, casting from a billow's height a look  
 Of anxious heed, he saw Phæacia nigh.

Precious as to his children seems the life  
 Of some fond father, who hath long endured  
 His adverse demon's rage, by slow disease  
 And ceaseless anguish wasted, till the Gods  
 Dispel at length their fears, and he revives,

\* An island in front of Eubœa, sacred to Neptune.—B. & C.

So grateful to Ulysses' fight appear'd  
 Forests and hills. Impatient with his feet  
 To press the shore, he swam ; but when within  
 Such distance as a shout may reach, he came,  
 The thunder of the sea against the rocks  
 Then smote his ear ; for hoarse the billows roar'd  
 On the firm land, belch'd horrible abroad,  
 And the salt spray dimm'd all things to his view.  
 For neither port for ships nor shelter'd cove  
 Was there, but the rude coast a headland bluff  
 Presented, rocks and craggy masses huge.  
 All hope and strength then failing him, he heav'd  
 A deep long groan, and in his heart he said—  
     Alas ! though Jove hath given me to behold,  
 Unhoped, the land again, and I have pass'd,  
 Furrowing my way, these num'rous waves, there seems  
 No egress from the hoary flood for me.  
 Sharp stones hem in the waters ; wild the surge  
 Raves ev'rywhere ; and smooth the rocks arise ;  
 Deep also is the shore, on which my feet  
 No standing gain, or chance of safe escape.  
 What if some billow catch me from the Deep  
 Emerging, and against the pointed rocks  
 Dash me conflicting with its force in vain ?  
 But should I, swimming, trace the coast in search  
 Of sloping beach, haven or shelter'd creek,

I fear

I fear lest, groaning, I be snatch'd again  
 By stormy gusts into the fishy Deep,  
 Or lest some monster of the flood receive  
 Command to seize me, of the many such  
 By the illustrious Amphitrite bred ;  
 For that the mighty Shaker of the shores  
 Hates me implacable, too well I know.

While such discourse within himself he held,  
 A huge wave heav'd him on the rugged coast,  
 Where flay'd his flesh had been, and all his bones  
 Broken together, but for the infused  
 Good counsel of Minerva azure-eyed.  
 With both hands suddenly he seized the rock,  
 And, groaning, clench'd it till the billow pass'd.  
 So baffled he that wave ; but yet again  
 The reflux flood rush'd on him, and with force  
 Resistless dash'd him far into the sea.  
 As when the Polypus, enforced, forsakes  
 His rough recess, in his contracted claws  
 He gripes the pebbles, still, to which he clung,  
 So he, within his lacerated grasp  
 The crumbled stone retain'd, when from his hold  
 The huge wave forced him, and he sank again.  
 Then had not Fate herself prevail'd to save  
 Hapless Ulysses, but that he pursued,  
 Admonish'd by the Goddesses most his friend,

A course more prudent \*. From the foamy flood  
 Emerging, where the billows dash'd the shore,  
 He swam behind them, with a landward look  
 For some safe shelter open'd by the waves.  
 But when, still swimming, to the mouth he came  
 Of a smooth-sliding river, there he deem'd  
 Safest th' ascent, for it was undeform'd  
 By rocks, and shelter'd close from ev'ry wind.  
 He felt the current, and thus, ardent, pray'd.

Oh King ! whate'er thy name, whose welcome course,  
 Escaping Neptune's menaces, I reach,  
 Propitious hear my pray'r ! the Gods themselves  
 Respect the fugitive forlorn as I,  
 Who now, long-time a suff'rer, first behold  
 Thy gentle stream, and seek thy gracious aid.  
 Oh hear thy suppliant ! Pity my distress !

He said ; the river-God at once repress'd

\* Plutarch vindicating Homer against some who charged him with making mere machines of his heroes, who, as they alleged, perform arduous and incredible things not by efforts and exertions of their own, but by a divine irresistible impulse, observes that on new and extraordinary emergencies, such as demand uncommon animation and exertion, the poet does not introduce his Deities to supersede, but merely to direct the will, not to force into action, but to suggest such ideas as may determine the agent, and by the effect of which he moves, not necessarily, but rationally and from a principle of free choice, with the additional advantage of fresh hope and courage.—C.

His current, and it ceas'd ; then smooth he made  
 The way before Ulysses, and the land  
 Vouchsafed him easy at his channel's mouth.  
 There, once again he bent for ease his limbs  
 Both arms and knees, in conflict with the floods  
 Exhausted ; swoln his body was all o'er,  
 And from his mouth and nostrils stream'd the brine\*.  
 Breathless and speechless, and of life wellnigh  
 Bereft he lay, through dreadful toil immense.  
 But when, revived, his dissipated pow'rs  
 He recollected, loosing from beneath  
 His breast the zone divine, he cast it far  
 Into the brackish stream, and a huge wave  
 Returning bore it downward to the sea,  
 Where Ino caught it†. Then, the river's brink  
 Abandoning, among the rushes prone  
 He lay, kiss'd off the foil, and sighing, said,

\* In the judgment of Eustathius Ulysses bends his limbs for a philosophical reason, and lest the muscles having been kept on the stretch many days, his limbs should become stiff and useless. But Dacier thinking the hero at present in no condition to philosophize, supposes rather that he let fall his limbs through weariness. Clarke however observes justly that to *let fall* is by no means the sense of ἐκκμήε, and understands therefore that he bent his legs and his arms, not philosophically, but simply to relieve them.

† The poet takes no notice of his obedience to the command of Ino to turn his face another way when he should cast the zone into the water, but leaves us to take it for granted that the ceremony was not neglected.

Ah me! what suff'rings must I now sustain,  
What doom, at last, awaits me? Should I watch  
The long sad night beside the river's brink,  
I fear lest spiritless and overtoil'd  
I perish by the frost and chilling dews,  
For cold o'er water comes the morning air.  
But should I reach yon dusky woods that crown  
These sloping hills, and make my couch beneath  
Their thickest boughs, if even there, at ease,  
Reposing and from cold secure, I yield  
To sleep's soft influence, may I not be torn  
By some voracious prowler of the wild?

Long time he mused, but, at the last, his course  
Bent to the woods, which near the river-side  
He saw, encompass'd by an open lawn.  
Arrived, between two neighbour shrubs he crept,  
Both olives, this the fruitful, that the wild;  
A covert, which nor rough winds blowing moist  
Could penetrate, nor could the noon-day sun  
Smite through it, or unceasing show'rs pervade,  
So thick a roof the ample branches form'd  
Close interwoven; under these the Chief  
Retiring, with industrious hands amass'd  
An ample couch, for fallen leaves he found.  
Abundant there, such store as had sufficed  
Two travellers or three for covering warm,

Though

Though winter's roughest blasts had rag'd the while.  
 That bed with joy the suff'ring Chief renown'd  
 Contemplated, and occupying soon  
 The middle space, heap'd higher still the leaves.  
 As when some swain hath hidden deep his torch  
 Beneath the embers, at the verge extreme  
 Of all his farm, where, having neighbours none,  
 He saves a seed or two of future flame  
 Alive, doom'd else to fetch it from afar,  
 So with dry leaves Ulysses overspread  
 His body, on whose eyes Minerva pour'd  
 The balm of sleep, and eager to restore  
 His wasted strength, soon closed their weary lids\*.

\* Homer says *σπίσμα πυρός*, and Virgil after him—*semina flammæ*.—C.

## A R G U M E N T

OF THE

## S I X T H B O O K.

Minerva designing an interview between the daughter of Alcinoüs and Ulysses, admonishes her in a dream to carry down her clothes to the river, that she may wash them, and make them ready for her approaching nuptials. That task performed, the Princess and her train amuse themselves with play; by accident they awake Ulysses; he comes forth from the wood, and applies himself with much address to Nausicaa, who compassionating his distressed condition, and being much affected by the dignity of his appearance, interests herself in his favour, and conducts him to the city.

## B O O K VI.

W H I L E thus by sleep and weariness subdued,  
 The brave Ulysses lay, Minerva fought  
 The city of Phæacia\*. In old time  
 Phæacia's sons possess'd the fruitful plains

\* It is a remark of Eustathius that the poet, having laid Ulysses asleep, interweaves with his subject this short history of the first Phæacians, merely to enliven his matter, and to relieve it from an appearance of sameness.—C.



Of Hypereia, bord'ring on the fierce  
 Cyclopean race, from whose superiour might  
 They suffer'd num'rous wrongs. At length arose  
 Godlike Naufithoüs ; he, their leader thence,  
 In Scheria placed them, an unneighbour'd isle,  
 And far from all resort of busy man.  
 He circled round their city with a wall,  
 Their houses, and the temples of the Gods  
 He built, and made division of the soil.  
 But, victim of his fate, in Hades dwelt  
 Naufithoüs now, and, in his stead, endued  
 With wisdom by the Gods, Alcinoüs reign'd.  
 To his abode Minerva azure-eyed  
 Repair'd, neglecting nought which might advance  
 Magnanimous Ulysses' safe return.  
 She sought the sumptuous chamber where, in form  
 And feature perfect as the Gods, the young  
 Nauficæa, daughter of the King, repos'd.  
 Fast by the pillars of the portal lay  
 Two damsels, one on either side, adorn'd  
 By all the Graces, and the doors were shut.  
 Soft as a breathing air, she stole toward  
 The virgin's couch, and, standing at her head  
 In form of her companion dearly loved  
 'The daughter of a marinèr renown'd  
 For skill and courage, Dymas, thus began.

Nauficæa ! wherefore hath thy mother borne  
 A child so negligent ? Thy garments share,  
 Thy most magnificent, no thought of thine.  
 Yet thou must marry soon, and must provide  
 Robes for thyself, and for thy nuptial train \*.  
 Thy fame, on these concerns, and honour stand ;  
 These managed well, thy parents shall rejoice.  
 The dawn appearing, let us to the place  
 Of washing, where thy work-mate I will be  
 For speedier riddance of thy task, since soon  
 The days of thy virginity shall end ;  
 For thou art woo'd already by the prime  
 Of all Phæacia, country of thy birth.  
 Come then—solicit at the dawn of day  
 Thy royal father, that he send thee forth  
 With mules and carriage for conveyance hence  
 Of thy best robes, thy mantles and thy zones.  
 Thus, more commodiously thou shalt perform  
 The journey, for the cisterns lie remote.

So saying, the Goddess ceas'd, and sought at once  
 Olympus, by repute th' eternal seat  
 Of the æthereal Pow'rs, which never storms  
 Disturb, rains drench, or snow invades, but calm

\* It is said to have been the custom for the bride to furnish the friends of the bridegroom with the apparel in which it was proper that they should attend the nuptials.—C.

The expanse and cloudless shines with purest day,  
 There the inhabitants divine rejoice  
 For ever, and, the damsel thus advised,  
 Thither the blue-eyed Deity repair'd\*.

Now came bright-charioted Aurora forth  
 And waken'd fair Nausicaa; she her dream  
 Remember'd wond'ring, and her parents sought  
 Anxious to tell them. Them she found within.  
 Beside the hearth her royal mother sat,  
 Spinning soft fleeces with sea-purple dyed  
 Among her menial maidens; but she met  
 Her father, whom the Nobles of the land  
 Had summon'd, issuing abroad to join  
 The Illustrious Chiefs in council. At his side  
 She stood, and thus her filial suit preferr'd.

Sir†! wilt thou lend me of the royal wains  
 A sumpter-carriage? for our costly robes  
 All sullied now, the cleansing stream require;  
 And thine, especially, when thou appear'st  
 In council with the princes of the land,

\* Aristotle, giving the etymology of Olympus, derives it from *ὀλολαμπής*—*all-splendid*. For it is a region, he says, exempt from obscurity, and secure from those irregular commotions which storms and various other causes produce below.—C.

† In the Original, she calls him, *pappa!* a more natural stile of address, and more endearing. But antient as this appellative is, it is also so familiar in modern use, that the Translator feared to hazard it.

Had need be pure. Thy fons are also five,  
Two wedded, and the rest of age to wed,  
Who go not to the dance unless adorn'd  
With fresh attire—all which is my concern.

So spake Nausicaa ; for she dared not name  
Her own glad nuptials to her father's ear,  
Who, conscious yet of all her drift, replied.

I grudge thee neither mules, my child, nor aught  
That thou canst ask beside. Go, and my train  
Shall furnish thee a sumpter-carriage forth  
High-built, strong-wheel'd, and of capacious size.

So saying, he issued his command, whom quick  
His grooms obey'd. They in the court prepared  
The sumpter-carriage, and adjoin'd the mules.  
And now the virgin from her chamber, charged  
With raiment, came, which on the car she placed,  
And in the carriage-chest, mean-time, the Queen,  
Her mother, viands of all flavours heap'd,  
And fill'd a goatskin with delicious wine.  
This done, the damsel mounted, but receiv'd  
For unction of herself and of her maids  
From the Queen's hand a golden cruise of oil  
Ere yet she went. Then, seizing on the scourge  
And on the splendid reins, she lash'd the mules.  
They, straining, stamp'd the soil, hard task'd to draw  
Princess and raiment both ; nor sole she went,

But

But others also, maidens of her train \*.  
 At the delightful rivulet arrived  
 Where those perennial cisterns were prepared  
 With purest crystal of the fountain fed  
 Profuse, sufficient for the deepest stains,  
 Loosing the mules, they drove them forth to browse  
 On the sweet herb beside the dimpled flood.  
 Light'ning the carriage, next, they bore in hand  
 The garments down to the un sullied wave,  
 And thrust them heap'd into the pools, their task  
 Dispatching brisk, and with an emulous haste.  
 When all were purified, and neither spot  
 Could be perceived or blemish more, they spread  
 The raiment orderly along the beach  
 Where dashing tides had cleansed the pebbles most,  
 And laving, next, and smoothing o'er with oil  
 Their limbs, all seated on the river's bank,  
 They took repast, while stretch'd the garments lay  
 In noon-day fervour of the sun, to dry.  
 Their hunger satisfied, at once arose  
 The mistress and her train, and putting off

\* Pausanias says there was an antient picture to be seen in his time, representing two virgins drawn by mules, one holding the reins, the other attired in a veil. They were supposed to be Nausicaa and her maid driving to the cisterns or canals where they washed their linen.—C.

Their head-attire, play'd wanton with the ball,  
 The princess finging to her maids the while.  
 As shaft-arm'd Dian o'er the mountains moves,  
 Taygetus or Erymanth sublime,  
 The wild boar chafing or the tim'rous deer,  
 The rural nymphs, Jove's daughters, the delight  
 Share also, and Latona's bosom swells  
 With secret joy; for though the Nymphs be fair,  
 In Dian's fairer form and statelier mien  
 The Goddess shines, apparent from afar,  
 So, all her train, she, virgin pure, excell'd\*.

But when the hour of her departure thence  
 Approach'd (the mules now yoked again, and all  
 Her elegant apparel folded neat)  
 Then Pallas means devised from sleep to rouse  
 Ulysses, and to show him, ere she went,  
 His future fair conductress to the town.  
 The Princess cast the ball, but missing Her  
 At whom she cast it, plunged it in the flood.

\* The reader, if he will consult Clarke, will find in his annotations a curious extract from Gellius, in which he gives us the estimate made by Valerius Probus of the comparative merits of this simile as it stands in Homer with Virgil's imitation of it. The preference is given to Homer's, and for the best reasons.—The extract is too long to have place here.

Taygetus was a mountain of Laconia, at small distance from the sea, lofty and upright, and adjoined on its northern side to the bottom of the Arcadian mountains.

Loud shriek'd the damsels. Startled at the sound  
Ulysses sat erect, and thus he mus'd.

Ah me ! what mortal race inhabit here ?  
Rude are they, contumacious and unjust ?  
Or hospitable, and who fear the Gods ?  
How piercing was that cry ! the voice it seem'd  
Of nymphs who wanton on aerial-heights,  
Beside clear fountains, or in grassy vales.  
Is this a neighbourhood of men endued  
With voice articulate ? But what avails  
Self-questioning ? I will go forth and see.

So saying, divine Ulysses from beneath  
His thicket crept, and from the leafy wood  
A spreading branch pluck'd forcibly, design'd  
A decent skreen effectual, held before.  
Like an huge mountain-lion forth he went,  
Whom winds have vex'd and rains ; fire fills his eyes,  
And whether herds or flocks, or woodland deer  
He find, he rends them, and, adult for blood,  
Abstains not even from the guarded fold,  
Such sure to seem in virgin eyes, the Chief,  
All naked as he was, his covert left,  
Reluctant, by necessity constrain'd.  
To them, with weeds and briny foam defiled  
All terrible he seem'd, and to the land's

Remotest points dispers'd at once they flew\*.  
 Nauficæa alone fled not; for her  
 Pallas courageous made, and from her limbs,  
 By pow'r divine, all tremour took away.  
 Firm she expected him; he doubtful stood  
 Or to implore the lovely maid, her knees  
 Embracing, or, at distance due, to ask  
 In suppliant terms apparel, and the boon  
 Of guidance to the city where she dwelt.  
 Him so deliberating, most, at length,  
 This counsel pleas'd; in suppliant terms aloof  
 To sue to her, lest if he clasp'd her knees,  
 The virgin should that bolder course resent.  
 Then gentle, thus, and well-advised he spake.

Oh Queen! thy earnest suppliant I approach.  
 Art thou some Goddess, or of mortal race?  
 For if some Goddess, and from heaven arrived,

\* Some have deemed Ulysses so lately exhausted with fatigue no proper subject of comparison with a lion. But Eustathius judges that the force of the comparison consists in the appearance he could not fail to make in the eyes of the timorous maidens, the attendants on Nauficæa. His strength, his bulk, the intrepidity with which he comes forth, are, in his opinion, by no means the circumstances which the poet means to illustrate by the Simile, but their astonishment only, which was such that at the first glimpse of him they fled, as a flock of sheep, or as deer before a lion.—C.

Polynotus, we are told, made choice of this scene for the subject of one of his paintings.—C.

Then,



Then, Dian, daughter of all-pow'rful Jove  
 I deem thee most, for such as hers appear  
 Thy form, thy stature, and thy air divine.  
 But, if, of mortal race, thou dwell below,  
 Thrice happy then, thy parents I account,  
 And happy thrice thy brethren. Ah! the joy  
 Which always, for thy sake, their bosoms fills,  
 When thee they view, all lovely as thou art,  
 Ent'ring majestic on the graceful dance.  
 But him beyond all others blest I deem,  
 The youth, who, wealthier than his rich compeers,  
 Shall win and lead thee to his honour'd home\*.  
 For never with these eyes a mortal form  
 Beheld I comparable aught to thine,  
 In man or woman. Wonder-rapt I gaze.  
 Such erst, in Delos, I beheld a palm  
 Beside the altar of Apollo, tall,  
 And growing still†; (for thither too I sail'd,

\* Thus Eustathius interprets the expression—*Ὁς κί σ' ἕδδοισι βίβλας*  
 —The youth, says he, who shall surpass his competitors in the mul-  
 titude of his nuptial presents, and shall therefore win thee. The  
 word *βίβλας*, he adds, is a metaphor taken from things that prepon-  
 derate in the scale.—C.

† Cicero says that the palm here mentioned by Ulysses was shown  
 as a curiosity in his time. It was fabled to have risen suddenly out  
 of the ground for the use of Latona, that she might support herself  
 either by grasping or leaning against it when she brought forth  
 Apollo.—B. & C.

And num'rous were my followers in a voyage  
Ordain'd my ruin) and as then I view'd  
That palm long time amazed, for never grew  
So firait a shaft, so lovely from the ground,  
So, Princess! thee with wonder I behold,  
Charm'd into fixt astonishment, by awe  
Alone forbidden to embrace thy knees,  
For I am one on whom much woe hath fall'n.  
Yesterday I escaped (the twentieth day  
Of my distress by sea) the dreary Deep ;  
For, all those days, the waves and rapid storms  
Bore me along, impetuous, from the isle  
Ogygia ; till at length the will of heav'n  
Cast me, that I might also here sustain  
Affliction, on your shore ; for rest, I think,  
Is not for me. No. The immortal Gods  
Have much to accomplish ere that day arrive.  
But, oh Queen, pity me ! who after long  
Calamities endured, of all who live  
Thee first approach, nor mortal know beside  
Of the inhabitants of all the land.  
Shew me your city ; give me, although coarse,  
Some cov'ring (if coarse cov'ring *thou* canst give)  
And may the Gods thy largest wishes grant,  
House, husband, concord ! for of all the gifts  
Of heav'n, more precious none I deem, than peace

'T'wixt wedded pair, and union undissolved ;  
 Envy torments their enemies, but joy  
 Fills ev'ry virtuous breast, and most their own \*.

To whom Nausicaa the fair replied.

Stranger ! thou seem'st not worthless or unwise.  
 But Jove whose sov'reign hand to bad men oft  
 Appoints the happier lot, to thee assigns  
 Affliction, which thy part it is t' endure ;  
 And since the waves have cast thee on our isle  
 Nor garment thou shalt want, nor aught beside  
 Due to a suppliant guest like thee forlorn.  
 I will both show thee where our city stands,  
 And who dwell here. Phæacia's sons possess  
 This land ; but I am daughter of their King  
 The brave Alcinoüs, on whose sway depends  
 For strength and wealth the whole Phæacian race.

She said, and to her beauteous maidens gave  
 Infant commandment—My attendants, stay !  
 Why flee ye thus, and whither, from the fight

\* Phocylides, as quoted by Clarke, has beautifully expressed the same sentiment.

———Τί γὰρ ἠδύτερον καὶ ἄρειον,  
 ἼΗ ὅταν ἀνδρὶ γυνὴ φρονεῖ φίλα γήρως ἄχρη,  
 Καὶ πύσις ἢ ἀλόχῳ, μὴδ' ἐμπέση ἀνδιχα νειῶκος ;  
 What lovelier spectacle, than wedded pair  
 Reciprocally kind from youth to age,  
 And keeping perfect concord to the last ?

Of a mere mortal ? Seems he in your eyes  
 Some enemy of ours ? The heart beats not,  
 Nor shall it beat hereafter, which shall come  
 An enemy to the Phæacian shores,  
 So dear to the immortal Gods are we.  
 Remote, amid the billowy Deep, we hold  
 Our dwelling, utmost of all human-kind,  
 And free from mixture with a foreign race.  
 This man, a miserable wand'rer comes,  
 Whom we are bound to cherish, for the poor  
 And stranger are from Jove, and trivial gifts  
 To such are welcome. Bring ye therefore food  
 And wine, my maidens, for the guest's regale,  
 And lave him where the stream is shelter'd most.

She spake ; they stood, and by each other's words  
 Encouraged, placed Ulysses where the bank  
 O'erhung the stream, as fair Nausicaa bade,  
 Daughter of King Alcinoüs the renown'd.  
 Apparel also at his side they spread,  
 Mantle and vest, and, next, the limpid oil  
 Presenting to him in the golden cruise,  
 Exhorted him to bathe. The noble Chief  
 Ulysses then the maidens thus bespake.

Ye maidens, stand apart, that I may cleanse,  
 Myself, my shoulders from the briny surf,  
 And give them oil which they have wanted long.

But

But in your presence I bathe not, ashamed  
T'appear uncover'd in a woman's sight.

He said ; they went, and to Nauficæa told  
His answer ; then the Hero in the stream  
His shoulders laved and loins incrustèd rough  
With the salt spray, and with his hands the scum  
Of the wild ocean from his locks express'd \*.  
Thus wash'd all over, and refresh'd with oil,  
He put the garments on, Nauficæa's gift.  
Then Pallas, progeny of Jove, his form  
Dilated more, and from his head diffusèd  
His curling locks like hyacinthine flowers.  
As when some artist, by Minerva made  
And Vulcan wife to execute all tasks  
Ingenious, binding with a golden verge  
Bright silver, finishes a graceful work,  
Such grace the Goddess o'er his ample chest  
Copious diffusèd, and o'er his manly brows.  
Retiring, on the beach he sat, with grace  
And dignity illumed, where, viewing him,  
The virgin Princess with amazement mark'd  
His beauty, and her damsels thus bespake.

\* When a person newly emerged from the sea stands in the sun, the water is soon dried from his body by the heat, but the saline particles condensed will continue to adhere to his skin, till they are washed away with a lotion of some other kind.—Plutarch Symposiac. L. I. Problem 9.—C.

My lovely maidens, listen to my voice !  
 Not hated, sure, by all above, this man  
 Among Phæacia's godlike sons arrives.  
 At first I deem'd him of plebeian sort  
 Dishonourable, but he now assumes  
 A near resemblance to the Gods above.  
 Oh that myself were his, and that he dwelt  
 And would consent to dwell for ever here !  
 Give him, my maidens, food, and give him wine \*.

She spake, at whose command, her maidens placed  
 With prompt alacrity both wine and food  
 Before Ulysses; he rapacious ate  
 And drank with eager lips, for he had lived  
 From taste of aliment long time estranged.

On other thoughts mean-time intent, her charge  
 Of folded vestments neat the Princess placed  
 Within the royal wain, then yoked the mules,  
 And to her seat herself ascending, call'd  
 Ulysses to depart, and thus she spake.

Up, stranger ! seek the city. I will lead

\* If Nausicaa, now marriageable and expecting soon to be married, prates thus to her maidens merely because she has, like Calypso, conceived a passion for the stranger, her boldness and want of delicacy are much to be censured. But if, inferring his rank from his expression, and his good sense from his manner of addressing her, she prefers an union with such a man, rather than with any of the rich or the dancers of her own city, she is entitled then to our admiration.—Plutarch. de audiendis Poëti.—C.

Thy steps toward my royal Father's house,  
 Where all Phæacia's Nobles thou shalt see.  
 But thou (for I account thee not unwise)  
 This course pursue. While through the fields we pass,  
 And labours of the rural hind, so long  
 With my attendants follow fast the mules  
 And sumpter-carriage. I will be thy guide.  
 But, once the summit gain'd, on which is built  
 Our city with proud bulwarks fenced around,  
 And laved on both sides by its pleasant port  
 Of narrow entrance, where our gallant barks  
 Line all the road, each station'd in her place,  
 And where, adjoining to the splendid fane  
 Of Neptune, stands the forum with huge stones  
 From quarries thither drawn, constructed strong,  
 In which the rigging of their barks they keep  
 Sail-cloth and cordage, and make smooth their oars;  
 (For bow and quiver the Phæacian race  
 Heed not, but masts and oars, and ships well-poised,  
 With which exulting they divide the flood)  
 Then, cautious, I would shun their bitter taunts  
 Disgustful, lest they mock me as I pass;  
 For of the meaner people some are coarse  
 In the extreme, and it may chance that one,  
 'The basest there, shall, seeing us, exclaim—  
 What handsome stranger of athletic form

Attends the Princess? Where had she the chance  
 To find him? We shall see them wedded soon.  
 Either she hath received some vagrant guest  
 From distant lands, (for no land neighbours ours)  
 Or some Divinity for whom she pined,  
 And whose embrace with ceaseless pray'r she sought  
 Hath left the heav'ns to be for ever hers.  
 'Tis well if, searching, she have found at last  
 An husband for herself, since she accounts  
 All her Phæacian wooers nothing worth  
 However noble. Thus shall I be scorn'd\*.  
 And I should blame, myself, a virgin much,  
 Who, heedless how she might displease and grieve  
 Her parents, were familiar with a man  
 Ere celebration of her spousal rites †.

\* It is well observed by Eustathius, that this contrivance of Nausicaa to reveal to Ulysses the love she felt for him by a supposed remark of another, is truly admirable. Had she made the discovery to him speaking in her own person, as he adds, her behaviour would have been insufferable.—C. Neither ought it to be forgotten that her morning-dream which spoke her nuptials near, connected with the arrival of Ulysses, would naturally seem to her to point out him as the man to whom she was destined.

† Παρθενικὴν δὲ φύλασσε πολυκλείστοις θαλάμοισι,  
 Μὴδ' ἄχρι γάμων πρὸ δόμων ὑφθῆναι εἰάσης.

Phocylides, ποίημα νεοετικόν, ver. 203.—C.

See that your virgin's chamber door shut fast,  
 Nor let her, till she wed, be seen abroad.

But



But mark me, stranger! following my advice,  
Thou shalt the sooner at my father's hands  
Obtain safe conduct and conveyance home.  
Sacred to Pallas a delightful grove  
Of poplars skirts the road, which we shall reach  
Erelong; within that grove a fountain flows,  
And meads encircle it; my father's farm  
Is there, and his luxuriant garden-plot;  
A shout might reach it from the city-walls.  
There wait, till in the town arrived, we gain  
My father's palace; and when reason bids  
Suppose us there, then ent'ring thou the town,  
Ask where Alcinoüs dwells, my valiant Sire.  
His house is easily discern'd; a child  
May lead thee to it; for Phæacia's sons  
Possess not houses equalling in aught  
The mansion of Alcinoüs the King.  
Within the court arrived, with hasty steps  
Advancing, pause not till thou reach the Queen  
My mother; she before the blazing hearth  
And at a column's base, sits twisting wool  
Tinged with sea-purple, and behind her sit,  
Their task a wond'rous web, her busy maids.  
There also stands my father's throne, on which  
Seated, he drinks and banquets like a God.

Pass that ; then suppliant clasp my mother's knees,  
 So shalt thou quickly see the joyful day  
 Of thy return, though distant far from home.  
 Yes—if she favour thee, thou may'st indulge  
 The hope thenceforth to see again thy friends,  
 Thy mansion, and to tread thy native shores.

So saying, she with her splendid scourge the mules  
 Lash'd onward. They (the stream soon left behind)  
 With even footsteps graceful smote the ground ;  
 But so she ruled them, managing with art  
 The scourge, as not to leave afar, although  
 Following on foot, Ulysses and her train.  
 The sun had reach'd the West, when in that grove  
 To Pallas consecrated they arrived,  
 In which Ulysses sat, and fervent thus  
 Sued to the daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd.

Daughter invincible of Jove supreme !  
 Oh, hear me ! Hear me now, because when erst  
 The mighty Shaker of the shores incensed  
 Toss'd me from wave to wave, thou heard'st me not.  
 Grant me, among Phæacia's sons, to find  
 Benevolence and pity of my woes !

He spake, whose pray'r well-pleas'd the Goddess heard,  
 Yet would not, ere he reach'd his native home,  
 Afford him open aid, through fear t'offend

The

The Brother of her Sire \*, who still pursued  
 Godlike Ulysses with a boundless hate †.

\* Neptune.

† This is the sense in which Barnes understands the concluding lines of the book, and it seems the best sense. Others connect *πάρος ἦν γαῖαν ἰκίσθαι* with *ἐπιζαφελῶς μενέαιεν*, but they connect themselves much more properly with *ἔπω φαίνεται ἐναντίον*, for Neptune occasioned no impediment to the last voyage of Ulysses, from Phæacia to Ithaca, and cannot therefore be said to have persecuted him till he arrived at home.

According to this interpretation, the words

————— αἶδετο γάρ ῥα  
 Πατροκασίγητον, ὃ δ' ἐπιζαφελῶς μενέαιεν  
 Ἄντιθέω Ὀδυσῆϊ, —————

should be enclosed in a parenthesis.

## A R G U M E N T

OF THE

## S E V E N T H B O O K.

Nausicaa returns from the river, whom Ulysses follows. He halts, by her direction, at a small distance from the palace, which at a convenient time he enters. He is well received by Alcinoüs and his Queen; and having related to them the manner of his being cast on the shore of Scheria, and received from Alcinoüs the promise of safe conduct home, retires to rest.

## B O O K V I I.

SO pray'd Ulysses in the grove; mean-time  
 Drawn by her sturdy mules the royal maid  
 The city reach'd, and at her Father's house  
 Magnificent arrived, the sumpter-wain  
 Stopp'd in the vestibule; her brothers five,  
 All godlike youths, assembling quick around,  
 Released the mules, and bore the raiment in.  
 Mean-time, to her own chamber she return'd,

Where, soon as she arrived, an antient dame  
 Eurymedusa, by peculiar charge  
 Attendant on that service, kindled fire.  
 Sea-rovers her had from Epirus brought  
 Long since, and to Alcinoüs she had fall'n  
 By public gift, for that he govern'd all  
 Phæacia, and as oft as he harangued  
 The multitude, was rev'renced as a God\*.  
 She waited on the fair Nauficæa, she  
 Her fuel kindled, and her food prepared.  
 And now Ulysses from his feat arose  
 To seek the city, whom his heav'nly friend  
 Minerva in impenetrable mist  
 Involved, lest some Phæacian should insult  
 His ear with questions—Who, and whence were He?  
 Then, when within few paces he arrived  
 Of that fair city, meeting him, in form  
 A little maid, bearing her pitcher forth,  
 She stood before him, and the noble Chief,  
 Unconscious of the Goddess thus enquired.

Child! wilt thou not conduct me to the house  
 Of great Alcinoüs, Sov'reign of the land?

\* It is Clarke's opinion that she had neither been captived in war (for the Phæacians waged no wars) nor obtained by purchase, but seized by pirates according to the common practice of the Antients.

For I arrive a stranger here, forlorn,  
 And from a distant shore, and all who dwell  
 In all this country are unknown to me.

To whom the Goddesses of the azure-eyes.  
 My stranger-friend! the mansion of thy search  
 Myself will show thee; for not distant dwells  
 Alcinoüs from my father's own abode:  
 But hush! be silent—I will lead the way;  
 Mark no man; question no man; for the sight  
 Of strangers is unusual here, and cold  
 The welcome by this people shown to such\*.  
 They, trusting in swift ships, by the free grant  
 Of Neptune traverse his wide waters, borne  
 As if on wings, or with the speed of thought.

So spake the Goddesses, and with nimble pace  
 Led on, whose footsteps he, as quick, pursued.  
 But still the seaman-throng through whom he pass'd  
 Perceiv'd him not; Minerva, Goddess dread,  
 That sight forbidding them, whose eyes she dimm'd  
 With darkness shed miraculous around  
 Her fav'rite Chief. Ulysses, wond'ring, mark'd

\* How comes it then to pass that they are represented as so extremely hospitable in the sequel? Perhaps the vulgar only are intended in this description; or more probably, as the Scholiast observes, Minerva gives them this character to guard Ulysses against the danger of troublesome and impertinent enquiry, to which he would be exposed should he make any enquiries himself.—B. & C.

Their port, their ships, their forum the resort  
 Of Heroes, and their battlements sublime  
 Fenced with sharp stakes around, a glorious show !  
 But when the King's august abode he reach'd,  
 Then Pallas thus instructed him again.

My father ! thou behold'st the house to which  
 Thou bad'st me lead thee. Thou shalt find our Chiefs  
 And high-born Princes banquetting within.  
 But enter fearing nought, for boldest men  
 Speed ever best, come whence soe'er they may \*.  
 First thou shalt find the Queen, Areta named.  
 Lineal in her descent is she from those  
 Who gave Alcinoüs birth, her royal spouse.  
 Neptune begat Naufithoüs, at the first,  
 On Peribæa, loveliest of her sex,  
 Latest-born daughter of Eurymedon,  
 Heroic King of the proud giant race,  
 Who, losing all his impious people, shared  
 The same dread fate himself. Her Neptune lov'd  
 To whom she bore a son, the mighty prince  
 Naufithoüs, King of the Phæacian race.  
 Naufithoüs himself two sons begat,  
 Rhexenor and Alcinoüs. Phœbus slew

\* The same sentiment is found in a fragment of Menander.

Οὐκ ἴστί τάλμης ἰφθόδιον μείζον βίη.

The best viaticum through life is courage.—C.

Rhexenor at his home, a bridegroom yet,  
 Who, father of no son, one daughter left,  
 Areta, wedded to Alcinoüs now,  
 And whom the Sov'reign in such honour holds,  
 As woman none enjoys of all the earth  
 Whose house is subject to an husband's pow'r\*.  
 Such honours have attended long, and still  
 Attend her, from her children, from himself  
 Alcinoüs, and from all Phæacia's race,  
 Who, gazing on her as she were divine,  
 Shout when she moves in progress through the town.  
 For she no wisdom wants, but sits, herself,  
 Arbitress of such contests as arise  
 Between her fav'rites, and decides aright †.

\* Alcinoüs therefore was the uncle of his wife, and we have seen more than one instance in the Iliad of a man wedded to his niece. This double relationship was not uncommon among the Grecians.—B.

† Barnes, referring his reader to Onomacritus and Apollonius Rhodius, gives the following instance of Areta acting in her judicial capacity. When the ambassadors of Æeta, in the name of their master, demanded from Alcinoüs that his daughter Medea, who had forsaken him and fled to Phæacia with Jason, should be restored to him, and Alcinoüs was willing to comply, considering the condition as a reasonable one, his Queen immediately interposed this condition—If she were still a virgin, she might go; otherwise she was Jason's wife, and they ought not to be separated. Jason, being privately informed of the terms, instantly qualified the fugitive to claim him as her husband, and she was protected accordingly.



If she once favour thee, thou may'st indulge  
 The hope, thenceforth, to see again thy friends,  
 Thy mansion, and to tread thy native shore.

So saying, the Goddess of the azure-eyes  
 From pleasant Scheria o'er the barren Deep  
 Glided to Marathon, which left afar,  
 In spacious Athens she arrived, and found,  
 Beneath Erechtheus' glorious roof, her home\*.  
 Ulysses, then, toward the palace moved  
 Of King Alcinoüs, but immersed in thought  
 Stood, first, and paused, ere with his foot he press'd  
 The brazen threshold; for a light he saw  
 As of the sun or moon illuming clear  
 The palace of Phæacia's mighty King.  
 Walls plated bright with brass, on either side  
 Stretch'd from the portal to th' interior house,  
 With azure cornice crown'd; the doors were gold  
 Which shut the palace fast; silver the posts  
 Rear'd on a brazen threshold, and above,  
 The lintels, silver, architraved with gold.  
 Mastiffs, in gold and silver, lined the approach  
 On either side, with art celestial framed  
 By Vulcan, guardians of Alcinoüs' gate

\* Marathon was a place so named in Attica; and when Pallas is said to enter the house of Erechtheus, the meaning is that she entered her own temple, in which Erechtheus had his education.—B. & C.

For ever, unobnoxious to decay \*.  
 Sheer from the threshold to the inner house  
 Fixt thrones the walls, through all their length, adorn'd,  
 With mantles overspread of subtlest warp  
 Transparent, work of many a female hand.  
 On these the princes of Phæacia sat  
 Holding perpetual feasts, while golden youths  
 On all the sumptuous altars stood, their hands  
 With burning torches charg'd, which, night by night,  
 Shed radiance over all the festive throng.  
 Full fifty female menials serv'd the King  
 In household offices; the rapid mills  
 These turning, pulverize the mellow'd grain,  
 Those, seated orderly, the purple fleece  
 Wind off, or ply the loom, restless as leaves  
 Of lofty poplars fluttering in the breeze;  
 Bright as with oil the new-wrought texture shone †.  
 Far as Phæacian mariners all else  
 Surpass, the swift ship urging through the floods,

\* Some affirm that these mastives were given by Juno to Neptune as the price of his assistance against Jupiter, and that from Neptune they had passed to Alcinoüs.—B. & C.

† Καιροσέων δ' ὀθονέων ἀπολείβεται ἰγρὸν ἔλαιον.

Pope has given no translation of this line in the text of his work, but has translated it in a note. It is variously interpreted by commentators; the sense which is here given of it is that recommended by Eustathius.

So far in tiffue-work the women pass  
 All others, by Minerva's self endow'd  
 With richest fancy and superiour skill.  
 Without the court, and to the gates adjoin'd  
 A spacious garden lay, fenced all around  
 Secure, four acres measuring complete.  
 There grew luxuriant many a lofty tree,  
 Pomegranate, pear, the apple blushing bright,  
 The honied fig, and unctuous olive smooth.  
 Those fruits, nor winter's cold nor summer's heat  
 Fear ever, fail not, wither not, but hang  
 Perennial, while unceasing zephyr breathes  
 Gently on all, enlarging these, and those  
 Maturing genial ; in an endless course  
 Pears after pears to full dimensions swell,  
 Figs follow figs, grapes clust'ring grow again  
 Where clusters grew, and (ev'ry apple stript)  
 The boughs soon tempt the gath'rer as before.  
 There too, well-rooted, and of fruit profuse,  
 His vineyard grows ; part, wide-extended, basks  
 In the sun's beams ; the arid level glows ;  
 In part they gather, and in part they tread  
 The wine-press, while, before the eye, the grapes  
 Here put their blossom forth, there, gather fast  
 Their blackness. On the garden's verge extreme

Flow'rs of all hues smile all the year, arranged  
 With neatest art judicious, and amid  
 The lovely scene two fountains welling forth,  
 One visits, into ev'ry part diffused,  
 The garden-ground, the other soft beneath  
 The threshold steals into the palace-court,  
 Whence ev'ry citizen his vase supplies.

Such were the ample blessings on the house  
 Of King Alcinoüs by the Gods bestow'd.

Ulysses wond'ring stood, and when, at length,  
 Silent he had the whole fair scene admired,  
 Enter'd with hasty step the royal gate.  
 The Chiefs he found and Senators within  
 Libation pouring to the vigilant spy  
 Mercurius, whom with wine they worshipp'd last  
 Of all the Gods, and at the hour of rest \*.  
 Ulysses, circumfused with thickest shades  
 By Pallas still, pass'd on, till he arrived  
 Where King Alcinoüs and Areta sat.  
 Around Areta's knees his arms he cast,

\* Because Mercury gave sleep by the touch of his rod, and because he delivered his messages in dreams and visions of the night; but chiefly, according to Plutarch, because he of all the Gods was most attentive to the discourse that passed on convivial occasions, and most concerned in the inspiration of such as was agreeable.—C.

This last libation was called the Ἀγαθὸν Δαίμονος πόμα.—B.

And

And, in that moment, the mysterious cloud  
Which veil'd his godlike form, all broke away.  
Amazement seized the guests; in mute suspense  
They eyed the Chief, who thus his suit preferr'd.

Areta, daughter of the Godlike Prince  
Rhexenor! after num'rous woes sustain'd,  
Behold me here a suppliant at thy knees,  
Imploring thee, the King, and these your guests,  
(To whom heav'n grant abundance, and to leave  
Their children in possession of the wealth  
And all the well-earn'd honours, now their own)  
That ye vouchsafe me swift conveyance hence  
To my regretted home, which, tempest-toss'd  
And wretched, I have sought long time in vain.

Such suit he made, and in the ashes sat  
At the hearth-side; they mute long time remain'd,  
Till, at the last, the antient Hero spake  
Echeneus, eldest of Phæacia's sons,  
With eloquence beyond the rest endow'd,  
Rich in traditionary lore, and wise  
In all, who thus, benevolent; began.

Not honourable to thyself, O King!  
Is such a sight, a stranger on the ground,  
Seated beside the hearth, and in the dust.  
Mean-time, thy guests, expecting thy command,  
Move not; thou therefore raising by his hand

The suppliant, lead him to a feat, and bid  
 The heralds mingle wine, that we may pour  
 Libation forth to thunder-bearing Jove,  
 Dread guardian of the suppliant stranger's rights ;  
 Then bid the sewer spread for his regale  
 A plenteous board, with viands now within.

Soon as those words Alcinoüs heard, the King,  
 Upraising by his hand the prudent Chief  
 Ulysses from the hearth, he made him sit  
 On a bright throne, displacing for his sake  
 Laodamas his son, the virtuous youth  
 Who sat beside him, and whom most he lov'd.  
 And now, a maiden charg'd with golden ew'r  
 And with an argent laver, pouring, first,  
 Pure water on his hands, before him placed  
 A polish'd table, which the matron, charged  
 With service of the guests, with bread supplied  
 And viands largely, from her present stores \*.  
 Then ate the Hero toil-inured, and drank,  
 And to his herald thus Alcinoüs spake.

Pontonoüs ! mingle wine, and bear it round  
 To ev'ry guest in turn, that we may pour

\* It is remarked that Ulysses in this poem washes his hands ere he eats, which neither he nor any other hero does in the Iliad. The reason of the difference, says Athenæus, is, that in the Odyssey we have the customs that belonged to a time of peace, when there was leisure for neatness and self-indulgence.—C

To thunder-bearer Jove, the stranger's friend,  
And guardian of the suppliant's sacred rights.

He ended, and Pontonoüs, as he bade,  
Mingling delicious wine, the cups dispensed  
With distribution regular to all.

When each had made libation, and had drunk  
Sufficient, then, Alcinoüs thus began.

Phæacian Chiefs and Senators, attend  
While I pronounce the dictates of my heart !  
Ye all have feasted—To your homes and sleep.  
We will assemble at the dawn of day  
More senior Chiefs, that we may entertain  
The stranger here, and to the Gods perform  
Due sacrifice ; the convoy that he asks  
Shall next engage our thoughts, that free from pain  
And from vexation, by our friendly aid  
He may revisit, joyful and with speed,  
His native shore, however far remote.  
No inconvenience let him feel or harm,  
Ere his arrival ; but, arrived, thenceforth  
He must endure whatever lot the Fates  
Spun for him in the moment of his birth.  
But should he prove some Deity from heav'n  
Descended, then the Immortals have in view  
Designs not yet apparent ; for the Gods  
Have deign'd not seldom, from of old, to mix

In our solemnities ; have fill'd a feat  
 Where We have sat, and made our banquet theirs.  
 And even if a single traveller  
 Of the Phæacians meet them, all reserve  
 They lay aside ; for with the Gods we boast  
 As near affinity as do themselves  
 The Cyclops, or the Giant race profane\*.

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.  
 Alcinoüs ! think not so. Resemblance none  
 In figure or in lineaments I bear  
 To the immortal tenants of the skies,  
 But to the sons of earth ; if ye have known  
 A man afflicted with a weight of woe  
 Peculiar, let me be with him compared ;  
 Woes even passing his could I relate,  
 And all inflicted on me by the Gods.  
 But let me eat, comfortless as I am,  
 Uninterrupted ; for no call is loud  
 As that of hunger in the ears of man ;  
 Importunate, unreas'nable, it constrains  
 His notice, more than all his woes beside.

\* The Scholiast explains the passage thus—We resemble the Gods in righteousness as much as the Cyclops and Giants resembled each other in impiety.—B.&C. But in this sense of it there is something intricate, and contrary to Homer's manner. We have seen that they derived themselves from Neptune, which sufficiently justifies the above interpretation.



So, I much sorrow feel, yet not the less  
 Hear I the blatant appetite demand  
 Due sustenance, and with a voice that drowns  
 E'en all my sufferings, till itself be fill'd\*.  
 But expedite ye at the dawn of day  
 My safe return into my native land,  
 After much misery; and let life itself  
 Forsake me, may I but once more behold  
 My fair possessions, my domestic train,  
 And the high-vaulted roof my former home.

He spake, whom all applauded, and advised,  
 Unanimous, the guest's conveyance home,  
 Who had so fitly spoken. When, at length,  
 All had libation made, and were sufficed,  
 Departing to his house, each sought repose.  
 But still Ulysses in the hall remain'd,  
 Alcinoüs and Areta at his side;  
 And while their busy menials clear'd the board,

\* Athenæus reproaches Ulysses with gluttony on this occasion, and observes that however hungry he might be, his hunger afforded no excuse for want of civility.—B. & C. But when Athenæus was thus rigorous in his demand of good manners, his patience probably had not been exercised with a fast of many days. Ulysses indeed had lately eaten by the bounty of Nausicaa; but seamen who have been reduced to short allowance, or for some time to absolute famine, well know that the return of appetite even after a plentiful meal, is almost immediate. The Heroes of Homer may not always be polite, but they always behave naturally.

Areta (for his mantle and his vest  
 Wrought by her women and herself, she knew)  
 In accents wing'd with eager haste began.

Stranger! the first inquiry shall be mine;  
 Who art, and whence? From whom receiv'dst thou these?  
 Saidst not—I came a wand'rer o'er the Deep?

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.  
 Oh Queen! the task were difficult to unfold  
 In all its length the story of my woes,  
 For I have num'rous from the Gods receiv'd;  
 But I will answer thee as best I may.

There is a certain isle, Ogygia, placed  
 Far distant in the Deep; there dwells, by man  
 Alike unvisited, and by the Gods,  
 Calypso, lovely nymph, but deeply skill'd  
 In artifice, and terrible in pow'r,  
 Daughter of Atlas. Me alone my fate  
 Her miserable inmate made, when Jove  
 Had riv'n asunder with his candent bolt  
 My bark in the mid-sea. There perish'd all  
 The valiant partners of my toils, and I  
 My vessel's keel embracing day and night  
 With folded arms, nine days was borne along.  
 But on the tenth dark night, as pleas'd the Gods,  
 They drove me to Ogygia's island, where

Calypso,

Calypso, dread Divinity, resides\*.  
 She rescued, cherish'd, fed me, and her wish  
 Was to confer on me immortal life,  
 Exempt for ever from the sap of age.  
 But me her offer'd boon sway'd not. Sev'n years  
 I there abode continual, with my tears  
 Bedewing ceaseless my ambrosial robes,  
 Calypso's gift divine; but when, at length,  
 (Sev'n years elaps'd) the circling eighth arrived,  
 She then, herself, my quick departure thence  
 Advised, by Jove's own mandate overaw'd,  
 Which even her had influenced to a change.  
 Borne on a well-join'd raft she sent me forth  
 With num'rous presents; bread she put and wine  
 On board, and cloth'd me in immortal robes;

\* Longinus considers this ten-days distress of Ulysses, during which he had neither rest nor sustenance, as a symptom of the declension of Homer's genius, and as a proof that he began to dream.—B. & C. Barnes vindicates the poet against the charge by alleging that he is to be understood in a qualified sense, not as representing Ulysses destitute entirely of all sustenance, but of his usual diet only.—B. But what sustenance could he procure, or how could he possibly preserve any while he clung to the keel of his vessel?

The Scholiast's is therefore the best justification of the passage who says—It is unreasonable to ask how he subsisted—for does not Minerva in the 20th book inform him

Αὐτὰρ ἔγω' θεός εἰμι, διαμπιπής ἤ'σε φίλάσσω

Ἐν πάντεσσι ποροῖσι. ————— B. & C.

————— But I, who keep  
 Thee in all difficulties, am divine.

She sent before me also a fair wind  
Fresh-blowing, but not dang'rous. Sev'nteen days  
I fail'd the flood, and, on the eighteenth, saw  
Your lofty mountain-tops with forests crown'd,  
And seeing them rejoiced ; but premature  
Was that delight, and soon by Neptune changed  
To deepest woe ; for he with adverse winds  
My course resisted, and with billows huge  
Shatt'ring my raft, constrain'd me fore distress'd  
And groaning, to divide with wearied arms  
This vast abyss of ocean, till the winds  
And mighty waters cast me on your shore.  
Me there emerging, had the tempest driv'n  
Full on the land, where, incommodious most,  
The shore presented only roughest rocks,  
But, leaving it, I swam the Deep again,  
Until at last a river's gentle stream  
Receiv'd me, by no rocks deform'd, and where  
No violent winds the shelter'd bank annoy'd.  
I flung myself on shore, exhausted, weak,  
Needing repose ; then came the silent night,  
And from the Jove-descended stream withdrawn,  
I in a thicket lay'd me down on leaves  
Which I had heap'd together, and the Gods  
O'erwhelm'd my eye-lids with a flood of sleep.  
There under wither'd leaves, forlorn, I slept

All the long night, the morning and the noon ;  
 But balmy sleep, at the decline of day,  
 Broke from me ; then, your daughter's train I heard  
 Sporting, with whom she also sported, fair  
 And graceful as the Gods \*. To her I kneel'd.  
 She swerved not from the dictates of a mind  
 Most pure, but pass'd in her behaviour all  
 Which even ye could from an age like hers  
 Have hoped ; for youth is ever indiserete.  
 She gave me plenteous food, with richest wine  
 Refresh'd my spirit, taught me where to bathe,  
 And cloth'd me as thou see'st ; thus, though a prey  
 To many sorrows, I have told thee truth.

To whom Alcinoüs answer thus return'd.  
 Stranger ! my daughter overlook'd at least  
 One rule of decent manners ; for although  
 She first receiv'd thee suppliant, she return'd  
 With all her women, and thee left to find  
 These doors, unfriended, and without a guide.

Then answer, thus, the wary Chief return'd.  
 Blame not, O Hero, for so slight a cause  
 Thy faultless child ; she bade me follow them,

\* Eustathius deemed it worthy of remark that Ulysses makes no mention of their daughter's singing and tossing the ball, lest he should seem to accuse her of levity. But he expressly says that her women amused themselves with play, and that she was among them.—C.

But I refused, by fear and awe restrain'd,  
 Lest thou should'st feel displeasure at that sight  
 Thyself; for we are all, in ev'ry clime,  
 Suspicious, and to worst constructions prone.

So spake Ulysses, to whom thus the King.  
 I bear not, stranger! in my breast an heart  
 Much giv'n to causeless wrath, yet due respect  
 To decency's demands require from all.  
 And Jove, Apollo, and Minerva know  
 How fervent is my wish, that being such,  
 And of such kindred sentiments with mine,  
 Thou would'st accept my daughter, would'st become  
 My son-in-law, and dwell contented here\*.  
 House would I give thee, and possessions too,  
 Were such thy choice; else, if thou choose it not,  
 No man in all Phæacia shall by force  
 Detain thee. Jove would disapprove the deed.  
 For proof, I will appoint thee convoy hence  
 To-morrow; and while thou by sleep subdued

\* The Scholiast judges that Alcinoüs makes this offer merely as a trial and test of the veracity of Ulysses. If he had refused Calypso, he would of course refuse his daughter, but if he accepted his daughter, it could not then be true that he had refused Calypso.—B.&C. But Clarke affirms that the remark is groundless, since we are assured by Eustathius that it was customary with the Antients to give their daughters, not to people of their own country by preference, but rather, if they had opportunity, to some accomplished stranger.

Shalt press thy bed, my people with their oars  
 Shall brush the placid flood, till thou arrive  
 At home, or at what place so'er thou would'st,  
 Though far more distant than Eubæa lies,  
 Remotest isle from us, by the report  
 Of ours, who saw it when they thither bore  
 Sage Rhadamanthus of the golden locks  
 To visit earth-born Tityus\*. To that isle  
 They went; they reach'd it, and they brought him thence  
 Back to Phæacia, in one day, with ease.  
 Thou also shalt be taught what ships I boast  
 Unmatch'd in swiftnefs, and how far my crews  
 Excel, upturning with their oars the brine.

He ended, whom Ulyffes in his heart  
 Exulting heard, and, praying, thus replied.

Eternal Father! may the King perform  
 His whole kind promise! grant him in all lands  
 A never-dying name, and grant to me  
 To visit safe my native shores again †!

Thus

\* Jupiter being enamoured of Elora daughter of Orchomenus, or as others say, of Minos, to avoid the jealousy of Juno, concealed her underground. There she bore him this most extraordinary son, named Tityus, who was beloved by Latona and shot by Apollo.—Rhadamanthus is supposed to have made this visit to Tityus on a charitable account, and, being himself a just man, for the sake of instructing him.—B. & C.

† Ulyffes gives not a direct answer to the obliging proposal of Alcinoüs to bestow on him his daughter, because it would have

Thus they conferr'd ; and now Areta bade  
 Her fair attendants dress a fleecy couch  
 Beneath the portico, with purple rugs  
 Resplendent, and with arras spread beneath,  
 And over all with cloaks of shaggy pile.  
 Forth went the maidens, bearing each a torch,  
 And, as she bade, prepared in haste a couch  
 Of depth commodious ; then, returning, gave  
 Ulysses welcome summons to repose.

Rise, stranger ! all is ready ; come to rest.  
 So they ; thrice welcome to Ulysses seem'd  
 Their invitation, and his sculptur'd couch  
 Beneath the founding portico prepared  
 With willing feet the toil-worn Hero sought ;  
 But far within th' interiour palace slept  
 Alcinoüs, and, lodg'd in royal state,  
 The Queen, his virtuous consort, at his side.

seemed harsh to refuse her. His prayer, expressive as it is of his impatience to return, and of his gratitude to the person who furnishes him with means of doing so, is an indirect indeed, but a delicate and sufficient answer.—Dacier.



## A R G U M E N T

OF THE

## E I G H T H B O O K.

The Phæacians consult on the subject of Ulysses. Preparation is made for his departure. Antinoüs entertains them at his table. Games follow the entertainment. Demodocus the bard, sings, first the loves of Mars and Venus, then the introduction of the wooden horse into Troy. Ulysses, much affected by his song, is questioned by Alcinoüs, whence, and who he is, and what is the cause of his sorrow.

## B O O K VIII.

SOON as Aurora, daughter of the dawn  
 Look'd forth, upsprang Phæacia's mighty King,  
 And from his couch the town-destroying Chief  
 Ulysses hasted, whom Alcinoüs led  
 To early council at the ships convened.  
 Arriving, side by side on polish'd stones  
 They sat; mean-time, Minerva in the form  
 Of King Alcinoüs' herald ranged the town,  
 With purpose to accelerate the return

Of brave Ulyſſes to his native home,  
And thus to ev'ry Chief the Goddeſs ſpoke \*.

Phæacian Chiefs and Senators, away!  
To council haſting, hear a ſtranger's tale,  
A gueſt of King Alcinoüs, new-arrived,  
A ſhipwreck'd wand'rer hither, of a form  
Superiour, and majeſtic as a God.

So ſaying, ſhe roused the people, and at once  
The ſeats of all the ſenate-court were fill'd  
With faſt-aſſembling throngs, no few of whom  
Had mark'd Ulyſſes with admiring eyes.  
Then, Pallas o'er his head and ſhoulders broad  
Diffuſing grace celeftial, his whole form  
Dilated, and to ſtatelier height advanced,  
That worthier of all rev'rence he might ſeem  
To the Phæacians, and might many a feat  
Achieve, with which they ſhould his force aſſay †.

\* By Minerva we are to underſtand here, either a rumour that a very intelligent ſtranger had arrived in their country, on whoſe account they are called together, or that the Phæacians by their natural diſcernment finding Ulyſſes to be a perſon of that deſcription, a rarity among themſelves, aſſemble for ſatiſfaction of their curioſity and to prove if the account of him be a true one.—Euaſtathius.—C.

† The poet pluralizes the ſingle effort with the *diffuus*, probably becauſe, though Ulyſſes performed no feat beſide, he offered himſelf to a trial in many others, excepting againſt the foot-race only, Minerva therefore thus improves his figure, that it may evidence the juſtneſs of his pretenſions.

When

When, therefore, the assembly now was full,  
Alcinoüs, thus addressing them, began.

Phæacian Chiefs and Senators attend,  
That I may speak as my best judgment bids.  
This guest, unknown to me, hath, wand'ring, found  
My palace, either from the East arrived,  
Or from some nation on our western side.  
Safe conduct home he asks, and our consent  
Here wishes ratified, whose quick return  
Be it our part, as usual, to promote ;  
For at no time the stranger, from what coast  
Soc'er, who hath resorted to our doors,  
Hath long complain'd of his detention here.  
Haste—draw ye down into the sacred Deep  
A vessel of prime speed, and, from among  
The people, fifty and two youths select,  
Approved the best ; then, lashing fast the oars,  
Leave her, that at my palace ye may make  
Short feast, for which myself will all provide.  
Thus I enjoin the crew ; but as for those  
Of sceptred rank, I bid them all alike  
To my own board, that here we may regale  
The stranger nobly, and let none refuse.  
Call, too, Demodocus, the bard divine,  
To share my banquet, whom the Gods have blest  
With pow'rs of song delectable, what theme

Soe'er his animated fancy choofe.

He ceas'd, and led the way, whom follow'd all  
 The fceptred fenators, and at his houfe  
 Mean-time an herald fought the bard divine.  
 Then, fifty mariners and two, from all  
 The reft-selected, to the coast repair'd,  
 And, from her ftation on the fea-bank, launched  
 The galley down into the facred Deep.  
 They placed the canvas and the maft on board,  
 Arranged the oars, unfurl'd the fhining fail,  
 And, leaving her in depth of water moor'd,  
 Reforted to the Sov'reign's grand abode.  
 There, foon, the portico, the court, the hall  
 Were fill'd with multitudes of young and old,  
 For whose regale the mighty monarch flew  
 Two beeves, twelve fheep, and twice four fatted brawns.  
 They flay'd them firft, then bufily their task  
 Adminiftring, prepared the joyous feaft.  
 And now the herald thither led with care  
 The tuneful bard ; him partially the Mufe  
 And dearly lov'd, yet gave him good and ill ;  
 She quench'd his fight, but gave him ftrains divine\*.

For

\* As in the Iliad, fays Eufthathius, the poet deals out good and evil from his two casks refpectively. fo here he represents the Mufe as difpenfing the fame mixture to Demodocus. And it was the opinion

For him, Pontonoüs in the midst disposed  
 An argent-studded throne, thrusting it close  
 To a tall column, where he hung his lyre  
 Above his head, and taught him where it hung.  
 He set before him, next, a polish'd board  
 And basket, and a goblet fill'd with wine  
 For his own use, and at his own command\*.  
 Then, all assail'd at once the ready feast,  
 And when nor hunger more nor thirst they felt,  
 Then came the muse, and roused the bard to sing  
 Exploits of men renown'd ; it was a song,  
 In that day, to the highest heav'n extoll'd †.  
 He sang the fierce dispute which at a feast  
 In honour of the Gods at Ilium, chanced

nion of Maximus Tyrius that Homer, in this short history of the Phæacian bard, gives us in reality his own —C.

The Scholiast asks, if the Muse deprived him of sight, how then can she be said to have loved him? A question which he answers by observing that the Blind being disqualified for other employments, have the more leisure for poetry.—B. & C.

\* Clarke on this sentence quotes an epigram of the Anthologia, Lib. II. 47.

Ἄυτοδελὸς ἡδίστος αἰὲν πῶτος.

The happiest, always is the glass  
 Which we are free to drink or pass.

† The poet is here supposed by Eustathius to allude to the Iliad.—C.

Between

Between Achilles and Laertes' son.  
 That contest, Agamemnon, King of men,  
 Between those Princes of his host, remark'd  
 With silent joy ; for when in Pytho \* erst  
 He pass'd the marble threshold to consult  
 The oracle of Apollo, such dispute  
 The voice divine had to his ear announced ;  
 For then it was that, first, the storm of war  
 Came rolling on, ordain'd long time to afflict  
 Troy and the Grecians, by the will of Jove †.

So sang the bard illustrious ; then his robe  
 Of purple dye with both hands o'er his head  
 Ulysses drew, behind its ample folds  
 Veiling his face, through fear to be observed  
 By the Phæacians weeping at the song ;  
 And ever as the bard harmonious ceased,  
 He wiped his tears, and, drawing from his brows  
 The mantle, pour'd libation to the Gods.  
 But when the Chiefs (for they delighted heard

\* A city of Phocis named also Delphos, famous for the temple and oracle of Pythian Apollo.

† Agamemnon having enquired at Delphos, at what time the Trojan war should end, was answered, that the conclusion of it should happen at a time when a dispute should arise between two of his principal commanders. That dispute occurred at the time here alluded to, Achilles recommending force as most likely to reduce the city, and Ulysses stratagem.—E, & C.

Those sounds) solicited again the bard,  
 And he renew'd the strain, then cov'ring close  
 His count'nance, as before, Ulysses wept.  
 Thus, unperceiv'd by all, the Hero mourn'd,  
 Save by Alcinoüs ; he alone his tears  
 (Beside him seated) mark'd, and his deep sighs  
 O'erhearing, the Phæacians thus bespake.

Phæacia's Chiefs and Senators, attend !  
 We have long time sat feasting, and long time  
 Sat list'ning to the lyre, companion sweet  
 And seasonable of the festive hour,  
 Now go we forth for honourable proof  
 Of our address in games of ev'ry kind,  
 That this our guest may to his friends report,  
 At home arrived, that none like us have learn'd  
 To leap, to box, to wrestle, and to run.

So saying, he led them forth, whose steps the guests  
 All follow'd, and the herald hanging high  
 The sprightly lyre, took gently by his hand  
 Demodocus, and leading him abroad  
 Follow'd Phæacia's Princes to the games.  
 They sought the forum ; countless swarm'd the throng  
 Behind them as they went, and many a youth  
 Strong and courageous to the strife arose,  
 Upstood Acronus and Ocyalus,  
 Flatreus, Nauteus, Prynneus, after whom

Anchialus

Anchialus with Anabeefineus

Arofe, Eretmeus, Ponteus, Proreus bold,

Amphialus and Thoön \*. Then arofe,

In aspect dread as homicidal Mars,

Euryalus, and for his graceful form

(After Laodamas) distinguish'd most

Of all Phæacia's fons, Naubolides.

Three alfo from Alcinoüs sprung, arofe,

Laodamas, his eldeft ; Halius, next,

His fecond-born ; and godlike Clytoneus.

Of thefe, fome started for the runner's prize.

They gave the race its limits †. All at once

Along the dufty champaign fwift they flew.

But Clytoneus, illuftrious youth, outftripp'd

All competition ; far as mules furpafs

Slow oxen furrowing the fallow ground,

So far before all others he arrived

Victorious, where the throng'd fpectators flood.

Some tried the wrefler's toil fevere, in which

Euryalus fuperiour proved to all.

\* The Phæacians being a maritime people, thefe names are all derived from maritime fubjects. —C.

† *Τεῖσιδ' ἀπὸ νόσου τετατο δρόμος*—This expreffion is by the commentators generally underftood to be fignificant of the effort which they made at ftarting, but it is not improbable that it relates merely to the meafurement of the courfe, otherwife, *καρπαλίμως ἐπίτοντο*—will be tautologous.



In the long leap Amphialus prevail'd ;  
 Elatreus most successful hurl'd the quoit,  
 And at the cestus, last, the noble son  
 Of Scheria's King, Laodamas excell'd \*.  
 When thus with contemplation of the games,  
 All had been gratified, Alcinoüs' son  
 Laodamas, arising, them address'd †.

Friends ! ask we now the stranger, if he boast  
 Proficiency in aught. His figure seems  
 Not ill ; in thighs, and legs, and arms he shews  
 Much strength, and in his brawny neck ; nor youth  
 Hath left him yet, though batter'd he appears  
 With num'rous troubles, and misfortune-flaw'd.  
 Nor know I hardships in the world so sure  
 To break the strongest down, as those by sea.

Then answer thus Euryalus return'd.  
 Thou hast well said, Laodamas ; thyself  
 Approaching, speak to him, and call him forth.

Which when Alcinoüs' noble offspring heard,  
 Advancing from his seat, amid them all  
 He stood, and to Ulysses thus began.

Stand forth, oh guest, thou also ; prove thy skill

\* In boxing.

† The poet having already given us a description at large of similar contests at the funeral of Patroclus, judiciously speaks of these in the most summary manner.—C.

(If any such thou boast) in games like ours,  
Which, likeliest, thou hast learn'd ; for greater praise  
Hath no man, while he lives, than that he know  
His feet to exercise and hands aright \*.

Come, then ; make trial ; scatter wide thy cares ;  
We will not hold thee long ; the ship is launch'd  
Already, and the crew stand all prepared.

To whom replied the wily Chief renown'd,  
Wherefore, as in derision, have ye call'd  
Me forth, Laodamas, to these exploits ?  
No games have I, but many a grief, at heart,  
And with far other struggles worn, here sit  
Desirous only of conveyance home,  
For which both King and people I implore.

Then him Euryalus aloud reproach'd,  
I well believed it, friend ! in thee the guise

\* Exactly the same sentiment is found in Pindar, Pythior. Od X. ver. 34. a very natural one in an age when the most enviable public honours were bestowed on preeminent force and agility.

————— ὑμνητὸς ἔτος  
'Ανὴρ γίνεταί σοφοῖς,  
'Ὅς ἂν χερσὶν, ἢ ποδῶν ἀρετᾶ  
Κράτησε, τὰ μέγισ' αἰθλῶν ἐλῶν  
Τόλμα τε καὶ σθένει.—C.

The praises of the wife his toils repay,  
Who, whether hand or foot be tried,  
With force and valour on his side  
Excels, and bears the noblest prize away.

I see not of a man expert in feats  
 Athletic, of which various are perform'd  
 In ev'ry land ; thou rather seem'st with ships  
 Familiar ; one, accusom'd to control  
 Some crew of trading mariners ; well-learn'd  
 In stowage, pilotage, and wealth acquired  
 By rapine, but of no gymnastic pow'rs.

To whom Ulysses, frowning dark, replied.  
 Thou hast ill spoken, fir, and like a man  
 Regardless whom he wrongs. Thus heav'n, it seems,  
 Imparts not, all to one, the various gifts  
 And ornaments of body, mind and speech\*.  
 This man in figure less excels, yet Jove  
 Crowns him with eloquence ; his hearers charm'd  
 Behold him, while with unassuming tone  
 He bears the prize of fluent speech from all,  
 And, when he walks the city, as they pass,

\* Ἄλλ' ἢ γὰρ ὅτι πάντ' ἐπίσασθαι βροτῶν  
 Πέφυκε, ἀλλὰ δ' ἄλλο πρόσκειται γέρας·  
 Σὶ μὲν μάχεσθαι, τὰ δὲ βελιύειν καλῶς.

Euripides. *Rhes.* ver. 106 — G.

Each hath his talent ; of the human race  
 None e'er was born to universal skill ;  
 Thou shin'st in battle, but in council they.

In like manner Maharbal in Livy, Book 22. §. 51.

“ The Gods impart not every thing to any. You, Annibal,  
 know how to conquer, but are ignorant in the use of victory.”

All turn and gaze as they had pass'd a God \*.  
 Another, form'd with symmetry divine,  
 Yet wants the grace that twines itself around  
 The list'ning hearers' hearts. Such deem I thee.  
 Thy form is excellent. Not Jove himself  
 Could mend it. But thy mind is nothing worth.  
 Thou much hast moved me ; thy unhandfome phrase  
 Hath rous'd my wrath ; I am not, as thou say'st,  
 A novice in theſe ſports, but took the lead  
 In all, while youth and ſtrength were on my ſide.  
 But I am now in bands of ſorrow held,  
 And of miſfortune, having much endured  
 In war, and buffetting the boiſ'trous waves.  
 Yet, though with miſ'ry worn, I will eſſay  
 My ſtrength among you ; for thy words had teeth  
 Whoſe bite hath pinch'd and pain'd me to the proof.

He ſaid ; and mantled as he was, ſprang forth  
 And ſeized a quoit in bulk and weight all thoſe  
 Tranſcending far, by the Phæacians uſed.  
 Swiftly he ſwung, and from his vig'rous hand  
 Diſmiſs'd it. Sang the ſtone, and as it flew

\* So Cicero de Oratore, L. iii. §. 14.

“ In whoſe preſence do men ſhake with awe ? Whom, while he ſpeaks, do they contemplate with aſtoniſhment ? Whom do they applaud with exclamations ? and conſider, if I may ſo ſay, as a God among them ? The man who is diſtinct both in his words and matter, clear, abundant, luminous.”—C.

The maritime Phæacians low inclined  
 Their heads beneath it ; over all the marks  
 It flew with ease, and struck the ground beyond.  
 Minerva in a human form, the cast  
 Prodigious measur'd, and aloud exclaim'd.

Stranger ! the blind himself might with his hands  
 Feel out the 'vantage here, so far thy quoit  
 Hath left its best competitors behind.  
 This prize, be sure, is thine ; for, of us all,  
 Thy measure none will reach, much less exceed.

She ceased ; Ulysses, hardy Chief, rejoiced  
 That in the circus he had found a judge  
 So favourable, and with brisker tone,  
 As less in wrath, the multitude address'd.

Young men reach this, and I will quickly heave  
 Another such, or yet a heavier quoit.  
 Then, come the man whose courage prompts him forth  
 To box, to wrestle with me, or to run ;  
 For ye have chafed me much, and I decline  
 No strife with any here, but challenge all  
 Phæacia, save Laodamas alone.  
 He is mine host. Who combats with his friend ?  
 To call to proof of hardiment the man  
 Who entertains him in a foreign land,  
 Would but evince the challenger a fool,  
 Who, so, should cripple his own interest there.

As for the rest, I none refuse, scorn none,  
 But wish for trial of you, and to match  
 In opposition fair my force with yours.  
 There is no game athletic in the use  
 Of all mankind, too difficult for me ;  
 I handle well the polish'd bow, and first  
 Amid a thousand foes strike whom I mark,  
 Although a band of warriors on my side  
 At the same foe their num'rous arrows aim\*.  
 Of all the Grecians who at Ilium erst  
 Drew bow, the sole superiour to myself  
 Was Philoctetes ; and of all mankind  
 Now living, I will yield to none besides.  
 Yet will I not profess myself expert  
 As some of antient times, as Hercules,  
 Or as Oechalian Eurytus, who durst  
 The Gods themselves in archery defy.  
 Soon, therefore, died huge Eurytus, ere yet

\* So Eustathius understands the passage who thus observes on it—Ulysses is celebrated here as an expeditious archer, so quick, that though he were one among many shooting at the same time, his arrow would be the first to strike the enemy. But Dacier supposes the *μάλα πολλοὶ* to refer to the adverse host, and Ulysses to affirm that though a multitude were prepared to shoot at *Him*, he would be nimbler than they, and send his arrow to the mark before them.

The former, however, of these two senses, is preferred by Clarke, and is certainly the more probable.

Old age he reach'd ; him, angry to be call'd  
 To proof of archerſhip, Apollo flew.  
 But if ye name the ſpear, mine flies a length  
 By no man's arrow reach'd ; nor fear I foil  
 From the Phæacians, ſave in ſpeed alone ;  
 For I have ſuffer'd hardſhips, daſh'd and drench'd  
 By many a wave, nor had I food on board  
 At all times, therefore am I much unſtrung\*.

He ſpoke, and ſilent the Phæacians ſat,  
 Of whom alone Alcinoüs thus replied.

Since, ſtranger, not ungraceful is thy ſpeech,  
 Who haſt but vindicated in our ears  
 Thy queſtion'd prowefs, angry that this youth  
 Reproach'd thee in the preſence of us all,  
 That no man qualified to give his voice  
 In public, might affront thy courage more ;  
 Now mark me, therefore, that in time to come,  
 While feaſting with thy children and thy ſpouſe,  
 Thou may'ſt inform the Heroes of thy land

\* By this, according to the Scholiaſt, he muſt be underſtood to mean, not that while his raft could ſwim he wanted ſuſtenance, but after the wreck of it ; yet Barnes underſtands the paſſage as a general obſervation only on the ſcanty fare of a mariner. An interpretation which Clarke rejects as unreaſonable, becauſe his veſſel is ſaid expreſsly to have been abundantly ſtored by Calypſo with all things neceſſary ; ſo that, till it was wrecked, he could not poſſibly feel a want of proviſions.

That even we some skill can boast in arts  
By Jove enjoin'd us in our fathers' days.  
We boast not much the boxer's skill, nor yet  
The wrefiler's; but light-footed in the race  
Are we, and navigators well-inform'd.  
Our pleasures are the feast, the harp, the dance,  
Garments for change; the tepid bath; the bed.  
Come, ye Phæacians, beyond others taught  
To tread the circus with harmonious steps,  
Come, play before us; that our guest, arrived  
In his own country, may inform his friends  
How far in seamanship we all excel,  
In running, in the dance, and in the song.  
Hence, therefore, herald! Bring the tuneful bard  
His lyre, left somewhere in our hall at home.

So spake the godlike King, at whose command  
The herald to the palace quick return'd  
To seek the charming lyre. Mean-time arose  
Nine public umpires, officed to correct  
All rude disturbance of the games, to smoothe  
The circus, to repreſs the curious throng,  
And give the narrow'd ring an ampler round.  
Then came the herald ſent to ſeek the lyre,  
With which ſupplied, Demodocus advanced  
Into the middle area, where a band  
Of blooming youths, all practis'd in the dance



Encircled him. With nimble steps they smote  
The sacred floor, so swift, that with amaze  
Ulysses eyed them, dazzled at the sight.

And now Demodocus his tuneful chords  
Adapted to a sprightlier strain, the loves  
Of Mars and Cytherea chaplet crown'd ;  
How first, clandestine, they embraced beneath  
The roof of Vulcan ; her, by many a gift  
Seduced, Mars won, and with adult'rous lust  
The bed dishonour'd of the King of fire \*.  
The sun, a witness of their amorous sport,  
Bore swift the tale to Vulcan ; he, apprized  
Of that foul deed, at once his smithy sought,  
In secret darkness of his inmost soul  
Contriving vengeance ; to the stock he heav'd  
His anvil huge, on which he forged a snare  
Of bands indissoluble, by no art  
To be untied, durance for ever firm.

\* The Phæacians being a licentious and effeminate people, are entertained by Demodocus with a song suited to their character. Plato condemned it as having a tendency to debauch the morals, but Plutarch vindicates it as an intended lesson to the reader, that the sure way to become Phæacians in heart, is to be such in practice, and that lewd songs accompanied with suitable music, will make a light and a lascivious hearer.—C.

Dionysus Hal. thinks it probable that this ludicrous episode furnished the first hint for Comedy.—C.

The net prepared, he bore it, fiery-wroth,  
 To his own chamber and his nuptial couch,  
 Where, stretch'ing them from post to post, he wrapp'd  
 With those fine meshes all his bed around,  
 And hung them num'rous from the roof, diffus'd  
 Like spiders' filaments, which not the Gods  
 Themselves could see, so subtle were the toils.  
 When thus he had encircled all his bed  
 On ev'ry side, he feign'd a journey thence  
 To Lemnos, of all cities that adorn  
 The earth, the city that he favours most.  
 Nor Mars, who reins with gold his fiery steeds,  
 Kept drowsy watch, but mark'd the going-forth  
 Of the illustrious artist from his home,  
 And thither flew, impatient to enjoy  
 The Goddess with the wreath-encircled brows.  
 She, newly from her potent Sire return'd  
 The son of Saturn, fat. Mars, ent'ring, seiz'd  
 Her snow-white hand, which grasping, thus he said.

To bed, my fair, and let us love! for lo!  
 Thine husband is from home, to Lemnos gone,  
 And to the Sintians, men of barb'rous speech.

He spake, nor she was loth, but bedward too  
 Like him inclined; so then, to bed they went,  
 And as they lay'd them down, down stream'd the net

Around them, labour exquisite of hands  
 By ingenuity divine inform'd.  
 Small room they found, so prison'd; not a limb  
 Could either lift, or move, but felt at once  
 Entanglement from which was no escape.  
 And now, ere he had reach'd the Lemnian isle,  
 Returning, (for his faithful spy the Sun  
 Had told him all) with aching heart approach'd  
 The limping Deity. Resentment boil'd  
 Within him; in his vestibule he stood,  
 And roar'd tremendous to the Pow'rs of heav'n.

Oh Jove! and all ye Pow'rs for ever blest!  
 Look forth, and witness with your eyes a fight  
 Both ludicrous and not to be endured.  
 Behold how Venus, for my lameness' sake,  
 Dishonours *me*, and loves the fiery Mars!  
 And wherefore? for that he is fair in form  
 And sound of foot, but feeble I and lame.  
 Whose fault is this? Their fault, and theirs alone  
 Who gave me being; ill-employed were they  
 Begetting me, one, better far unborn.  
 See where they couch together on my bed  
 Lascivious! ah, sight hateful to my eyes!  
 Yet cooler wishes will they feel, I ween,  
 To press my bed hereafter; here to sleep  
 Will little please them, fondly as they love.

But these my toils and tangles will suffice  
 To hold them here, till Jove shall yield me back  
 Complete, the sum of all my nuptial gifts  
 Paid to him for the shameless strumpet's sake  
 His daughter, as incontinent as fair.

He said, and in the brazen-floor'd abode  
 Of Jove the Gods assembled. Neptune came  
 Earth-circling Pow'r; came Hermes friend of man,  
 And, regent of the far-commanding bow,  
 Apollo also came; but coy reserve  
 Forbade the Goddesses to share the scene.  
 The Gods, by whose beneficence all live,  
 Stood in the portal; infinite arose  
 The laugh of heav'n, all looking down intent  
 On that shrewd project of the smith divine,  
 And, turning to each other, thus they said.

Bad works speed ill. The slow o'ertakes the swift.  
 So Vulcan, tardy as he is, by craft  
 Hath outstript Mars, although the fleetest far  
 Of all who dwell in heav'n, and the light-heel'd  
 Must pay the adult'rer's forfeit to the lame.

So spake the Gods; and thus in Hermes' ear  
 The King of radiant shafts, Apollo, next.

Jove's son, heav'n's herald, Hermes, bounteous God!  
 Would'st *thou* such stricture close of bands endure  
 For golden Venus lying at thy side?

Whom

Whom answer'd thus the messenger of heav'n.  
 Archer divine! yea, and with all my heart;  
 And be the bands which wind us round about  
 Thrice these, innumerable, and let all  
 The Gods and Goddeffes in heaven look on,  
 So I may lovely Venus clasp the while.

He spake; then laugh'd the Immortal pow'rs again.  
 But not so Neptune; he with earnest suit  
 The glorious artist urged to the release  
 Of Mars, and thus in accents wing'd he said.

Loose him; accept my promise; he shall pay  
 Full recompense in presence of us all.

To whom the glorious Artist of the skies.  
 Earth-circling Neptune! Spare me that demand.  
 Lame suitor, lame security\*. What snares  
 Could I contrive that should imprison thee  
 In presence of the Gods, were Mars releas'd,  
 And free to leave both debt and bands behind?

Him answer'd then the Shaker of the shores.  
 I tell thee, Vulcan, that if Mars by flight

\* The original line has received such a variety of interpretations, that a Translator seems free to choose. It has, however, a proverbial turn, which I have endeavoured to preserve, and have adopted that sense of the words which appears best to accord with what immediately follows. Vulcan pleads his own inability to enforce the demand, as a circumstance that made Neptune's promise unacceptable.

Shun payment, I will pay, myself, the fine.

To whom the glorious artist of the skies.

Thou must not, canst not, shalt not be refused.

So saying, the might of Vulcan loos'd the snare,  
 And they, detain'd by those coercive bands  
 No longer, from the couch upstarting, flew,  
 Mars into Thrace, and to her Paphian home  
 The Queen of smiles, where deep in myrtle groves  
 Her incense-breathing altar stands embow'r'd,  
 Her there, the Graces laved, and oils diffused  
 O'er all her form, ambrosial, such as add  
 Fresh beauty to the Gods for ever young,  
 And cloth'd her in the loveliest robes of heav'n.

Such was the theme of the illustrious bard.

Ulysses with delight that song, and all  
 The maritime Phæacian concourse heard.

Alcinoüs, then, (for in the dance they pass'd  
 All others) call'd his sons to dance alone,  
 Halios and Laodamas; they gave  
 The purple ball into their hands, the work  
 Exact of Polybus; one, re-supine,  
 Upcast it high toward the dusky clouds,  
 The other, springing into air, with ease  
 Receiv'd it, ere he sank to earth again.  
 When thus they oft had sported with the ball  
 Thrown upward, next, with nimble interchange

They pass'd it to each other many a time,  
 Footing the plain, while every youth around  
 The circus clapp'd his hands, and from beneath  
 The din of stamping feet fill'd all the air.

Then, turning to Alcinoüs, thus the wife  
 Ulysses spake. Alcinoüs! mighty King!  
 Illustrious above all Phæacia's sons!  
 Incomparable are ye in the dance,  
 Ev'n as thou said'st. Astonish'd I behold  
 Feats unperform'd but by yourselves alone.

His praise the King Alcinoüs with delight  
 Receiv'd, and the Phæacians thus bespake.

Phæacian Chiefs and Senators, attend!  
 Wisdom beyond the common stint I mark  
 In this our guest; good cause in my account,  
 For which we should present him with a pledge  
 Of hospitality and love. The Chiefs  
 Are twelve, who, highest in command, control  
 The people, and the thirteenth Chief am I.  
 Bring each a golden talent, with a vest  
 Well-bleach'd, and tunick; gratified with these,  
 The stranger to our banquet shall repair  
 Exulting; bring them all without delay;  
 And let Euryalus by word and gift  
 Appease him, for his speech was unadvised.

He ceas'd, whom all applauded, and at once

Each sent his herald forth to bring the gifts,  
When thus Euryalus the King address'd.

Alcinoüs! o'er Phæacia's sons supreme!  
I will appease the stranger, as thou bidd'st.  
This sword shall be his own, the blade all steel,  
The hilt of silver, and the unfulled sheath  
Of iv'ry recent from the carver's hand.  
A gift like this he shall not need despise.

So saying, his silver-studded sword he gave  
Into his grasp, and, courteous, thus began.

Hail, honour'd stranger! and if word of mine  
Have harm'd thee, rashly spoken, let the winds  
Bear all remembrance of it swift away!  
May the Gods give thee to behold again  
Thy wife, and to attain thy native shore,  
Whence absent long, thou hast so much endured!

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.  
Hail also thou, and may the Gods, my friend,  
Grant thee felicity, and may never want  
Of this thy sword touch thee in time to come,  
By whose kind phrase appeas'd my wrath subsides!

So spake Ulysses, and the glitt'ring sword  
Athwart his shoulders slung. Now sank the sun,  
And those rich gifts arrived, which to the house  
Of King Alcinoüs the heralds bore.

Alcinoüs' sons receiv'd them, and beside

Their



Their royal mother placed the precious charge.  
 The King then led the way, at whose abode  
 Arrived, again they prefs'd their lofty thrones,  
 And to Areta thus the monarch spake.

Haste, bring a coffer; bring thy best, and store  
 A mantle and a sumptuous vest within;  
 Warm for him, next, a brazen bath, by which  
 Refresh'd, and viewing in fair order placed  
 The noble gifts by the Phæacian Lords  
 Conferr'd on him, he may the more enjoy  
 Our banquet, and the bard's harmonious song.  
 I give him also this my golden cup  
 Splendid, elaborate; that, while he lives,  
 What time he pours libation forth to Jove  
 And all the Gods, he may remember me.

He ended, at whose words Areta bade  
 Her maidens with dispatch place o'er the fire  
 An ample tripod; they, at her command,  
 A tripod o'er the glowing embers placed,  
 Water infused, and kindled wood beneath.  
 The flames, encircling bright the bellied vase,  
 Warm'd soon the flood within. Mean-time, the Queen  
 Producing from her chamber-stores a chest  
 All-elegant, within it placed the gold  
 And raiment, gifts of the Phæacian Chiefs,  
 With her own gifts, the mantle and the vest,

And

And in wing'd accents to Ulyffes faid.

Now take, thyself, the coffer's lid in charge ;  
Girdle it quickly with a cord, lest lofs  
Befall thee on thy way, while thou perchance  
Shalt fleep feure on board the fable bark \*.

Which when illuftrious Ulyffes heard,  
Clofing the cheft, he girded it around,  
And with a knot moft intricate, erewhile  
By Circe taught him, made the cord feure.  
And now, the miftrefs of the houfehold charge  
Summon'd him to his bath ; he glad beheld  
The fleaming vafe, uncustom'd to its ufe  
E'er fince he left Ogygia, where he knew  
No want of aught, attended like a God.  
Now, therefore, once again by female hands  
Laved and anointed, and with rich attire  
Both veft and mantle ferved, he left the bath  
With fprightlier fteps, and fought the focial hall  
To fhare the feaft of wine ; but, as he pafs'd,  
Nauficaa, to whom the Gods had giv'n  
Surpaffing beauty, faw him, where fhe flood  
Beside the portal, with admiring eyes,

\* Portable property was antiently feured by cords, the only practicable mode of guarding it till locks were invented.—C. But it was precarious, and therefore probably gave occafion to the exercife of much ingenuity in the art of knot-making.

And

And in wing'd accents thus the Chief address'd.

Hail, stranger ! at thy native home arrived  
Remember me, thy first deliv'rer here.

To whom Ulyssès, ever-wife, replied.  
Nausicaa ! daughter of the noble King  
Alcinoüs ! So may Jove, high-thund'ring mate  
Of Juno, grant me to behold again  
My native land, and my delightful home,  
As, even there, I will present my vows  
To thee, adoring thee as I adore  
The Gods themselves, virgin, by whom I live !

He said, and on his throne beside the King  
Alcinoüs sat. And now they portion'd out  
The feast to all, and charged the cups with wine,  
And introducing by his hand the bard  
Phæacia's glory, at the column's side  
The herald placed Demodocus again.

Then, carving forth a portion from the loins  
Of a huge brawn, of which uneaten still  
Large part and delicate remain'd, thus spake  
Ulyssès—Herald ! bear it to the bard  
For his regale, whom I will soon embrace  
In spite of sorrow ; for respect is due  
And veneration to the sacred bard  
From all mankind, for that the muse inspires  
Herself his song, and loves the tuneful tribe.

He

He ended, and the herald bore his charge  
 To the old Hero, who with joy received  
 That meed of honour at the bearer's hand.  
 Then, all, at once, assail'd the ready feast,  
 And when nor hunger more nor thirst they felt,  
 Thus to Demodocus Ulyssès spake.

Demodocus ! I give thee praise above  
 All mortal men ; since either thee the Muse  
 Jove's tuneful daughter, or the son of Jove  
 Apollo prompts ; for, of Achaia's host,  
 Their glorious deeds and arduous toils, thou sing'st  
 As thou hadst present been thyself, or learnt  
 From others present there, the mournful tale\*.  
 Come, then, proceed ; that rare invention sing,

\* Maximus Tyrius in his sixteenth Dissertation, not far from the beginning of it, speaks thus—Having fallen on the mention of Homer, and being unqualified myself to praise him worthily, I will entreat him to accommodate me with an expression of his own, that I may not seem to depreciate him by mine—

——“ Εξοχὰ δὴ τὰ βροτῶν,” ᾧ Ὀμηροῦ, “ αἰνίζομαι πάντων.—C.

The application however is not very happy, for it totally spoils the verse.

It is evident, Eustathius observes, that the poet here had an eye to himself, who seems indeed to have been inspired. With such scanty materials has he framed so beautiful a story, interweaving them with incidents so various and with such an air of truth, that knowing he was not present nor had conversed with others who were, we are ready to conclude that the Muse must have taught him all.—C.

The

The horse of wood, which by Minerva's aid  
Epeus framed, and which Ulysses erst  
Convey'd into the citadel of Troy  
With warriors fill'd, who lay'd all Ilium waste.  
Sing but this theme as sweetly, and, thenceforth,  
I will proclaim thee in all ears, a bard  
Of pow'rs divine, and by the Gods inspired.

He ended; then Apollo with full force  
Rush'd on Demodocus, and he began  
What time the Greeks, first firing their own camp,  
Steer'd all their galleys from the shore of Troy.  
Already, in the horse conceal'd, his band  
Around Ulysses sat; for Ilium's sons  
Had drawn it to the citadel themselves,  
And there the mischief stood. Then, strife arose  
Among the Trojans compassing the horse,  
And threefold was the doubt; whether to cleave  
The hollow trunk asunder, or updrawn  
Aloft, to cast it headlong from the rocks,  
Or to permit the enormous image, kept  
Entire, to stand an off'ring to the Gods,  
Which was their destined course; for Fate had fix'd  
Their ruin sure, when once they had received  
Within their walls that engine huge, in which  
Sat all the bravest Grecians with the fate  
Of Ilium charged, and slaughter of her sons.

He sang, how, from the horse effused, the Greeks  
 Left their capacious ambush, and the town  
 Made desolate. To others, in his song,  
 He gave the praise of wasting all beside,  
 But told how, fierce as Mars, Ulysses join'd  
 With godlike Menelaus, in his house  
 Assail'd Deiphobus; him there engaged  
 In direct fight he sang, and through the aid  
 Of glorious Pallas, conqu'ror over all\*.

So sang the bard illustrious, at whose song  
 Ulysses melted, and tear following tear  
 Fell on his checks. As when a woman weeps,  
 Her husband fall'n in battle for her sake  
 And for his children' sake, before the gate  
 Of his own city; sinking to his side  
 She close infolds him with a last embrace,  
 And, gazing on him as he pants and dies,  
 Shrieks at the sight; mean-time, the ruthless foe  
 Smiting her shoulders with the spear, to toil  
 Command her and to bondage far away,  
 And her cheek fades with horror at the sound;  
 Ulysses, so, from his moist lids let fall  
 The frequent tear. Unnoticed by the rest

\* Helen, after the death of Paris, is said to have been married to Deiphobus.—B. & C. The tradition affords at least a probable reason for the assault of his house in particular.

Those drops, but not by King Alcinoüs, fell,  
 Who, seated at his side, his heavy sighs  
 Remark'd, and the Phæacians thus bespake\*.

Phæacian Chiefs and Senators attend!

Now bid the bard withhold his skilful hand,  
 Since not alike delightful to us all  
 Is this new theme, which hearing, (while ourselves  
 Have supp'd and listen'd to the noble strain  
 Well-pleas'd) the stranger hath not ceas'd from tears  
 And lamentation, by remembrance caus'd  
 Of some great woe which wraps his soul around.  
 Bid, therefore, cease the bard, that all alike  
 Be gratified, the stranger and ourselves,  
 As is most seemly; for his conduct hence  
 To his own home, and these our lib'ral gifts  
 Prove that we prize him, as the soul that feels,  
 Though in the least degree, will ever prize  
 And as a brother love the suppliant-guest.  
 And thou conceal not, artfully reserv'd,  
 What I shall ask, far better plain declared  
 Than smother'd close; who art thou? speak thy name,  
 The name by which thy father, mother, friends

\* The story of the Trojan horse is artfully introduced, that Ulysses weeping at the recital of it, and being questioned concerning the cause of his tears, an easy and natural introduction may be afforded to the narrative of his adventures.—C.

And fellow-citizens, with all who dwell  
 Around thy native city, in times past  
 Have known thee ; for of all things human none  
 Lives altogether nameless, whether base  
 By birth, or noble, but each man receives  
 Ev'n in the moment of his birth, a name\*.  
 Thy country, people, city, tell ; the mark  
 At which my ships, intelligent, shall aim,  
 That they may bear thee thither ; for our ships  
 No pilot need or helm, as ships are wont,  
 But know, themselves, our purpose ; know beside  
 All cities, and all fruitful regions well  
 Of all the earth, and, though in clouds involved,  
 Skim the rude billows, fearing neither wreck  
 Nor inj'ry, rage the tempest as it may.  
 Yet thus, long since, my father I have heard  
 Naufthois speaking ; Neptune, he would say,  
 Is angry with us, for that safe we bear  
 Strangers of ev'ry nation to their home ;  
 And he foretold a time when he would break  
 In pieces some Phæacian gallant bark  
 Returning after convoy of her charge,  
 And that, behind a mountain huge conceal'd

\* The parents had by law not only a power to name their child, but also to give him a new name afterward, proclaiming it by the publick crier.—C.



Our city should, thenceforth, be found no more.

So spake my hoary Sire, which let the God  
 At his own pleasure do, or leave undone.  
 But tell me truth, and plainly. Where have been  
 Thy wand'rings? in what regions of the earth  
 Hast thou arrived? what nations hast thou seen,  
 What cities? say, how many hast thou found  
 Harsh, savage and unjust? how many, kind  
 To strangers, and disposed to fear the Gods?  
 Say also, from what secret grief of heart  
 Thy sorrows flow, oft as thou hear'st the fate  
 Of the Achaians, or of Ilium sung?  
 That fate the Gods prepared; they spin the thread  
 Of man's destruction, that in after days  
 The bard may make the sad event his theme.  
 Perish'd thy father or thy brother there?  
 Or hast thou at the siege of Ilium lost  
 Father-in-law, or son-in-law? for such  
 Are next and dearest to us after those  
 Who share our own descent; or was the dead  
 Thy bosom-friend, whose heart was as thy own?  
 For worthy as a brother of our love  
 The constant friend and the discrete I deem.

## A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

## N I N T H B O O K.

Ulysses discovers himself to the Phæacians, and begins the history of his adventures. He destroys Ismarus, city of the Ciconians; arrives among the Lotophagi; and afterwards at the land of the Cyclops. He is imprisoned by Polypheme in his cave, who devours six of his companions; intoxicates the monster with wine, blinds him while he sleeps, and escapes from him.

## B O O K IX.

**T**HEN answer, thus, Ulysses wife return'd.  
 Alcinoüs! o'er Phæacia's sons supreme!  
 Pleasant it is to listen while a bard  
 Like This, melodious as Apollo, sings.  
 The world, in my account, no fight affords  
 More gratifying, than a people blest  
 With cheerfulness and peace, a palace throng'd  
 With guests in order seated and regaled  
 With harp and song, while plenteous viands steam

On

On ev'ry table, and the cups, with wine  
 From brimming beakers fill'd, pass brisk around.  
 No lovelier fight know I\*. But thou, it seems,  
 Thy thoughts hast turn'd to ask me whence my groans  
 And tears, that I may sorrow still the more†.  
 What first, what next, what last shall I rehearse,  
 On whom the Gods have show'r'd such various woes?  
 Learn first my name, that even in this land  
 Remote I may be known, and that, escaped

\* Lucian ludicrously considers it as a demonstrative proof that the life of a parasite, or of one who subsists at another's table, is supremely happy, that Homer, the wisest of poets, introduces the wise Ulysses admiring the spectacle here described as the pleasantest that the earth affords. But Plato is very angry with Homer on account of this sentiment, and, asking if this be a lesson of temperance fit for a youth to study, swears by Jupiter that in his opinion it is not. His indignation however seems rather unreasonable; since it is plainly a speech of complaisance merely, and designed to gratify Alcinoüs, the King of a voluptuous people. Thus Megaclides and Hermogenes considered it, and thus Eustathius; and, thus understood, it is a strong instance of the poet's attention to character, who so often extols the prudence of Ulysses.—C.

† So Sophocles in Oedipus Colon: ver. 501.

Δειδὸν μὲν τὸ πάλας κείμειον ἤδη κακόν,

ᾧ ξεῖν' ἐπεγείρειν.—————

O guest! 'tis hard to wake a sleeping woe!

And so Plutarch in his Symposiacs observes—We should be careful how we ask from others an account of their sufferings; for whether they have suffered by acts of injustice, or by the deaths of children, or by unsuccessful trading either by land or sea, the recital costs them pain.—C.

From all adversity, I may requite  
Hereafter, this your hospitable care  
At my own home, though distant far from yours.  
I am Ulysses, fear'd in all the earth  
For subtlest wisdom, and renown'd to heaven,  
The offspring of Laertes ; my abode  
Is sun-burnt Ithaca ; there stands, his boughs  
Waving, the mountain Neritus sublime,  
And it is neighbour'd close by clust'ring isles  
All populous ; thence Samos is beheld,  
Dulichium, and Zacynthus forest-clad.  
Flat on the Deep she lies, farthest removed  
Toward the West, while, situate apart,  
Her sister islands face the rising day ;  
Rugged she is, but fruitful nurse of sons  
Magnanimous ; nor shall these eyes behold,  
Elsewhere, an object dear and sweet as she.  
Calypso, beauteous Goddess, in her grot  
Detain'd me, wishing me her own espoused ;  
Ææan \* Circe also, deeply skill'd  
In subtlest arts, within her palace long  
Detain'd me, wishing me her own espoused ;  
But never could they warp my constant mind.  
So much our parents and our native soil  
Attract us most, and even though our lot

\* So called from Aia a city of Colchis.—B. & C.

Be fair and plenteous in a foreign land.  
 But come—my painful voyage, such as Jove  
 Gave me from Ilium, I will now relate.

From Troy to Thracian Ifinarus I sail'd,  
 City of the Ciconians ; them I slew,  
 And laid their city waste \* ; whence bringing forth  
 Much spoil with all their wives, I portion'd it  
 With equal hand, and each received a share.  
 Next, I exhorted to immediate flight  
 My people ; but in vain ; they madly scorn'd  
 My sober counsel, and much wine they drank,  
 And sheep and bees flew num'rous on the shore.  
 Mean-time, Ciconians to Ciconians call'd,  
 Their neighbours summoning, a mightier host  
 And braver, dwelling distant from the shore,  
 And skilful, either mounted, to maintain  
 Fierce fight, or if occasion bade, on foot.  
 Num'rous they came as leaves, or vernal flow'rs  
 At day-spring. Then, by the decree of Jove,  
 Misfortune found us. At the ships we stood  
 Piercing each other with the brazen spear,  
 And till the morning brighten'd into noon,  
 Few as we were, we yet withstood them all ;  
 But, when the sun verged westward, then the Greeks  
 Fell back, and the Ciconian host prevail'd.

\* Because they had been allies of Priam.—B. & C.

Six warlike Grecians from each galley's crew  
Perish'd in that dread field; the rest escap'd\*.

Thus, after loss of many, we pursued  
Our course, yet, difficult as was our flight,  
Went not till first we had invoked by name  
Our friends, whom the Ciconians had destroy'd †.  
But, ether's Sov'reign, Jove, assail'd us soon  
With a tempestuous North-wind; earth alike  
And sea with storms he overhung, and night  
Fell fast from heav'n. Their heads deep-plunging oft  
Our gallies flew, and rent, and rent again  
Our tatter'd sail-cloth crackled in the wind.  
We, fearing instant death, within the barks  
Our canvas lodg'd, and, toiling strenuous, reach'd  
At length the continent. Two nights we lay  
Continual there, and two long days, consumed  
With toil and grief; but when the beauteous morn  
Had brought, at length, the third day to a close ‡,

\* The whole number of the slain was 72, for it appears afterward that his barks were 12.—B.

† It was customary when any died in a foreign land, for the survivor, using certain ceremonies at the same time, to invoke them by name, that they might thus seem, even though their bodies were left behind, to have them still in their company.—B. & C.

‡ Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ τρίτον ἡμᾶρ εὐπλόκαμος τέλεισ' ἦώς,  
Or it may signify. *on the morning of the third day*, for τελέω has a double sense, importing not only to finish but to make or bring to pass. As in that line—

Εἰ δύναμαι τελεσαι γε, καὶ εἰ τετελεσμένον ἐστὶ.

(Our masts erected, and white fails unfurl'd)  
 Again we sat on board; mean-time, the winds  
 Well managed by the steersman, urged us on.  
 And now, all danger pass'd, I had attain'd  
 My native shore, but, doubling in my course  
 Malea, waves and currents and North-winds  
 Constrain'd me devious to Cythera's isle\*.  
 Nine days by cruel storms I thence was borne  
 Athwart the fishy Deep, but on the tenth  
 Reach'd the Lotophagi, a race sustain'd  
 On sweetest fruit alone†. There quitting ship,  
 We landed and drew water, and the crews  
 Beside the vessels took their ev'ning cheer.  
 When, hasty, we had thus our strength renew'd,  
 I order'd forth my people to inquire  
 (Two I selected from the rest, with whom  
 I join'd an herald, third) what race of men  
 Might there inhabit. They, departing, mix'd  
 With the Lotophagi; nor hostile aught  
 Or savage the Lotophagi devised

\* Malea was a promontory and Cythera an island of Laconia.—  
 B. & C.

† Meninx is supposed to have been the land of the Lotophagi mentioned by Homer. Some indications of it are shown there, such as the altar built by Ulysses and the very fruit he found; for it abounds with a sort of tree which the inhabitants call the Lotus, the fruit of which has the most agreeable flavour. Strabo Geog: B. XVII.—It is also said that they made wine of it.—C.

Against

Against our friends, but offer'd to their taste  
 The lotus; of which fruit what man so'er  
 Once tasted, no desire felt he to come  
 With tidings back, or seek his country more,  
 But rather wish'd to feed on lotus still  
 With the Lotophagi, and to renounce  
 All thoughts of home. Them, therefore, I constrain'd  
 Weeping on board, and dragging each beneath  
 The benches, bound him there. Then, all in haste,  
 I urged my people to ascend again  
 Their hollow barks, lest others also, fed  
 With fruit of lotus, should forget their home.  
 They quick embark'd, and on the benches ranged  
 In order, thrush'd with oars the foamy flood.

Thence, o'er the Deep proceeding sad, we reach'd  
 The land at length, where, giant-sized \* and free  
 From all constraint of law, the Cyclops dwell.  
 They, trusting to the Gods, plant not, or plough,  
 But earth unfow'd, untill'd, brings forth for them  
 All fruits, wheat, barley, and the vinous grape  
 Large-cluster'd, nourish'd by the show'rs of Jove †.

\* So the Scholium interprets in this place, the word *ὑπερφιάλος*.—  
B. & C.

† They trusted, as Clarke observes, not in a religious sense, for it appears in the sequel that they accounted the Gods inferiour to themselves, but in an economical one; depending in fact on their soil and climate, and leading a life of ease and inactivity.



No councils they convene, no laws contrive,  
 But caverns deep inhabit on the heads  
 Of lofty mountains, judging each, his own,  
 And heedless of the welfare of the rest.  
 In front of the Cyclopean haven lies  
 Nor close nor yet remote, an island, small  
 And cloth'd with woods. There, wild-goats, undisturb'd,  
 Breed numberless; for never huntsman there,  
 Inured to toil and hardship while he roams  
 The dreary woodland heights, their track pursues;  
 No fleecy flocks dwell there, nor plough is known,  
 But the unseeded and unfurrow'd soil,  
 Year after year a wilderness by man  
 Untrodden, food for blatant goats supplies.  
 For crimson galleys none the Cyclops own,  
 Nor naval artist, whose industrious hand  
 Might build them barks for intercourse by sea  
 With distant cities, as the practice is,  
 For mutual 'vantage' sake, of wiser man,  
 Else, man might people and improve their isle  
 Not sterile in itself, but apt to yield,  
 In their due season, fruits of ev'ry kind.  
 For stretch'd beside the hoary ocean lie  
 Green meadows moist, where vines would never fail;  
 Light is the land, and they might yearly reap  
 The tallest crops, so unctuous is the glebe,

Safe is its haven also, where no need  
Of cable is or anchor, or to lash  
The hawser fast ashore, but pushing in  
His bark, the mariner might there abide  
Till rising gales should tempt him forth again.  
At bottom of the bay clear water runs,  
Issuing from a cove hemm'd all around  
With poplars; down into that bay we steer'd  
Amid the darkness of the night, some God  
Conducting us; for all unseen it lay,  
Such gloom involved the fleet, nor shone the moon  
From heav'n to light us, veil'd by pitchy clouds.  
Hence, neither island, we, nor lofty surge  
Rolling toward the beach descried, or ere  
Our vessels struck the ground; but when they struck,  
Then, low'ring all our sails, we disembark'd,  
And on the sea-beach slept till dawn appear'd.  
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
Look'd rosy forth, we with admiring eyes  
The isle surveying, roam'd it wide around.  
Meantime, the nymphs, Jove's daughters, roused the goats  
Bred on the mountains, to supply with food  
The partners of my toils; then, bringing forth  
Bows and long-pointed javelins from the ships,  
Divided all into three separate bands  
We struck them, and the Gods requited soon

Our skill, so frequent on all sides they fell.  
 Twelve ships attended me, and ev'ry ship  
 Nine goats received by lot ; myself alone  
 Selected ten. All day, till set of sun,  
 We, feasting largely, fat, and drinking wine  
 Delicious, without stint ; for dearth was none  
 Of ruddy wine on board, but much remain'd,  
 For much we found at Isinarus, where each  
 His vessel fill'd, when we despoil'd the town.  
 Thence looking to the near Cyclopean shore  
 We saw smoke rising, and a mingled din  
 Of sheep and goats and of their owners heard.  
 Now sank the sun, and (night o'ershadowing all)  
 We slept along the shore ; but when again  
 The rosy-finger'd daughter of the dawn  
 Look'd forth, my crews convened, I thus began.

My friends ! rest here, while, seeking yonder coast  
 With my own bark and people, I inquire  
 If the inhabitants be wild, unjust,  
 And to contention giv'n, or well disposed  
 To strangers, and a race who fear the Gods.

So saying, I climb'd my bark and bade my crew  
 Casting her hawsers loose, attend me thence.  
 Obedient they soon enter'd, and with oars  
 Well-timed and even thrush'd the foamy flood.  
 Erelong, arriving on the coast, we found

At its extremity, fast by the sea,  
 A cavern, lofty, and dark-brow'd above  
 With laurels ; in that cavern slumb'ring lay  
 Much cattle, sheep and goats, and a broad court  
 Enclosed it, fenced with stones from quarries hewn,  
 With spiry firs, and oaks of ample bough.  
 Here dwelt a giant vast, who far remote  
 His flocks fed solitary, converse none  
 Desiring, fullen, savage, and unjust.  
 Monster, in truth, he was, hideous in form,  
 Far less resembling man by bread sustain'd,  
 Than some huge mountain-summit, tufted thick  
 With trees and shrubs, and tow'ring o'er the rest.  
 Enjoining, then, my people to abide  
 Fast by the ship which they should closely guard, ♂  
 I went ; but not without a goat-skin fill'd  
 With richest wine, from Maron erst received,  
 The offspring of Evanthes, and the priest  
 Of Phœbus, whom in Itharus I saved,  
 And, with himself, his children and his wife,  
 Through reverence of Apollo ; for he dwelt  
 Amid the laurels sacred to his God.  
 He gave me, therefore, noble gifts ; from him  
 Sev'n talents I receiv'd of beaten gold,  
 A beaker, argent all, and after these  
 No fewer than twelve jars with wine replete,

The author has here (a very unmusical thing) omitted Rich  
 the line below. the number may be rendered thus - v: next page.  
 Αἰτάς ἐρω χεῖρας ἑλασίων δοξαρίων ἄγιστον  
 157v

Rich, unadult'rate, drink for Gods ; nor knew  
 One servant, male or female, of that wine  
 In all his house ; none knew it, save himself,  
 His wife, and the intendant of his stores.  
 Oft as they drank that luscious juice, he flaked  
 A single cup with twenty from the stream,  
 And, even then, the beaker breath'd abroad  
 A scent celestial, which whoever smelt,  
 Thenceforth no pleasure found it to abstain.  
 Charged with an ample goat-skin of this wine  
 I went, and with provision in a bag,  
 But felt a sudden presage in my soul  
 That, haply, with terrifick force endued,  
 Some savage would appear, untaught the laws  
 That guard the social rites of human-kind.  
 We fearless enter'd his abode, but Him  
 Found not, then pasturing his flocks abroad.  
 With curious eyes his cavern we explored  
 From side to side ; his strainers hung with cheese  
 Distended, and with lambs and kids his pens  
 Were crowded close, all sorted by their age  
 In sep'rate folds ; the fullest-sized apart,  
 Apart from these the smaller, and the least  
 Also apart. His pails and bowls with whey  
 Swam all, neat vessels into which he milk'd.  
 Me then my friends first importuned to take

VOL. III.

R

A portion

2 I then enjoined my people to abide  
 Fast by the Ship, which they should closely guard,  
 Whilst I, selecting <sup>comrades</sup> ~~suave companions~~ <sup>the best</sup> ~~the best~~,  
 Went on . . . . .

A portion of his cheefes, then to drive  
 Forth from the sheep-cotes to the rapid bark  
 His kids and lambs, and plough the brine again.  
 But me they moved not, happier had they moved!  
 I wish'd to see him, and to gain, perchance,  
 Some pledge of hospitality from One,  
 No pleasant host, when he should once appear.  
 Then, kindling fire, we offer'd to the Gods,  
 And of his cheefes eating, patient fat  
 Till home he trudg'd from pasture\*. Charged he came  
 With dry wood bundled, an enormous load,  
 Fuel by which to sup. Loud crash'd the thorns  
 Which down he cast before the cavern's mouth,  
 To whose interiour nooks we trembling flew.  
 At once he drove into his spacious cave  
 His batten'd flock, all those which gave him milk,  
 But left the males, both rams and goats, abroad,  
 And with a rock (uplifting it with ease)  
 Shut close his cavern's mouth. It was a load  
 Which all the teams of twenty and two wains  
 Of amplest size, had toil'd in vain to move.  
 Such was the crag that served him as a door

\* Athenæus takes particular notice of it as an instance of the piety of Homer, that he represents Ulysses as scrupulously attentive to this religious duty, even in the cave of the Cyclops.—C. But the pious act had certainly this defect in it, that he offered what was not his own; a defect which Barnes has noticed.

For his capacious cave. Then, down he sat,  
 And milking, one by one, his goats and ewes,  
 Applied her yeanling to the teats of each,  
 And thick'ning half with rennet, thrust the curd  
 Into his wicker sieves, but stored the rest  
 In pans and bowls—his customary drink.  
 His labours thus perform'd, he kindled, last,  
 His fuel, and discerning *us*, enquired,

Friends, speak your names, and answer, whence ye come?  
 Plough ye the Deep for traffick, or, at large,  
 As pirates, rove, who, fearing nought themselves,  
 Alarm and terrour bear to foreign shores?

He ceas'd. We, struck with horreur, heard the growl  
 Of his big voice, and view'd his form uncouth,  
 To whom, though fore-appall'd, I thus replied.

Of Greece are we, and, bound from Ilium home,  
 Have wander'd wide the expanse of ocean, sport  
 For every wind, and, driven from our course,  
 (Such was the will of Jove) have landed here.  
 We boast ourselves of Agamemnon's train,  
 The son of Atreus, at this hour the Chief  
 Beyond all others under heav'n renown'd,  
 So great a city he hath sack'd, and slain  
 Such num'rous foes; but since we reach, at last,  
 Thy knees, we beg such hospitable fare,  
 Or other gift, as guests are wont to obtain.

Illustrious lord I respect the Gods, and us  
 Thy suitors ; suppliants are the care of Jove  
 The hospitable ; he their wrongs repents,  
 And where the stranger sojourns, there is he.

I ceas'd, when answer thus he, fierce, return'd.  
 Friend ! either thou art fool, or hast arrived  
 Indeed from far, who bidd'st me fear the Gods  
 Lest they be wroth. The Cyclops little heeds  
 Jove ægis-arm'd, or all the Powers of heav'n \*.  
 Our race is mightier far ; nor shall I spare,  
 Through fear of Jove's hostility, thyself  
 Or thy companions, be not such my choice.  
 But tell me now. Where touch'd thy gallant bark  
 Our country, on thy first arrival here ?  
 Remote, or nigh ? for I would learn the truth.

So spake he, tempting me ; but, artful, thus  
 I answer'd, penetrating his intent.

My vessel, Neptune, Shaker of the shores,  
 At yonder utmost promontory dash'd  
 In pieces, hurling her against the rocks  
 With winds that blew right thither from the sea,

\* So the Cyclops of Euripides says,

Ζηὸς δ' ἐγὼ κεραυνὸν ἐφρίσσω, ξένε,  
 οὐδ' οἶδ' ὅτι Ζεὺς ἐστ' ἐμῶ κρείστων θεός.—C.

I quake not at the thunderbolt of Jove  
 O guest, nor know him more a God than I.



And I, with these alone, escaped alive.

So I, to whom, relentless, answer none  
 He deign'd, but, with his arms extended, sprang  
 Toward my people, of whom two at once  
 Seizing, like whelps against his cavern-floor  
 He dash'd them, and their brains spread all around.  
 These, piece-meal hewn, for supper he prepared,  
 And, like a mountain-lion, neither flesh  
 Nor entrails left, nor yet their marrowy bones.  
 We, viewing that tremendous sight, upraised  
 Our hands to Jove, all hope and courage lost.  
 When thus the Cyclops had with human flesh  
 Fill'd his capacious belly, and had quaff'd  
 Much undiluted milk, among his flocks  
 Outstretch'd immense, he press'd his cavern-floor.  
 Me, then, my courage prompted to approach  
 The monster with my glitt'ring falchion drawn,  
 And to transfix him where the vitals wrap  
 The liver ; but maturer thoughts forbade.  
 For so, we also had incurr'd a death  
 Tremendous, wanting pow'r to thrust aside  
 The rocky mass that clos'd his cavern-mouth  
 By force of hand alone. Thus many a sigh  
 Heaving, we watch'd the dawn. But when, at length,  
 Aurora, day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd  
 Look'd forth, then, kindling fire, his flocks he milk'd

In order, and her yeanling kid or lamb  
Thrust under each. When thus he had perform'd  
His wonted task, two feizing, as before,  
He flew them for his next obscene regale.  
His breakfast ended, from the cave he drove  
His fatted flocks abroad, moving with ease  
That pond'rous barrier, and replacing it  
As he had only clos'd a quiver's lid.  
Then, hissing them along, he drove his flocks  
Toward the mountain, and me left, the while  
Contemplating how best I might avenge  
My friends, and by the aid of Pallas win  
Deathless renown. This counsel pleas'd me most.  
Beside the sheep-cote lay a maffy club  
Hewn by the Cyclops from an olive stock,  
Green, but which dried, should serve him for a staff.  
To us confid'ring it, that staff appear'd  
Tall as the mast of a huge trading bark,  
Impell'd by twenty rowers o'er the Deep.  
Such, in our eyes, its length and bulk appear'd.  
From this I sever'd, at its tap'ring end,  
A fathom's length, and bade my people shave  
The scantling smooth. They smooth'd it, and, the while,  
I gave it point, then scer'd it in the fire,  
And cover'd it with ordure of the flocks  
With which the cavern-floor lay thick bespread.

And

And now, commandment for the lots I gave,  
 Who should, with me, the pointed brand enforce  
 When sleep should seize him next, into his eye,  
 And grind the pupil out. They shook the lots,  
 And four were chosen, in my own esteem  
 The worthiest, and myself was chosen fifth\*.  
 At even-tide he came, his fleecy flocks  
 Assembling homeward, and compell'd them all  
 Into his cavern, leaving none abroad,  
 Either through some surmise, or so inclined  
 By influence, haply, of the Gods themselves.  
 The huge rock pull'd into its place again

\* It was necessary to choose them by lot, lest those whom he left, had he chosen his assistants otherwise, should have thought themselves undervalued, or those whom he had taken, have complained of being selected for a service of so much danger.

Spondanus, as both Barnes and Clarke observe, has much foolish speculation here, on the question why Ulysses did not kill the Cyclops at once. Is he satisfied, says he, with such slight revenge for the loss of his six companions? I deny that it was slight. To blind him was a severer punishment than to slay him. By deprivation of sight his life is made more bitter to him than a thousand deaths. And I am not afraid to affirm that this was the very consideration which determined Ulysses to act as he did, though the poet has not mentioned it. The learned critick, says Clarke, was wonderfully blind himself, for the true reason of the hero's conduct could not have been more plainly given than it is in that line,

*Αὐτῆ γὰρ κε καὶ ἄμμες ἀπὼ λομεθ', &c.*

The mouth of the cave being closed with a rock which they could not move, they must infallibly have perished, had not Ulysses spared the life of Polypheme that he might displace it for them.

At the cave's mouth, he, fitting, mi'k'd his sheep  
 And goats in order, and her kid or lamb  
 Thrust under each ; thus, all his work dispatch'd,  
 Two more he seiz'd, and to his supper fell.  
 I then, presenting to his hand a bowl  
 Of ivy-wood replete with ruddy wine,  
 Before the Cyclops stood, and thus began.

Lo, Cyclops ! this is wine \*. Take this and drink  
 After thy meal of man's flesh. Taste and learn  
 What precious liquor our lost vessel bore.  
 I brought it for libation, and in hope  
 That, moved to pity by that sacred rite,  
 Thou would'st dismiss us home ; but limits none  
 Thy fury knows ; what man of all mankind  
 Shall, after deeds thus lawless, visit *Thee* ?

I ceas'd. He took and drank, and hugely † pleas'd  
 With that delicious bev'rage, thus enquired.

Give me again, and spare not. Tell me, too,  
 Thy name, incontinent, that I may make  
 Requit, gratifying also thee

\* Hierocles being brought before the judge, he sentenced him to be beaten with rods, when filling the hollow of his hand with the blood that streamed from him, he scattered it over the magistrate, saying

Κύκλωψ, τῆ, πῖς οἶνον, ἐπεὶ φάγες ἀνδρόμαχα κρέα.

Vide Suidam in voce Hierocles.—B. & C.

† Αἰρεῖς.

With

With somewhat to thy taste. We Cyclops own  
 A bounteous foil, which yields *us* also wine  
 From cluſters nourish'd by the ſhow'rs of Jove ;  
 But this—oh this is from above—a ſtream  
 Of neſtar and ambroſia, all divine !

He ended, and received a ſecond draught,  
 Like meaſure. Thrice I bore it to his hand,  
 And, fooliſh, thrice he drank. But when the fumes  
 Began to play around the Cyclops' brain,  
 With ſhow of amity I thus replied.

Cyclops ! thou haſt my noble name enquired,  
 Which I will tell thee. Give me, in return,  
 The promiſed boon, ſome hoſpitable pledge.  
 My name is Outis\* ; Outis I am call'd  
 At home, abroad, wherever I am known.

So

\* Clarke, who has preſerved this name in his marginal verſion, contends ſtrenuouſly, and with great reaſon, that Outis ought not to be tranſlated ; and in a paſſage which he quotes from the *Acta eruditorum*, we ſee much fault found with Giphanius and other interpreters of Homer for having tranſlated it. It is certain that in Homer the word is declined not as οὔτις-τιωος, which ſignifies no man, but as οὔτις-τιδος, making οὔτιν in the accuſative, conſequently as a proper name. It is ſufficient that the ambiguity was ſuch as to deceive the friends of the Cyclops. Outis is ſaid by ſome (perhaps abſurdly) to have been a name given to Ulyſſes on account of his having larger ears than common.

The Gentleman who honoured this work with ſome very learned and acute criticifms in the Analytical Review for January 1793, and to whoſe remarks the Tranſlator with pleaſure acknowledges himſelf indebted for ſeveral improvements, is ſtill of opinion againſt  
 Clarke

So I; to whom he, savage, thus replied.

Outis, when I have eaten all his friends,  
Shall be my last regale\*. Be that thy boon.

Clarke and the writer quoted by Clarke from the *Acta eruditorum*, that *OUTIS* ought to be translated. But in all that he alleges to that purpose there seems to be no sufficient reason for it.

*Outis*, though a name of expedience only, and invented merely for the sake of its consequences, is as much a name as that which really belonged to the inventor; and names are never translated. No, not even when our clear apprehension of a passage, depends on our knowledge of their meaning. And for this plain reason. Because a name translated is a new name, and not that which the person bore or chose to assume. In all such cases, therefore, the reader's possible ignorance is overlooked in the text, and such information as he may want is given him in the margin.

Thus, in the first book of *SAMUEL*, where *ABIGAIL* speaking of her husband says, *NABAL* is his name and folly is with him, it is sufficient that in the margin the translators of the Bible inform us that *NABAL* signifies *folly*. And again, when the mother of *Ruth* says, call me no longer *NAOMI*, but call me *MARA*, for the Lord hath dealt very *bitterly* with me, the reader unskilled in *HEBREW*, is enlightened by a marginal reference, which teaches him that *NAOMI* signifies *pleasant*, and *MARA* *bitter*.

Other proofs might be given, and one in particular from the 19th book of this very Poem, where the reason why *AUTOLYCUS* named the hero of it *Ulysses*, or rather *ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ*, is assigned, and where it would nevertheless be wrong, and even preposterous, to convey to the English reader the information he needs, by a translation of the name in the context.

\* Homer seems to have been the inventor of the terrible *Graces*, one of which is that speech of the Cyclops—*Οὔτιν ἐγὼ πύματον ἔδομαι*—I will eat *Outis* last.—Such was the favour shown by the monster to *Ulysses*. Nor does he appear so dreadful while he devours two Grecians, nor from the rock with which he closes up his cavern, nor from his club, as in this instance of savage urbanity. *Demetrius Phalereus* περι' Ἐμφυσιάζει.—C.

He spake, and, downward sway'd, fell resupine,  
 With his huge neck aflant. All-conqu'ring sleep  
 Soon seized him. From his gullet gush'd the wine  
 With human morsels mingled, many a blast  
 Sonorous issuing from his glutt'd maw.  
 Then, thrusting far the spike of olive-wood  
 Into the embers glowing on the hearth,  
 I heated it, and cheer'd my friends, the while,  
 Lest any should, through fear, decline his part.  
 But when that stake of olive-wood, though green,  
 Should soon have flamed, for it was glowing hot,  
 I bore it to his side. Then all my aids  
 Around me gathered, and the Gods infused  
 Heroic fortitude into our hearts.  
 They, grasping the sharp stake of olive-wood  
 Infix'd it in his eye; myself, advanced  
 To a superiour stand, twirl'd it about.  
 As when a shipwright with his wimble bores  
 Tough oaken timber, placed on either side  
 Below, his fellow-artists strain the thong  
 Alternate, and the restless iron spins,  
 So, grasping hard the fiery-pointed stake,  
 We twirl'd it in his eye; the bubbling blood  
 Boil'd round about the brand; his pupil sent  
 A scalding vapour forth that sing'd his brow,

And

And all his eye-roots crackled in the flame.  
 As when the smith an hatchet or large axe  
 Temp'ring, immerses all the hissing blade  
 Deep in cold water, (whence the strength of steel)  
 So his'd his eye around the olive-wood.  
 The howling monster with his outcry fill'd  
 The hollow rock, and I, with all my aids,  
 Fled terrified. He, plucking forth the spike  
 From his burnt socket, mad with anguish, cast  
 The implement all bloody far away.  
 Then, bellowing, he founded forth the name  
 Of ev'ry Cyclops dwelling in the caves  
 Around him, on the wind-swept mountain-tops;  
 They, flocking at his cry from ev'ry part,  
 Circled his den, and of his ail inquired.

What ail'st thou, Polypheme, with hideous cries  
 Troubling the peaceful night, and our repose?  
 Fear'st thou to perish, or to lose thy flocks  
 By force or fraud of rovers o'er the Deep?

Whom thus the Cyclops answer'd from within.  
 My friends! By fraud of Outis here surpris'd,  
 By force of Outis here subdued, I die.

Then thus with accents wing'd his friends without,  
 If no man harm thee, but thou art alone,  
 And sickness feel'st, it is the stroke of Joye,

And



And thou must bear it ; yet invoke for aid  
Thy father Neptune, Sov'reign of the floods \*.

So saying, they went, and in my heart I laugh'd  
That by the fiction only of a name,  
Slight stratagem ! I had deceived them all.

Then groan'd the Cyclops wrung with pain and grief,  
And, fumbling with stretch'd hands, removed the rock  
From his cave's mouth ; which done, he sat him down  
Spreading his arms athwart the pass, to stop  
Our egress with his flocks abroad ; so dull,  
It seems, he held me, and so ill-advised.

I, pondering what means might fittest prove  
To save from instant death, (if save I might)  
My people and myself, to ev'ry shift  
Inclined, and various counsels framed, as one  
Who strove for life, with instant death in view.  
To me, thus meditating, this appear'd  
The likeliest course. The rams well-thriven were,  
Thick-fleeced, full-sized, with wool of fable hue.  
These, silently, with osier twigs on which  
The Cyclops, hideous monster, slept, I bound,  
Three in one leash ; the intermediate rams  
Bore each a man, whom the exterior two

\* *Ootis*, as a *name*, could only denote him who bore it ; but as a *noun*, it signifies *no man*, which accounts sufficiently for the ludicrous mistake of his brethren.

Preserved, concealing him on either side.  
 Thus each was borne by three, and I, at last,  
 The curl'd back seizing of a ram, (for one  
 I had reserv'd far stateliest of them all)  
 Slipp'd underneath his belly, and both hands  
 Infolding fast in his exub'rant fleece,  
 Hung by that hold and press'd the floor supine\*.  
 All thus dispos'd, we watch'd with many a sigh  
 The sacred dawn; but when, at length, aris'n,  
 Aurora, day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd  
 Again appear'd, the males of all his flocks  
 Rush'd forth to pasture, and his ewes, the while,  
 Stood bleating, unrelieved from the distress  
 Of udders overcharged. He, rack'd with pain  
 Intolerable, handled, as they flood,  
 The backs of all, but, in his folly, left  
 Their bosoms, where we clung, still unexplored.  
 And now (none left beside) the ram approach'd  
 With his own wool encumber'd and with me,  
 Whom many a fear molested. Polypheme  
 The giant stroked him as he sat, and said,

\* Here again Spondanus makes a discovery. Namely, that Ulysses reserving the ram to himself, which was the largest of the whole flock, discovered by doing so, more sollicitude for his own safety than for that of his companions. As if it was not plainly impossible that he should bind himself as he had bound them.—C. In fact he was much less secure than they, having no ram on either side to conceal him.

My darling ram! why, latest of the flock  
 Com'ft thou, whom never, heretofore, my sheep  
 Could leave behind, but ftalking at their head,  
 Thou firft waft wont to crop the tender grafs,  
 Firft to arrive at the clear ftream, and firft  
 With ready will to feek my sheep-cote here  
 At evening; but thou com'ft, now, laft of all.  
 Is forrow for thy mafter's eye the caufe  
 Pierced by the leader of a worthlefs crew  
 Vile as himfelf, who vanquifh'd me with wine,  
 The vagrant Outis? Him I ftill believe  
 Imprifon'd here, and could'ft thou but affift  
 Thy mafter's fearch, and tell me with a voice  
 Articulate in what recess conceal'd  
 He 'fcapes my fury now, from fide to fide  
 His fcatter'd brain fhould fpread my cavern-floor,  
 And lighter I fhould feel my wrong received  
 From Outis, bafely named and nothing worth\*.

So faying, he left him to purfue the flock.

When, thus drawn forth, we had, at length, efcaped

\* Polyphemum Homerus cùm immanem ferùmque finxiffet, cum ariete etiam colloquentem facit, ejufque laudare fortunas, quòd, quà vellet, ingredi poffet; et, quæ vellet, attingere.—Cic. Tufc. Difp. Lib. V.—C.

Homer, having represented Polypheme as a fierce and favage Being, makes him alfo hold difcourfe with his ram, which he accounts a happy creature, becaufe he can go where he will, and find what his occafions require.

Few paces from the cavern and the court,  
 Myself releasing first, my friends I loos'd.  
 Then, turning seaward many a thriven ewe  
 Sharp-hoof'd, we drove them swiftly to the ship.  
 With joyful hearts my people us received  
 Who had escaped, but much they mourn'd the dead.  
 I suffer'd not their tears, but silent shook  
 My brows, by signs commanding them to lift  
 The sheep on board, and instant plow the main.  
 They, quick embarking, on the benches sat  
 Well-ranged, and thresh'd with oars the foamy flood ;  
 But when my distance from the shore was such  
 As a loud voice may fly, with bitter taunts  
 Insulting then the Cyclops, I exclaim'd.

Cyclops ! when thou devoured'st in thy cave  
 With brutal force my followers, thou devour'd'st  
 The followers of no timid Chief, or base.  
 Vengeance was sure to recompense that deed  
 Atrocious. Monster ! who wast not afraid  
 To eat the stranger housed beneath thy roof !  
 Therefore the Gods have well requited thee.

I ended ; he, exasp'rate, raged the more,  
 And rending from its hold a mountain-top,  
 Hurl'd it toward us ; at our vessel's stern  
 Down came the mass, nigh sweeping in its fall  
 The rudder's head. The ocean at the plunge

Of that huge rock, high on its reflux flood  
 Heav'd, irrefistible, the ship to land.  
 I seizing, quick, our longest pole on board,  
 Back thrust her from the coast, and by a nod  
 In silence given, enjoin'd my crew to ply  
 Their oars in haste, that so we might escape.  
 Procumbent \*, each obey'd, and when the bark  
 Had twice her former distance interposed †,  
 Again I greeted him, although my friends  
 Earnest dissuaded me on ev'ry side.

Ah, rash Ulysses ! why with taunts provoke  
 The savage more, who hath this moment hurl'd  
 A weapon, such as heav'd the ship again  
 To land, where death seem'd certain to us all ?  
 For had he heard a cry, or but the voice  
 Of one man speaking, he had all our heads  
 With some sharp rock, and all our timbers crush'd  
 Together, such vast force is in his arm.

So they, but my courageous heart remain'd  
 Unmoved, and thus again, incens'd, I spake.  
 Cyclops ! should any man hereafter ask

\* προπεσόντες.

————— Olli certamine summo

Procumbunt.

VIRGIL.

† The seeming incongruity of this line with 555, is reconciled by supposing that Ulysses exerted his voice, naturally loud, in an extraordinary manner on this second occasion.—C.

Who caused thy shameful blindness, thus reply—  
 Laertes' son of Ithaca, renown'd  
 For cities sackt, Ulysses claims the praise.

I ceas'd, and with a groan thus he replied.  
 Ah me! an antient oracle I feel  
 Accomplish'd. Here abode a prophet erst,  
 A man of noblest form, and in his art  
 Unrival'd, Telemus Eurymedes.  
 He, prophesying to the Cyclops-race,  
 Grew old among us, and presaged my loss  
 Of sight, in future, by Ulysses' hand.  
 I therefore watch'd for the arrival here,  
 Always, of some great Chief, for stature, bulk  
 And beauty prais'd, and cloth'd with wond'rous might.  
 But now, a puny dwarf, a wretch beneath  
 All prudent fear, subdued me first with wine,  
 Then blinded me. Come hither, O my guest!  
 Return, Ulysses! hospitable cheer  
 Awaits thee, and my pray'rs I will prefer  
 To glorious Neptune for thy prosp'rous course;  
 For I am Neptune's offspring, and the God  
 Is proud to be my Sire; he, if he please,  
 And he alone can heal me; none beside  
 Of Pow'rs Immortal, or of men below.

He spake, to whom I answer thus return'd.  
 I would that of thy life amerced as sure

I could

I could difmiss thee to the fhades, as none—  
Not Neptune's felf fhall fight reftore to Thee.

So I; then pray'd the Cyclops to his Sire,  
With hands uprais'd toward the ftarry heav'n.

Hear, Ocean's Sov'reign! Neptune azure-hair'd!  
If I indeed am thine, and if thou boast  
Thyself my father, grant that never more  
Laertes' fon of Ithaca, renown'd  
For cities factt, Ulyffes, reach his home.  
But fhould the fates ordain that he behold  
Once more his home, his country and his friends,  
Late, in diftrefs, on board a foreign bark,  
All his companions loft, may he arrive,  
Nor find his mis'ries ended even there.

He fpake, whofe imprecation Neptune heard.  
Then lifting from the fhore a ftone of fize  
Still more unwieldy, with enormous force  
He whirl d it round, and launch'd it from his hand.  
Behind my fable bark the burthen fell,  
Threat'ning the rudder's head. Huge rofe the waves  
Under concuffion of the plunging rock,  
And wellnigh wafte'd us at once to land.

But when we reached the ifle where we had left  
Our num'rous barks, and where my people fat  
Watching with ceafelefs forrow our return,  
We thruft our vefsel to the fandy fhore,

Then disembark'd, and of the Cyclops' sheep  
Gave equal share to all. To me alone  
My fellow-voyagers the ram consign'd  
In distribution, my peculiar meed.  
Him to the cloud-girt Sov'reign over all  
Devoting, on the shore his thighs I burn'd.  
But adverse Jove, designing, even then,  
The wreck of all my galleys, and the death  
Of all my followers, heeded not the gift.  
Thus, feasting largely, on the shore we sat  
Till even-tide, and quaffing gen'rous wine ;  
But when the sun was set and darkness fell,  
Then, on the shore we slept ; and when again  
Aurora, rosy daughter of the Dawn,  
Look'd forth, I bade my people, casting loose  
Without delay their moorings, climb the barks.  
They, all obedient, took their seats on board  
Well-ranged, and thresh'd with oars the foamy flood.  
Thus, happy to escape, though sad for those  
Whom we had lost, we roam'd the Deep again.



A R G U M E N T  
OF THE  
T E N T H     B O O K.

Ulysses, in pursuit of his narrative, relates his arrival at the island of Æolus, his departure thence, and the unhappy occasion of his return thither. The monarch of the winds dismisses him at last with much asperity. He next tells of his arrival among the Læstrygonians, by whom his whole fleet, together with their crews, are destroyed, his own ship and crew excepted. Thence he is driven to the island of Circe. By her the half of his people are transformed into swine. Assisted by Mercury, he resists her enchantments himself, and prevails with the Goddess to recover them to their former shape. In consequence of Circe's instructions, after having spent a complete year in her palace, he prepares for a voyage to the infernal regions.

B O O K    X.

WE came to the Æolian isle; there dwells  
Æolus, son of Hippotas, belov'd  
By the Immortals, in an isle afloat\*.

\* The Æolian isles, commonly so called, were in the Tyrrhene sea, and not far from Sicily. But whether one of those is here intended, or a distinct one, perhaps of the poet's creation, is doubted by the commentators.

Heraclides Ponticus supposes Æolus himself an allegorical person, representing the year, and his six sons and six daughters the twelve months of it.—B. & C.

A brazen wall force-proof, and smoothest rocks  
Of steep ascent, environ it around.  
Twelve are his children in his palace born,  
Six fons, six daughters ; and his daughters six  
To his six fons by nuptial rites he join'd.  
They with their father hold perpetual feast  
And with their royal mother, still supplied  
With dainties numberless ; the founding dome  
Is fill'd with fav'ry odours all the day,  
And with their comforts chaste at night they sleep  
On stateliest couches with rich arras spread.  
Their city and their splendid courts we reach'd.  
A month complete he, friendly, at his board  
Regaled me, and inquiry made minute  
Of Ilium's fall, of the Achaian fleet,  
And of our voyage thence. I told him all.  
But now, desirous to embark again,  
I ask'd dismissal home, which he approved,  
And well provided for my prosp'rous course.  
He gave me, furnish'd by a bullock slay'd  
In his ninth year, a bag ; ev'ry rude blast  
Which from its bottom turns the Deep, that bag  
Imprison'd held ; for him Saturnian Jove  
Hath officed arbiter of all the winds,  
To rouse their force, or calm them, at his will.  
He gave me them on board my bark, so bound

With silver twine that not a breath escaped,  
 Then order'd gentle Zephyrus abroad  
 To speed us homeward. Order vain, alas !  
 So fatal proved the folly of my friends \*.

Nine days continual, night and day we sail'd,  
 And on the tenth my native land appear'd.  
 Not far remote my Ithacans I saw  
 Fires kindling on the coast † ; but worn with toil  
 And watchful care me gentle sleep subdued ;  
 For constant I had ruled the helm, nor giv'n  
 That charge to any, fearful of delay.  
 Then, in close conference my crew bespake  
 Each other, and he carries home, they said,  
 Silver and gold from Æolus received,  
 Son of the valiant Hippotas ; and thus  
 A seaman murmuring, the rest harangued.

Ye Gods ! what city or what lands foe'er  
 Ulysses visits, how is he belov'd  
 By all, and honour'd ! many precious spoils  
 He homeward bears from Troy ; but we return,

\* The poet is supposed to have bound these bags with silver twine, that the mistake of the mariners who imagined them filled with treasure, might seem more probable.—B. & C.

† They kindled fires on the coast for the information of navigators, the fire itself serving them as a signal by night, and the smoke by day. This was the smoke which Ulysses while detained by Calypso, so ardently wished to see.—C.

Partners of all his perils by the way,  
With thriftless hands. Now also he hath gain'd  
This pledge of friendship from the King of winds.  
But come—be quick—search we the bag, and learn  
What stores of gold and silver it contains.

So he, whose mischievous advice prevailed.  
They loos'd the bag; forth issued all the winds,  
And, rapt by tempests back, with fruitless tears  
They mourn'd their native country lost again.  
Just then awaking, in my troubled mind  
I doubted, whether from the vessel's side  
To plunge and perish, or, with patient mind,  
To suffer and to live. The sufferer's part  
At length I chose, and, resolute, survived.  
But, with my mantle wrapt around my brows,  
I lay'd me down, till, hurried by the blast,  
We, groaning, reach'd again th' Æolian isle.

First, from refreshing streams our barks we stored,  
Then, my companions at their galley's sides  
All seated, took repast; short meal we made,  
When, with an herald and a chosen friend,  
The hall of Æolus once more I sought.  
Him banquetting with all his sons we found,  
And with his consort. Ent'ring, down we sat  
All on the threshold, whom astonish'd they  
Beheld, and of our coming thus enquired.

Return'd?

Return'd ? Ulyffes ! by what adverfe Pow'r  
 Repuls'd haft thou arrived ? we fent thee forth  
 Well-fitted to regain thy native ifle,  
 Or foon to reach what port foe'er thou would'ft.

So they—to whom, heart-broken, I replied.  
 My bafe companions and the traitor, Sleep  
 Alike are culpable ; but, Oh my friends !  
 Redrefs the mifchief, for the pow'r is yours.

So I their favour woo'd. Mute fat the fons,  
 But thus their father answer'd. Hence—be gone—  
 Thou worft of men ! I may not entertain  
 Or give fafe conduét homeward to a wretch  
 Abhorr'd by all in heav'n. Haste—leave the ifle,  
 For hated by the Gods haft thou arrived.

He faid, and fent me forrowing from the gate.  
 Thence, therefore, wearied at the toilfome oar  
 Through our own folly, and with mournful hearts  
 We plough'd the Deep, no longer hoping aid  
 From Æolus, of winds to waft us home.  
 Six days we navigated, day and night,  
 The briny flood, and on the feventh arrived  
 At lofty Læftrigonia, city built  
 By Lamus, for its diftant gates renown'd \*.

\* The diftant gates are mentioned as a *datum* from which to estimate the extent of the city.—B. & C.

The herdsman, there, his cattle driving home,  
 Calls forth the shepherd ; there, th' industrious swain,  
 Renouncing sleep, may double wages earn  
 Attending both ; for when the flocks forsake  
 At even-tide the pastures which they range  
 Throughout the fervid day, the cooler hours  
 Nocturnal to the grazing herds belong\*.  
 To that capacious port we came, by rocks  
 Uninterrupted flank'd on either side  
 Of tow'ring height, while prominent the shores  
 And bold, converging at the haven's mouth  
 Leave narrow pass<sup>†</sup>. We push'd our galleys in,  
 Then moor'd them side by side ; for never surge  
 There lifts its head, or great or small, but clear  
 We found, and motionless, the shelter'd flood.  
 I only, stationing my bark without,  
 Secured her well with hawsers to a rock  
 At the land's point, then climb'd the rugged steep,  
 And stood to spy the country. Labours none  
 Of men or oxen in the land appear'd,

\* It is supposed by Eustathius that the pastures being infested by gad-flies and other noxious insects in the day-time, they drove their sheep a-field in the morning, which by their wool were defended from them, and their cattle in the evening, when the insects had withdrawn —B. & C. It is one of the few passages in Homer that must lie at the mercy of conjecture.

† Which accounts for the destruction of the fleet, the difficulty of the egress rendering their escape impracticable.—C.

Nor aught beside saw we, but from the earth  
Smoke rising; therefore of my friends I sent  
Two well-selected, with an herald, third,  
To learn what race of men that country fed.  
Departing, they an even track pursued  
Made by the waggons bringing timber down  
From the high mountains to the town below.  
Ere yet they reach'd the city, on the way  
A damsel met them bearing forth an ew'r,  
The daughter of Antiphatas, the King,  
Descending to the chrystal fountain named  
Artacia, whence the city was supplied.  
Approaching they accosted her, and ask'd  
What King reign'd there, and over whom he reign'd.  
She, prompt and pleas'd, soon taught them how to find,  
Her father's house, where ent'ring, they beheld,  
And shudder'd at the sight, a woman, huge  
And hideous, like a mountain's tow'ring head.  
She, seeing them, from council, instant, call'd  
Her spouse Antiphatas, who teeming came  
With dreadful purposes, and of the Three  
Seized one, whom crush'd and broken he devour'd.  
With headlong terrour the surviving two  
Fled to the ships. Then sent the ruthless King  
Loud proclamation forth, and, at the sound,  
From side to side of all the city, fierce

And

And countless, stalk'd the Læstrigonian host,  
 Gigantic forms, not human. From the rocks  
 Huge stones, a strong man's burthen each, they cast,  
 And terrible, at once, a mingled sound  
 Of shatter'd ships and dying men arose,  
 Whom spear'd like fishes to their home they bore,  
 A loathsome prey. While them within the port  
 They slaughter'd, I, (the faulchion at my side  
 Drawn forth) cut loose the hawsers of my ship,  
 And all my crew enjoin'd with bosoms laid  
 Prone on their oars, to fly the threaten'd woe.  
 They, dreading instant death, tugg'd resupine  
 Together, and my galley from beneath  
 Those beetling\* rocks into the open sea  
 Shot gladly; but the rest all perish'd there.

Proceeding thence, we sigh'd, and roam'd the waves,  
 Glad that we lived, but sorrowing for the slain.  
 We came to the Ææan isle; there dwelt  
 Circe, dread Goddess, skill'd in magic song,  
 Sister of sage Æætes; thence the Sun,  
 Bright luminary of the world, beget  
 On Perse, daughter of Oceanus†.

\* The word has the authority of Shakespear, and signifies overhanging.

† Æætes was king of Colchis and father of Medea.—B. & C.



Our vessel silently \* we grounded there  
Within a spacious haven, thither led  
By some celestial Pow'r. We disembark'd,  
And on the coast two days and nights entire  
Extended lay, with labour worn, and each  
The victim of his heart-devouring woes.  
Then, with my spear and with my falchion arm'd,  
I left the ship to climb with hasty steps  
An airy height, thence, hoping to espy  
Some works of man, or hear, perchance, a voice.  
Exalted on a rough rock's craggy point  
I stood, and on the distant plain, beheld  
Smoke which from Circe's palace through the gloom  
Of trees and thickets rose. That smoke discern'd,  
I ponder'd next if thither I should haste,  
Seeking intelligence. Long time I mused,  
But chose at last, as my discreter course,  
To seek the sea-beach and my bark again,  
And, when my crew had eaten, to dispatch  
Before me, others, who should first enquire.  
But, ere I yet had reach'd my gallant bark,  
Some God with pity viewing me alone  
In that untrodden solitude, sent forth

\* Being made extremely cautious by the mischiefs they had suffered both from the Cyclops and the Læstrigonians.—C.

An antler'd stag full-sized into my way.  
His woodland pastures left, he fought the stream,  
For he was thirsty and already parch'd  
By the sun's heat. Him issuing from his haunt,  
Sheer through the back beneath his middle spine  
I wounded, and the lance sprang forth beyond.  
Moaning he fell, and in the dust expired.  
Then, treading on his breathless trunk, I pluck'd  
My weapon forth, which leaving there reclined,  
I tore away the osiers with my hands  
And fallows green, and to a fathom's length  
Twisting the gather'd twigs into a band,  
Bound fast the feet of my enormous prey,  
And, flinging him athwart my neck, repair'd  
Toward my fable bark, propp'd on my lance,  
Which now to carry shoulder'd as before  
Surpass'd my pow'r, so bulky was the load.  
Arriving at the ship, I there let fall  
My burthen, and, assembling on the beach  
My people, thus their drooping spirits cheer'd.

Rejoice, my friends! We shall not, though distress'd,  
Seek Pluto's realm till thither sent by Fate.  
Come—we will banquet now, not die consumed  
With famine, wanting neither food nor wine.

I spake; at once obedient, from the ground,  
Their folded brows unmantling, all arose,

And

And with admiring eyes (for of a bulk  
 To be admired was he) the stag survey'd,  
 Till having gazed their fill, their hands they laved,  
 And preparation made of noble cheer.  
 That day complete, till set of sun, we spent  
 Feasting deliciously without restraint,  
 And quaffing gen'rous wine; but when the sun  
 Went down, and darkness overshadow'd all,  
 Extended, then, on Ocean's bank we lay;  
 And when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
 Look'd rosy forth, convening all my crew  
 To council, I arose, and thus began.

My fellow-voyagers, however worn  
 With num'rous hardships, hear! for neither West  
 Know we, nor East, where rises, or where sets  
 The all-enlight'ning sun. But let us think,  
 If thought perchance may profit us, of which  
 Small hope I see; for when I lately climb'd  
 Yon craggy rock, I saw that we had reach'd  
 An isle encircled by the boundless Deep;  
 Flat lies the land, and in the midst I mark'd  
 Dun smoke ascending from an oaken bow'r.

I spake, whom they with hearts half-broken heard,  
 Recalling fell Antiphatas to mind  
 The Læstrygonian, and the Cyclops' deeds,  
 Ferocious feeder on the flesh of man.

Aloud

Aloud they wept ; fast flow'd the tears of each ;  
 But neither tears nor cries avail'd them aught.  
 Then, separating all my valiant friends  
 In equal portions, I assign'd a Chief  
 To either band, myself to these, to those  
 Godlike Eurylochus. This done, we cast  
 The lots into the helmet, and at once  
 Forth sprang the lot of bold Eurylochus.  
 He went, and with him of my people march'd  
 Twenty and two ; they sorrowing to depart,  
 Nor we less mourning to be left behind.  
 Low in a vale, but on an open spot,  
 They found the splendid house of Circe, built  
 With polish'd stones, and compass'd all around  
 By lions on all sides and mountain-wolves  
 Tamed by herself with drugs of noxious pow'rs\*.

Nor

• *Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque leonum  
 Vincula recnsantum, et serâ sub nocte rudentum :  
 Setigerique fues, atque in præsepibus urfi  
 Sævire, ac formæ magnorum ululare luporum :  
 Quos hominum ex facie Dea sæva potentibus herbis  
 Induerat Circe in vultus ac terga ferarum. Æn. VII. 15.*

Hence groans were heard, and the next lion's voice  
 Scorning his chain, and growling through the Dark,  
 And bristly boars, and at the manger bound  
 Bears murmuring, and huge wolves howling loud,  
 Whom, human once, with drugs of mighty pow'r  
 The forcerers had changed to brutal forms.

The passages are not exactly parallel : Homer describes wild beasts tamed,

Nor were they mischievous, but as my friends  
 Approach'd, arising on their hinder feet,  
 Paw'd them in blandishment, and wagg'd the tail.  
 As, when from feast he rises, dogs around  
 Their master fawn, accustom'd to receive  
 Some soothing gift from his familiar hand,  
 Around my people, so, those talon'd wolves  
 And lions fawn'd. They, terrified, that troop  
 Of savage monsters horrible beheld.  
 And now, before the Goddesses' gates arrived,  
 They heard the voice of Circe singing sweet  
 Within, while, busied at the loom, she wove  
 An ample web immortal, such a work  
 Transparent, graceful, and of bright design  
 As hands of Goddesses alone produce.  
 Thus then Polites, Prince of men, the friend  
 Highest in my esteem, the rest bespake.

My friends! some damsel or some Goddess weaves  
 An ample web within, and strikes, the while,  
 With such melodious strains the marble walls,  
 That all the palace rings. Haste—Call aloud.

He ceas'd; they call'd; soon issuing at the sound,  
 The Goddess open'd wide her splendid gates,

tamed, and Virgil men transformed to beasts. There is no room, therefore, for the comparison made by Scaliger, or for the preference which he gives to Virgil.—See Clarke.

And bade them in ; they, heedless, all complied,  
 All save Eurylochus, who fear'd a snare\*.  
 She, intrdoucing them, conducted each  
 To a bright throne, then gave them Pramnian wine,  
 With grated cheefe, pure meal, and honey new,  
 But medicated with her pois'nous drugs  
 Their food, that in oblivion they might lose  
 The wish of home. She gave them, and they drank,—  
 When, smiting each with her enchanting wand,  
 She shut them in her sties. In head, in voice,  
 In body, and in bristles they became  
 All swine, yet intellect'd as before.  
 There Circe shut them all, who weeping fed  
 On acorns, chefnuts, and the cornel-fruit,  
 Food grateful ever to the groveling swine.

Back flew Eurylochus toward the ship,  
 To tell the woful tale ; struggling to speak,  
 Yet speechless, there he stood, his heart transfixt  
 With anguish, and his eyes with tears replete.  
 Me boding terrours occupied. At length,  
 When, gazing on him, all had oft enquired,  
 He thus rehears'd to us the dreadful change.

\* He feared a snare from the singularity of all that he observed ; wild beasts tractable as spaniels, and a person, woman in appearance and all alone, inviting so many men unknown to her, without discovering the smallest apprehension.— B. & C.

Renown'd Ulysses ! as thou had'st, we went  
 Through yonder oaks ; imbosom'd in a vale,  
 But built conspicuous on a swelling knoll  
 With polish'd rock, we found a stately dome\*.  
 Within, some Goddesses or some woman wove .  
 An ample web, and caroll'd sweet the while.  
 They call'd aloud ; she, issuing at the voice,  
 Unfolded, soon, her splendid portals wide,  
 And bade them in. Heedless they enter'd, all,  
 But I remain'd, suspicious of a snare.  
 Erelong the whole band vanish'd, none I saw  
 Thenceforth, though, seated there, long time I watch'd.

He ended ; I my studded faulchion huge  
 Athwart my shoulder cast, and seized my bow,  
 Then bade him lead me thither by the way  
 Himself had gone ; but with both hands my knees  
 He clasp'd, and in wing'd accents sad exclaim'd.

My King ! ah lead me not unwilling back,  
 But leave me here ; for confident I judge  
 That neither thou wilt bring another thence,  
 Nor come thyself again. Haste—fly we swift  
 With these, for we, at least, may yet escape.

\* *Ἦτομεν, ὡς ἐκέλευες,* \_\_\_\_\_  
*Εὐρομεν ἐν βήσσησι* \_\_\_\_\_

The omission of the conjunctive *καὶ* is admired by Dionysius Hal: as a great beauty, the effect of it being not only rapidity but emphasis.—C.

So he, to whom this answer I return'd,  
 Eurylochus ! abiding here, eat thou  
 And drink thy fill beside the fable bark ;  
 I go ; necessity forbids my stay.

So saying, I left the galley and the shore.  
 But ere yet, travelling that gloomy vale,  
 I reach'd the palace where th' enchantress dwelt,  
 Hermes, possessor of the golden wand,  
 Met me. Some stripling in his prime he seem'd  
 His cheeks cloth'd newly with their earliest down,  
 For youth is then most graceful ; fast he lock'd  
 His hand in mine, and thus, familiar, spake.

Unhappy ! whither, wand'ring o'er the hills,  
 Stranger to all this region, and alone,  
 Go'st thou ? Thy people are within the walls  
 Of Circe prison'd, where as swine in sties  
 She keeps them. Com'st thou to release thy friends ?  
 I tell thee, never wilt thou thence return  
 Thyself, but wilt be prison'd with the rest.  
 Yet hearken—I will disappoint her wiles,  
 And will preserve thee. Take this precious drug ;  
 This holding, enter thou the Goddess' house  
 Boldly, for it shall save thy life from harm.  
 Lo ! I reveal to thee the cruel arts  
 Of Circe ; learn them. She will mix for thee  
 A potion, and will also drug thy food



With noxious herbs ; but she shall not prevail  
 By all her pow'r to change thee ; for the force  
 Superiour of this noble plant, my gift,  
 Shall baffle her. Hear still what I advise.  
 When she shall smite thee with her slender rod,  
 With faulchion drawn and with death-threat'ning looks  
 Rush on her, terrified, to her embrace  
 She will invite thee ; neither thou refuse  
 The Goddess' offer'd love, secure to win  
 Deliv'rance for thy friends, and for thyself  
 Reception kind and bounteous in return.  
 But force her swear the dreaded oath of heav'n  
 That she will other mischief none devise  
 Against thee, lest she strip thee of thy might,  
 And, quenehing all thy virtue, make thee vile\*.

So spake propitious Hermes, and the drug  
 Pluck'd from the soil to my possession gave,  
 With knowledge of its pow'rs. The root was black,  
 Milk-white the blossom ; Moly is its name

\* ————— Circes pocula nôsti ;  
 Quæ si cum focis stultus cupidusque bibilet,  
 Sub dominâ meretrice fuisse turpis et excors ;  
 Vixisset canis immundus, vel amica luto sus.

Hor. Epis : Lib. I, 2, 23.—C.

—————thou hast heard of Circe's cup ;  
 Which drinking, like the greedy fools his friends,  
 He had become an harlot's heartless drudge ;  
 A filthy cur had lived, or filthier swine.

In heav'n ; not easily by mortal man  
 Dug forth, but all is easy to the Gods \*.  
 Then, Hermes through the island-woods repair'd  
 To heav'n, and I to Circe's dread abode,  
 In gloomy musings busied as I went.  
 Within the vestibule arrived, where dwelt  
 The beauteous Goddess, staying there my steps,  
 I call'd aloud ; she, sudden, at the voice  
 Appearing, threw the splendid portals wide  
 And bade me in ; I, sorrowful, obey'd,  
 She placed me on an argent-studded throne  
 Foot-stool'd beneath, and for my drink prepared  
 The Pramnian mixture in a golden cup,  
 Impregnating, on my destruction bent,  
 With noxious herbs the draught. I drain'd secure  
 And unimpair'd the goblet, when, incensed,  
 She smote me with her wand, and thus exclaim'd—

Now seek the sty. There wallow with thy friends.  
 She spake ; I drawing from beside my thigh  
 My faulchion keen, with death-denouncing looks  
 Rush'd on her ; she with screams of terrour ran  
 Beneath my lifted arm, seized fast my knees,  
 And in wing'd accents plaintive thus began.

Who ? whence ? thy city and thy birth declare.

\* Mercury was the God of instruction, and Moly is an allegorical plant by which instruction or salutary discipline is intended.—B.

Amazed I see thee with that potion drench'd,  
 Yet uninchantèd ; never man before  
 Once pass'd it through his lips, and liv'd the same ;  
 But in thy breast a mind inhabits, proof  
 Against all charms. Come then—I know thee well.  
 Thou art Ulysses versatile and shrewd,  
 Of whose arrival here in his return  
 From Ilium, Hermes of the golden wand  
 Was ever wont to tell me. Sheath again  
 Thy sword, and let us, on my bed reclined,  
 Mutual embrace, that we may trust thenceforth  
 Each other, without jealousy or fear.

The Goddess spake, to whom I thus replied.  
 O Circe ! canst thou bid me meek become  
 And gentle, who beneath thy roof detain'st  
 My fellow-voyagers transform'd to swine ?  
 And, fearing my escape, invit'st thou me  
 To share thy couch, with fraudulent design  
 First to unarm, and to unman me, next ?  
 No—trust me—never will I share thy bed  
 Till first, oh Goddess, thou consent to swear  
 The dread all-binding oath, that other harm  
 Against myself thou wilt imagine none.

I spake, and, undelaying, she complied.  
 When, therefore, nought of all her solemn oath  
 Unsworn remain'd, I climb'd her stately bed.

Four graceful nymphs, mean-time, their household trust  
Administ'ring, the palace briskly paced,  
Her menials, from the fountains sprung and groves,  
And from the sacred streams that seek the sea,  
Of these, one cast fine linen on the thrones,  
Which, next, with purple arras rich she spread ;  
Bright silver stands with golden dishes charged  
Before the gorgeous thrones another placed,  
The third, an argent beaker fill'd with wine  
Delicious, which in golden cups she served ;  
The fourth brought water, which she warm'd within  
An ample vase, and when the fimm'ring flood  
Sang in the tripod, led me to a bath,  
And laved me with the pleasant stream profuse  
Pour'd o'er my neck and body, till my limbs  
Refresh'd all sense of lassitude resign'd.  
When she had bathed me, and with limpid oil  
Anointed me, and clothed me in a vest  
And mantle, next, she led me to a throne  
Of royal state, with silver studs emboss'd,  
And footstool'd soft beneath ; then came a nymph  
With golden ewer charged and silver bowl,  
Who pour'd pure water on my hands, and placed  
The shining stand before me, which with food  
Various, selected from her present stores,  
The cat'rels spread ; then, courteous, bad me eat,

But

But me it pleas'd not ; with far other thoughts  
 My spirit teem'd, on vengeance more intent.  
 Soon, then, as Circe mark'd me on my seat  
 Fast-rooted, fullen, nor with outstretch'd hands  
 Deigning to touch the banquet, she approach'd,  
 And in wing'd accents suasive thus began.

Why fits Ulysses like the Dumb, dark thoughts  
 His only food ? loathes he the touch of meat,  
 And taste of wine ? Thou fear'st, as I perceive,  
 Some other snare, but idle is that fear,  
 For I have sworn the inviolable oath.

She ceas'd, to whom this answer I return'd,  
 How can I eat ? what virtuous man and just  
 O Circe ! could endure the taste of wine  
 Or food, till he should see his prison'd friends  
 Once more at liberty ? If then thy wish  
 That I should eat and drink be true, restore  
 My loved companions to these eyes again \*.

So I ; then Circe, bearing in her hand  
 Her potent rod, went forth, and op'ning wide  
 The sty, drove thence my friends, none smaller-sized  
 Than, after nine years growth, the pamper'd brawn.

\* Xenocrates arriving at the court of Antipater, in the office of an ambassador employed to solicit the release of Athenians whom he had taken prisoners, and being invited to his table, answered the invitation in these lines. The conqueror was so well pleased with the application that he released the captives immediately.—C.

They

They stood before me ; she through all the herd  
 Proceeding, each anointed with a charm  
 Of other pow'rs, and at the wholesome touch  
 All shed the swinish bristles by the drug  
 Dread Circe's former magic gift, produced.  
 Restored at once to manhood, they appear'd  
 More vig'rous far, and fightlier than before.  
 Conscious of me, they seized with tender grasp  
 Their leader's hand. Tears follow'd, but of joy,  
 And with loud cries the vaulted palace rang.  
 Even the awful Goddess felt, herself,  
 Compassion, and, approaching me, began.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd !  
 Hence to the shore, and to thy gallant bark ;  
 First, hale her safe aground, then, hiding all  
 Your arms and treasures in the caverns, come  
 Thyself again, and hither lead thy friends.

So spake the Goddess, and my gen'rous mind  
 Persuaded ; thence repairing to the beach,  
 I sought my ship ; arrived, I found my crew  
 Lamenting miserably, and their cheeks  
 With tears bedewing ceaseless at her side.  
 As when the calves within some village rear'd  
 Behold, at eve, the herd returning home  
 From fruitful meads where they have grazed their fill,  
 Forth rushing from the stall, they blare and sport  
 Around

Around their mothers with a ceaseless joy,  
 Such joy, at sight of me, dissolved in tears  
 My grateful friends, and each his spirit felt  
 With like affections warm'd as he had reach'd  
 At length his country, and his city seen,  
 Fair Ithaca, where he was born and rear'd.  
 Then in wing'd accents tender thus they spake.

Noble Ulysses! thy appearance fills  
 Our soul with transports, such as we should feel  
 Arrived in safety on our native shore.  
 But speak—how perish'd our unhappy friends?

So they; when, cheering them, I thus replied.  
 Hail ye the vessel first ashore, and hide  
 In caverns all our treasures and our arms;  
 Then haste to follow me, and ye shall soon  
 Behold your happy friends, beneath the roof  
 Of Circe banquetting and drinking wine,  
 For dearth of nought with her they feel or fear.

So I; whom all with readiness obey'd,  
 All save Eurylochus; he fought alone  
 To stay the rest, and, eager, interposed.

Ah whither tend we, miserable men?  
 Why covet ye this evil, to go down  
 To Circe's palace? she will change us all  
 To lions, wolves, or swine, that we may guard  
 Her palace? by necessity constrain'd.

So some were pris'ners of the Cyclops erst,  
When, led by rash Ulysses, our lost friends  
Intruded needlessly into his cave,  
And perish'd by the folly of their Chief.

He spake ; whom hearing, half resolv'd I stood  
With my keen faulchion from beside me drawn,  
To tumble his lopp'd head into the dust,  
Although he were my kinsman in the bonds  
Of close affinity ; but all my friends  
As with one voice, thus gently interposed.

Our noble Chief ! Command that he remain  
Our vessel's guard, while we thy steps attend  
That shall conduct us where the Goddess dwells,

So saying, they left the galley, and set forth  
Climbing the coast ; nor would Eurylochus  
Beside the hollow bark remain, but join'd  
His comrades, by my dreadful menace awed.  
Circe, the while, my friends, her happy guests  
Had nought neglected, but to each had giv'n  
Warm bath, smooth unction, vest and fleecy cloak,  
And feasting, when we came, we found them all.  
They met, they greeted, and the wond'rous tale  
Of transformation told, all wept aloud  
Till the wide dome resounded. Then approach'd  
The graceful Goddess, and address'd me thus.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd !



Prōvoke ye not each other, now, to tears.  
 I am not ignorant, myself, how dread  
 Have been your woes, both on the fishy Deep,  
 And on the land by force of hostile pow'rs.  
 But come—Eat now, and drink ye wine, that so  
 Your freshen'd spirit may revive, and ye  
 Like courage feel again, as when ye left  
 The rugged shores of Ithaca, your home.  
 For now, through recollection, day by day,  
 Of all your pains and toils, ye are become  
 Exhausted, strengthless, and a cheerful mind  
 Know never, such have been your num'rous woes.

She spake, whose invitation kind prevail'd,  
 And won us to her will. There, then, we dwelt  
 The year complete, with fav'ry viands fed  
 Day after day, and quaffing gen'rous wine.  
 But when the year, with all its waning moons  
 And tedious days, fulfill'd, another year  
 Its circling course began, my faithful friends  
 Then summon'd me abroad, and thus they said.

Sir ! recollect thy country, if indeed  
 Propitious fate ordain thee to behold  
 Thy native shores and high-built home again.

So they ; whose admonition I receiv'd  
 Well-pleas'd. Then, all the the day, regaled we sat

At

At Circe's board with fav'ry viands rare,  
 And quaffing richest wine; but when, the fun  
 Declining, darknes overshadow'd all,  
 Then, each within the dusky palace took  
 Custom'd repose, and to the Goddess' bed  
 Magnificent ascending, there I urged  
 My earnest suit, which gracious she receiv'd,  
 And in wing'd accents earnest thus I spake.

O Circe! let us prove thy promise true;  
 Dismiss us hence. My own desires, at length,  
 Tend homeward vehement, and the desires  
 No less of all my friends, who with complaints  
 By thee unwitness'd, wear my heart away.

So I; to whom the Goddess in return.  
 Laertes' noble son, Ulysses famed  
 For deepest wisdom! dwell not longer here,  
 Thou and thy followers, in my abode  
 Reluctant; but your next must be a course  
 Far diff'rent; hence departing, ye must seek  
 The dreary house of Ades and of dread  
 Persephone, that ye may there consult  
 Theban Tiresias, prophet blind, but blest  
 With faculties which death itself hath spared,  
 On whom alone Persephone bestows  
 A mind prophetick, while all others flit

Mere forms, the shadows of what once they were\*.

She spake; whose awful tidings I received  
Heart-broken; weeping on the bed I sat,  
Reckless of life and of the light of day.  
But when, with tears and rolling to and fro  
Satiated, I felt relief, I thus replied.

O Circe! with what guide shall I perform  
This voyage, unperform'd by living man?

I spake, when instantly the Goddess thus—  
Brave Laertiades! let not the fear  
To want a guide distress thee. Once on board,  
Your mast erected, and your shining sail  
Unfurl'd, sit thou; the breathing North shall waft  
Thy vessel on. But when ye shall have cross'd  
The broad expanse of Ocean, and shall reach  
The oozy shore, where grow the poplar groves  
And fruitless willows wan of Proserpine,  
Push thither through the gulphy Deep thy bark,  
And, landing, haste to Pluto's murky abode.

\* A curious story, but unfit for translation, is related by the Scholiast concerning the cause of his blindness.—B. & C.

Hautas, the daughter of Tiresias, rivalled her father in prophetick skill, and, residing at Delphos, carried the art to a much greater degree of perfection. Possessed of wonderful natural talents, she composed most of her oracular responses in verse of different structures, and many of her lines Homer is said to have appropriated and to have applied them to the embellishment of his poems.

Diod. Sic. Hist. lib. iv.—C.

There

There, into Acheron runs not alone  
 Dread Pyriphlegethon, but Cocytus loud,  
 From Styx derived ; there also stands a rock,  
 At whose broad base the roaring rivers meet \*.  
 There, thrusting, as I bid, thy bark ashore,  
 O Hero ! scoop a trench, in length and breadth  
 A measured cubit, and libation pour  
 Around, for all the nations of the Dead ;  
 First, milk with honey mixt, then luscious wine,  
 Then water, sprinkling, last, meal over all.  
 Next, offer supplication to the forms  
 And shadows of the Dead, and vow to slay  
 In thy own palace, should'st thou safe return,  
 An heifer, fairest of thy num'rous herds,  
 And to enrich unsparingly the pyre  
 With delicacies such as please the shades ;  
 But, in peculiar, to Tiresias vow  
 A ram all fable, and of noblest size.  
 When thus thou hast propitiated with pray'r  
 All the illustrious nations of the dead,  
 Slay for them, next, in sacrifice a ram  
 And fable ewe, turning the face of each  
 Right toward Erebus, and look thyself,

\* Acheron signifies the river of woe, Pyriphlegethon, the river that burns with fire, Cocytus the river of wailing, and Styx, of hatred.

Mean-time,

Mean-time, askance toward the river's course.  
Souls num'rous, soon, of the departed dead  
Will thither flock; then, strenuous urge thy friends,  
Flaying the victims which thy ruthless steel  
Hath slain, to burn them, and to sooth by pray'r  
Illustrious Pluto and dread Proserpine.

While thus is done, thou seated at the fofs,  
Faulchion in hand, chafe thence the airy forms  
Afar, nor suffer them to approach the blood,  
Till with Tiresias thou have first conferr'd.  
Then, glorious Chief! the Prophet shall himself  
Appear, who will instruct thee, and thy course  
Delineate, measuring from place to place  
Thy whole return athwart the filthy flood.

While thus she spake, the golden dawn arose,  
When, putting on me my attire, the nymph  
Next, cloth'd herself, and girding to her waist  
With an embroider'd zone her snowy robe  
Graceful, recundant, veil'd her beauteous head.  
Then, ranging the wide palace, I aroused  
My followers, standing at the side of each—

Up! sleep no longer! let us quick depart,  
For thus the Goddess hath, herself, advised.

So I, whose early summons my brave friends  
With readiness obey'd. Yet even thence  
I brought not all my crew. There was a youth,

Youngest of all my train, Elpenor ; one  
Not much in estimation for desert  
In arms, nor prompt in understanding more,  
Who, seeking cooler air, which overcharged  
With wine he needed, on the palace-roof  
Of Circe slept, apart from all the rest.  
Awaken'd by the clamour of my friends  
Newly arisen, he also sprang to rise,  
And, in his haste, forgetful where to find  
The deep-descending stairs, plunged through the roof.  
That shock his neck-bone, parting at the joint,  
Sustain'd not, and his spirit sought the shades.

Then, thus to my assembling friends I spake.  
Ye think, I doubt not, of an homeward course,  
But Circe points me to the drear abode  
Of Proserpine and Pluto, to consult  
The spirit of Tiresias, Theban seer.

I ceased, and they those awful tidings heard  
Heart-broken ; down they sat, lamenting loud  
Their mournful lot, and plucking each his hair ;  
Yet profit none of all their sorrow found.

But while we sought my galley on the beach,  
With aching hearts and ever-flowing tears,  
Circe, the while, descended to the shore,  
That she might bind beside the bark a ram  
And fable ewe, but pass'd us unperceived ;

For who, when they consent not to be seen,  
 Can see the Gods, what way so'er they move\*?

\* ————— ἴδ' ἑ τις αὐτὸν

Εἰσοράα θνητῶν, αὐτὸς δὲ γε πάντα ὁρᾷται.

Orpheus apud Clem. Alex.—C.

————— who sees,

Himself invisible, all human-kind.

## A R G U M E N T

OF THE

## E L E V E N T H B O O K.

Ulysses relates to Alcinoüs his voyage to the infernal regions, his conference there with the prophet Tiresias concerning his return to Ithaca, and gives him an account of the heroes, heroines, and others whom he saw there.

## B O O K X I.

WE reach'd the ship, which haling downward, first  
 Into the sacred Deep, we placed on board  
 Her mast and sails, the ram and sable ewe,  
 Then enter'd weeping and distress'd, ourselves.  
 And now, melodious Circe, nymph divine,  
 Sent after us a canvas-stretching breeze,  
 Pleasant companion of our course, and we  
 (The tackle once adjusted) on the seats  
 Reposing, needed but the pilot's aid.



All day, with sails distended, o'er the Deep  
 She flew, and when the sun, at length, declined,  
 And twilight dim had shadow'd all the ways,  
 Approach'd the bourn of Ocean's vast profound. †  
 The city, there, of the Cimmerians stands  
 With clouds and darkness veil'd, on whom the sun  
 Deigns not to look with his beam-darting eye,  
 Or when he climbs the starry arch, or when  
 Earthward he slopes again his west'ring wheels\*,  
 But sad night canopies the woful race †.  
 We haled the bark aground, and, landing there  
 The ram and fable ewe, beside the brink  
 Of Ocean journey'd whither Circe bade.  
 Eurylochus and Perimedes here  
 The victims held, while with my saulehion drawn  
 I scoop'd an hollow trench in measur'd length  
 And breadth, a cubit, and libation pour'd

\* Milton,

† A people who inhabited the shore of the Posphorus, where they are said to have dwelt in excavations of the earth, communicating with each other by subterraneous passages. Strabo says that they subsisted partly by mining for metals and partly by prophecy; they had an oracle at a great depth under-ground, and those of them whose business it was in particular to attend it, never saw the sun, emerging from their caverns only in the night.—C.

The night is called *νύξ ἕλοη*, because it was an unnatural one. To the proper night Homer generally gives the epithet *ἀμβροσίη*.—C.

Around for all the nations of the Dead,  
First, milk with honey mixt, then luscious wine,  
Then water; sprinkling, last, meal over all.  
This done, adoring the unreal forms  
And shadows of the dead, I vow'd to flay,  
In my own palace, should I safe return,  
An heifer, fairest of my num'rous herds,  
And to enrich unsparingly the pyre  
With delicacies, such as please the shades.  
But, in peculiar, to the Theban fear  
I vow'd, in size superiour to the rest  
A fable ram. When thus I had implored  
With vows and pray'r the nations of the dead,  
Piercing the victims next, I turn'd them both  
To bleed into the trench; then swarming came  
From Erebus the shades of the deceased,  
Brides, youths unwedded, seniors who had lived  
Long time familiar with oppressive cares,  
And girls, afflicted never till they died.  
Came also num'rous warriors by the spear  
In battle pierced, with armour gore-distain'd,  
And stalk'd in multitudes around the fofs  
With dreadful clamours; me pale horror seized.  
Then, all in haste, I importuned my friends  
Flaying the victims which myself had slain,

To burn them, and to supplicate in pray'r  
Illustrious Pluto and dread Proserpine\*.

I sat the while, and with my faulchion drawn  
Forbade the thronging ghosts to approach the blood,  
Till with Tiresias I should first confer.

The spirit, first, of my companion came,  
Elpenor; for no burial honours yet  
Had he received, but we had left his corse  
In Circe's palace, tomblefs, undeplored,  
Ourselves by pressure urged of other cares.  
Him seeing, with compassion touch'd I wept,  
And in wing'd accents of his fate enquired.

Elpenor! how can'st thou into the realms  
Of darkness? Hast thou, though on foot, so far  
Outstripp'd my speed, who in my bark arrived?

So I, to whom with tears he thus replied.  
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!  
Fool'd by some demon and the intemp'rate bowl,  
I perish'd in the house of Circe; there  
Forgetful of the deep-descending steps  
I fell precipitated from the roof.  
That shock my neck-bone, parting at the joint,  
Sustain'd not, and my spirit sought the shades.

\* Because Ulysses himself departed not from the trench he had opened, but stood guarding the blood continually, according to the instruction given him by Circe.—B. & C.

But now, by those whom thou hast left at home,  
 By thy Penelope, and by thy fire,  
 The gentle guardian of thine infant years,  
 And by thy only son Telemachus  
 I now adjure thee, for full well I know  
 That from the house of Pluto safe return'd,  
 Thou shalt erelong thy gallant vessel moor  
 At the Ææan isle. Ah! there arrived  
 Remember me, nor leave me undeplord  
 And uninhumed, lest vengeance, for my sake,  
 Attend thee from the Gods; but burn my corse  
 With whatsoever arms I left, and raise  
 A kind memorial of me on the shore,  
 Heap'd high with earth; that an unhappy man  
 May yet enjoy an unforgotten name.  
 Thus do at my request, and on my hill  
 Funereal fix erect the polish'd oar,  
 With which among my friends I lately row'd\*.

He spake, to whom thus answer I return'd.

Poor youth! I will perform thy whole desire.

Thus we, there sitting, doleful converse held,  
 I, stretching my bright faulchion o'er the blood,

\* It was a prevalent opinion among the Greeks, that the shades of the unburied dead were not permitted to mix with the shades of others. The Scholiast observes that he saw not those who had been devoured by the Cyclops or the Læstrigians, because they, however horrible their sepulture, had yet a tomb.—C.

And my companion's shadowy semblance fad  
 With earnest speech discoursing me the while,  
 'The soul of my departed mother, next,  
 Of Anticleia, daughter of the brave  
 Autolycus approach'd, whom going forth  
 To Ilium, I had living left at home\*.

Her seeing, with compassion touch'd, I wept;  
 Yet even her, (although it pain'd my soul)  
 Forbade, relentless, to approach the blood,  
 Till with Tiresias I should first confer.  
 Then came the spirit of the Theban seer  
 Himself, his golden sceptre in his hand,  
 Who knew me, and, enquiring, thus began.

Why, wretched man! the sun's bright beams renounced,  
 Com'st thou to visit in this joyless place  
 The shades of men departed? Leave the trench,  
 And turn thy falchion's glitt'ring edge away,  
 That I may drink the blood, and tell thee truth.

He spake; I thence receding, deep infix'd  
 My glitt'ring falchion in the sheath again,  
 And when the prophet from the crimson pool  
 Had drawn till satisfied, he thus began.

Thou seek'st a pleasant voyage home again,  
 Renown'd Ulysses! but a God will make

\* The tradition is, that, unable to endure the long absence of her son, she hanged herself.—B. & C.

That voyage difficult; for, as I judge,  
 Thou wilt not pass by Neptune unperceiv'd,  
 Whose anger still pursues thee, for the sake  
 Of Polypheme his son, made blind by thee.  
 At length, however, after num'rous woes,  
 Thou may'st attain, perchance, thy native isle,  
 If thy own appetite thou wilt control  
 And theirs who follow thee, what time thy bark  
 Well-built, shall at Thrinacia's shore arrive,  
 Escaped from perils of the gloomy Deep\*.  
 There grazing ye shall find the flocks and herds  
 Of the all-seeing and all-hearing Sun,  
 Which, if attentive to thy safe return,  
 Thou leave unharm'd, though after num'rous woes,  
 Ye may at length your Ithaca regain †.  
 But if thou violate them, I denounce  
 Destruction on thy ship and all thy band,  
 And though thyself escape, thou shalt arrive  
 Late and afflicted, all thy people lost,

\* The shore of Sicily, commonly called Trinacria, but *Euphonice* by Homer, Thrinacia. It took this name from its three promontories, Pelorus, Pachynus, and Lilybæum.—B. & C.

† It is plain that Homer, notwithstanding he says more than once, Διὸς δ' ἰτελείετο βάλαν, was not in the strict sense of the word a Fatalist, but understood Man to be a Free Agent, and to have an option respecting all those points of his conduct with which his future happiness or misery was connected.—C.

And in a foreign bark. Distress, besides,  
 Awaits thee there, for thou shalt find within  
 Proud suitors of thy noble wife, who waste  
 Thy substance, and with promis'd spousal gifts  
 Ceaseless solicit her to wed; yet well  
 Shalt thou avenge all their injurious deeds.  
 That once perform'd, and ev'ry suitor slain  
 Either by stratagem, or face to face  
 In thy own palace, bearing, as thou go'st,  
 An oar, cease not to journey till thou find  
 A people who the sea know not, nor eat  
 Food salted; they trim galley crimson-prow'd  
 Have ne'er beheld, nor yet smooth-shaven oar,  
 With which the vessel wing'd scuds o'er the waves\*.  
 Well thou shalt know them; this shall be the sign—  
 When thou shalt meet a traveller, who shall name  
 The oar on thy broad shoulder borne, a van†,  
 There, deep infixing it within the soil,  
 Worship the King of Ocean with a bull,  
 A ram, and a lascivious boar; then seek  
 Thy home again, and sacrifice at home

\* Evidently with a view to appease and propitiate Neptune, who would thus see a nation, lately ignorant of the sea and of all maritime affairs, instructed in them by Ulysses, suddenly become his votaries.

† Mistaking the oar for a corn-van. A sure indication of his ignorance of maritime concerns.

An hecatomb to the Immortal Gods,  
 Adoring duly each, and in his course.  
 So shalt thou die in peace a gentle death,  
 Remote from Ocean ; it shall find thee late,  
 In soft serenity of age, the Chief  
 Of a blest people.—I have told thee truth \*.

So spake the seer, to whom I thus replied—  
 The Gods themselves, Tiresias ! have ordain'd  
 My suff'rings such. But tell me, for I need  
 Thy sage instruction still, and tell me true.  
 Sullen and mute and with averted looks  
 Here sits, beside the trench, my mother's shade—  
 How shall she know me once so dearly loved ?

So I ; when answer thus the seer return'd.  
 The means are easy ; learn them ; they are these.  
 What shade foe'er, by leave from thee obtain'd,  
 Shall taste the blood, that shade will tell the truth ;  
 The rest, prohibited, will all retire.

When thus the spirit of the royal Seer

\* It is doubtful whether *θάνατος ἐξ ἄλης* signifies a death that should reach him *by means* of the sea, or *at a distance from it*. They who choose the former sense, say that Ulysses was slain by his son Telegonus whom he had by Circe. He had wandered far in quest of his father, when arriving at Ithaca and not being permitted to land, he fought with his opposers who knew him not, and killed Ulysses. But this interpretation but very ill accords with the epithet *Ἀδελυχρῆς*, *gentle, peaceful*, more like *sleep* than *death*.—B.&C.



Had his prophetic mind reveal'd, again  
 He enter'd Pluto's gates ; but I unmoved  
 Still waited till my mother's shade approach'd ;  
 She drank the blood, then knew me, and in words  
 Wing'd with affection, plaintive, thus began.

How, Oh my son ! still living, hast thou reach'd  
 This darksome region ? Arduous is the task  
 For living man to mingle with the Dead.  
 Broad rivers roll, and awful floods between,  
 And Ocean wider fill, whose gulphs forbid  
 All access, save to well-built barks alone.  
 Is this sad shore the first, where, thou and thine  
 After long wand'ring from the shores of Troy  
 Have disembark'd ? And hast thou not beheld  
 Thy comfort yet, nor reach'd thy native home ?

She spake, to whom this answer I return'd.  
 My mother ! me necessity constrain'd  
 To Pluto's dwelling, anxious to consult  
 Theban Tiresias ; for I have not yet  
 Approach'd Achaia, nor have touch'd the coast  
 Of Ithaca, but have been evermore  
 A woful wand'rer, since I follow'd first  
 King Agamemnon to the war of Troy.  
 But speak, my mother, and the truth alone ;  
 What stroke of fate slew *thee* ? Fell'st thou a prey  
 To some slow malady ? or by the shafts

Of gentle Dian suddenly subdued \* ?  
 Speak also of my fire, and of my son ;  
 Share they such honours, as, allied to me,  
 They justly claim ? Or have the people crown'd  
 Some other, through despair of my return ?  
 What views have influenced, and what counsels most  
 The conduct of my wife ? Persists she still  
 Discharging tenderly the mother's part,  
 And wisely managing her home-concerns ?  
 Or hath she wander'd to another mate,  
 And wedded with the noblest of the Greeks ?

I ceas'd, when thus the venerable shade.  
 Not so ; she faithful still and patient dwells  
 Beneath thy roof ; but dwells a mourner there,  
 With weeping anguish wasted night and day.  
 Thy dignities and fair possessions still  
 Continue thine ; Telemachus, thy son,  
 Tills, undisturb'd, thy land, and sits a guest  
 At many a noble banquet, such as well  
 Befseems the splendour of his princely state,  
 For all invite him †. At his farm retired

\* Death by a *slow* malady, or death by the *shafts of Diana* are set in opposition to each other ; a sudden death being always signified by the latter.—C.

† The death of Anticlea seems to have happened prior to the intrusion of the suitors and the havock they made of his substance.—C.

It appears to have been customary with the antients to invite their princes and judges to all their publick entertainments.—C.

Thy

Thy father dwells, nor to the city comes  
 For aught ; nor bed, nor furniture of bed,  
 Furr'd cloaks or splendid arras he enjoys,  
 But, with his fervile hinds all winter sleeps  
 In ashes and in dust beside the fire,  
 Coarsely apparell'd, and when summer comes,  
 Or genial autumn, on the fallen leaves  
 In any nook, not curious where, he finds  
 An humble couch among his fruitful vines.  
 There, stretch'd forlorn, indulging hopeless grief,  
 And worn with age, thy fortune he deplores.  
 So perish'd I ; such fate I also found \* ;  
 Me, neither from above Diana pierced,  
 Right-aiming arch'ers, with her gentle shafts,  
 Nor any dread distemper, such as wastes  
 And slowly withers life, extinguish'd mine,  
 But dear remembrance of thy filial love  
 And kindness that should never footh me more,  
 These, my Ulysses ! fatal proved to me.

She said ; I, ardent wish'd to clasp the shade  
 Of my departed mother ; thrice I sprang

\* The comparison is between her grief and that of Laertes, not between the effects of it. His grief enfeebles and wears him out gradually ; hers impelled her at once to an act of desperation. She is silent, however, concerning the manner of her death, on account of the guilty nature of it, which would have shocked her son had she owned it.

Toward her, by desire impetuous urged,  
 And thrice she flitted from between my arms,  
 Light as a passing shadow or a dream.  
 Then, pierced by keener grief, in accents wing'd  
 With filial earnestness I thus replied:

My mother, why elud'st thou my attempt  
 To clasp thee, that ev'n here, in Pluto's realm,  
 We might to full satiety indulge  
 Our grief, infolded in each other's arms?  
 Hath Proserpine, offended, sent me forth  
 An empty shade, t' afflict me still the more?

Then, instant, thus the venerable form.  
 Ah, son! thou most afflicted of mankind!  
 On thee, Jove's daughter, Proserpine, obtrudes  
 No vain illusion, but a fixt decree  
 Such renders, once deceased, all human-kind.  
 Thenceforth, no muscular support they need,  
 Divested, by the fierce funereal fires,  
 Of flesh and bones; and when the mind expell'd  
 Hath left the limbs all lifeless, like a dream  
 The unsubstantial soul, then, flits away.  
 But haste thou back to light, and, taught thyself  
 These sacred truths, hereafter teach thy spouse\*.

Thus

\* Muretus understood this precept given to Ulysses by his mother in a sense similar to the sense of Virgil's—*portâque emittit eburnâ*—  
 that

Thus mutual we conferr'd. Then, thither came,  
 Sent from beneath by Proserpine, the shades  
 Of num'rous women, wives and daughters, all,  
 Of Kings and Heroes. Close around the trench,  
 Eager to drink the crimson pool they stood.  
 But I, consid'ring fat, how I might each  
 Interrogate, and thus resolv'd. My sword  
 Forth drawing from beside my sturdy thigh,  
 Firm I prohibited the ghosts to drink  
 The blood together; they successive came;  
 Each told her own distress; I question'd all.

There, first, the high-born Tyro I beheld;  
 She claim'd Salmoncus\* as her sire, and her  
 Had Cretheus, son of Æolus, espoused.  
 Enamour'd of Enipeus, stream divine,  
 Loveliest of all that water earth, beside  
 His limpid current she was wont to stray,  
 When Ocean's God, (Enipeus' form assumed †)  
 Within the eddy-whirling river's mouth

that is to say, as a concealed insinuation of the contempt which the poet felt for the superstition on which his story was founded.

Plutarch also observes that Homer has done well to treat this conference of Ulysses with the shades of the deceased, as a tale credible only by credulous women.—C.

\* Whom for counterfeiting his thunders Jove struck with a thunderbolt.—B. & C.

† Enipeus was a river of Elis which also ran through Thessaly.—B. & C.

Embraced her ; there, while the o'er-arching flood,  
 Uplifted mountainous, conceal'd the God  
 And his fair human bride, her virgin zone  
 He loos'd, and o'er her eyes sweet sleep diffused.  
 His am'rous purpose satisfied, he grasp'd  
 Her hand, affectionate, and thus he said.

Rejoice in this my love, and when the year  
 Shall tend to consummation of its course,  
 Illustrious twins produce ; for love divine  
 Is never fruitless. With affection due  
 Sustain and cherish them, and well beware  
 That, going hence, thou boast not my embrace,  
 For I am Neptune, sov'reign of the Deep.

He said, and, whelm'd in ocean, disappear'd.  
 She Pelias bore and Neleus, heroes, both,  
 And sceptre-swaying delegates of Jove.  
 Pelias the plains of Iäolchus own'd,  
 Of num'rous flocks possess'd ; but his abode  
 Amid the sands of Pylus Neleus chose,  
 To Cretheus wedded next, the lovely nymph  
 Yet other sons, Æson and Pheres bore,  
 And Amythaon of equestrian fame.

I, next, the daughter of Asopus saw,  
 Antiope ; she gloried to have known  
 Th' embrace of Jove himself, to whom she brought  
 A double progeny, Amphion named

And

And Zethus ; they the first foundations lay'd  
 And built the tow'rs of seven-gated Thebes,  
 For that, though valiant both, in spacious Thebes  
 Unfenced by tow'rs, they could not dwell secure \*.

Alcmena, next, Amphitryon's wife I saw,  
 By Jove's embrace made mother of the bold  
 And lion-hearted Hercules ; with Her  
 Came also Megara from Creon sprung,  
 And by th' unconquer'd Hercules espoused.

The beauteous Epicaste saw I then,  
 Mother of Oedipus, who guilt incurr'd  
 Enormous, fatally deceiv'd and match'd  
 With her own son ; he, first, his father slew,  
 Then wedded her, which soon the Gods divulged †.  
 He, under vengeance of offended heav'n,  
 In pleasant Thebes dwelt miserable, King  
 Of the Cadmean race ; she to the gates  
 Of Ades brazen-barr'd despairing went,  
 Self-strangled by a cord made fast aloft  
 To her own palace-roof, and woes bequeath'd  
 (Such as the Fury sisters execute  
 Innumerable) to her guilty son.

\* Homer takes no notice of the story of Amphion building the walls of Thebes by the magick influence of his lyre.—C. It was probably therefore invented since.

† By the Tragedians called—Jocasta.

There also lovely Chloris I beheld,  
 Amphion's last-born daughter, and the bride  
 Of Neleus, chosen for her beauties' sake,  
 And gifted, at his hands, with countless dow'r.  
 Neleus supreme in sandy Pylus reign'd  
 And in Orchomenus, and sire became  
 Of an illustrious offspring; for she bore,  
 First, Nestor; Chromius, second; after whom  
 Undaunted Periclymenus, and, last  
 His daughter Pero, wonder of all eyes,  
 Whom ev'ry neighbour of the Pylian realm  
 In marriage sought, but none might hope to win  
 From Neleus, save alone who should prevail  
 To drive from Phylace the guarded herds  
 Of King Iphiclus. Of them all, alone,  
 Melampus undertook that arduous task,  
 The Prophet; but by Fate's severe decree,  
 The herdsmen bound and held him pris'ner there.  
 At length (the year, with all its months and days  
 Concluded, and the new-born year begun)  
 The King Iphiclus, for his wisdom' sake,  
 And grateful for mysterious sayings solved,  
 Released him, and the will of Jove was done\*.

\* Iphicles had been informed by the Oracles, that he should have no children till instructed by a prophet how to obtain them; a service which Melampus had the good fortune to render him.—B.



Next, Leda, wife of Tyndarus I saw,  
 Who bore to Tyndarus a noble pair,  
 Castor the bold, and Pollux cestus-famed.  
 Though pris'ners in the fertile womb of earth,  
 They still survive, and honour even there  
 From Jove obtain ; by turns they die, they live,  
 Nor less than Gods in earth are deem'd or heav'n\*.

The consort of Aloëus, next, I view'd,  
 Iphimedia. She to Neptune bore,  
 For Him she call'd their Father, a short-lived  
 But godlike Pair of never dying fame,  
 Otus and Ephialtes. Such for height,  
 And such for beauty, never by the fruits  
 Of earth were nourish'd, since Orion died.  
 Nine cubits were the breadth, nine ells the length,  
 At nine years growth, of each. The Gods themselves  
 They menaced, and preparing to disturb  
 With all-confounding war the realms above,  
 On the Olympian summit thought to fix

\* Castor being slain by Meleager, or by Polynices, and Pollux being immortal, the latter entreated Jupiter that his brother might share his immortality with him, and that they might alternately ascend to Olympus and sink into the shades. Thus the Mythologists allegorized the alternate appearance and disappearance of the two stars named Castor and Pollux, one of which declines into the southern Hemisphere, while the other is seen in ours.—C.

Huge Offa, and on Offa's tow'ring head  
 Pelion with all his forests; so to climb,  
 By mountains heap'd on mountains, to the skies \*.  
 Nor had they fail'd, to full-grown youth matured,  
 But by the son † of fair Latona slain  
 Both perish'd, ere the cheeks of either yet  
 The fleecy down of blooming manhood wore.

Phædra I also there, and Procris saw,  
 And Ariadne for her beauty praised,  
 Whose fire was all-wise Minos. Theseus her  
 From Crete toward the fruitful region bore  
 Of sacred Athens, but enjoy'd not there;  
 For, first, she perish'd by Diana's shafts  
 In Dia, Bacchus witnessing her crime ‡.

Mæra and Clymene I saw beside,  
 And odious Eriphyle, who received  
 The price in gold of her own husband's life §.

But

\* Offa and Pelion were mountains of Thessaly. Olympus was a mountain of Macedonia.—B. & C.

† Apollo.

‡ Phædra was the daughter of Minos and wife of Theseus; Procris was the daughter of Erechtheus.—Dia was an island near to Crete, and was afterward called Naxos. It was sacred to Bacchus. Bacchus, therefore, accused her to Diana of having received the embraces of Theseus in his temple there, and the Goddess punished her with death.—B. & C.

§ Mæra was the daughter of Proetus and Anteia, and died a virgin. Clymene was the daughter of Minys son of Neptune and  
 of

But all the wives of Heroes whom I saw,  
 And all their daughters can I not relate ;  
 Night, first, would fail ; and even now the hour  
 Calls me to flumber either in my bark  
 Or here ; mean-time, I in yourselves confide,  
 And in the Gods to shape my conduct home.

He ceased, and through the gloomy mansion all  
 Sat silent, charm'd to rapture, till, at length,  
 The beauteous Queen, Areta, thus began.

Phæacians ! how appears he in your eyes  
 This stranger, graceful as he is in port,  
 In stature noble, and in mind discrete ?  
 He is my guest ; an honour which alike  
 All here partake ; him, therefore, send not hence  
 With urgent haste, nor scantily impart  
 To one so destitute ; for ye are rich,  
 And by kind heav'n with rare possessions blest.

The Hero, next, Echeneus spake, a Chief  
 Now antient, eldest of Phæacia's sons.

Wisely, my friends, and not below the praise

of Euryanassa, and was married to Phylacus. Eriphyle was the daughter of Iphis ; bribed by a golden ornament which she received either from Polynices or Adrastus, she betrayed her husband. Knowing as a prophet the event, he feared to go to the siege of Thebes, and, in consequence of her treachery, was constrained to go. His name was Amphiaräus.—B. & C.

Which all her prudent counfels ever claim  
 The Queen hath now advifed, and, if it please  
 Alcinoüs alfo, thus will we perform.

To whom the King Alcinoüs replied.

As furely as I live, and as I reign,  
 So fhall be done; I ratify the word.  
 Then let the gueft, though anxious to depart,  
 Wait till the morrow, that I may complete  
 The whole donation. His fafe conduct home  
 Shall be the gen'ral care, but mine in chief,  
 To whom dominion o'er the reft belongs.

Him answer'd, then, Ulyffes ever-wife.

Alcinoüs! Prince! exalted high o'er all  
 Phæacia's fons! fhould ye folicit, kind,  
 My ftay throughout the year, preparing ftill  
 My conduct home, and with illuftrious gifts  
 Enriching me the while, ev'n that request  
 Should please me; for the 'vantage all were mine.  
 I fhould return ftill wealthier, and, arrived  
 In Ithaca, fhould readier welcome find,  
 And rev'rence more profound obtain from all.

To whom Alcinoüs answer thus return'd.

Ulyffes! viewing thee, no fears we feel  
 Left thou, at length, fome falfe pretender prove,  
 Or fubtle hypocrite, of whom no few  
 Diffeminated o'er its face the earth

Sustains, adepts in fiction, and who frame  
 Fables, where fables could be least furnished.  
 Thy phrase well turn'd, and thy ingenuous mind  
 Proclaim *thee* diff'rent far, who hast in strains  
 Harmonious, like a tuneful bard, rehears'd  
 The woes of all thy Grecians, and thy own.  
 But say, and tell me true. Beheld'st thou there  
 None of thy followers to the walls of Troy  
 Slain in that warfare? Lo! the night is long—  
 A night of utmost length; nor yet the hour  
 Invites to sleep\*. Tell me thy wond'rous deeds,  
 For I could watch till sacred dawn, could'st thou  
 So long endure to tell me of thy toils.

Then thus Ulysses, ever-wise, replied,  
 Alcinoüs! high exalted over all  
 Phæacia's sons! the time suffices yet  
 For converse and for sleep; and if thou wish  
 To hear still more, I shall not spare to unfold  
 More pitiable still, the woful end  
 Of other Grecians, after mine, destroy'd,  
 Who 'scaped, indeed, unslaughter'd from the field  
 Of Ilium, but, who reach'd their native shores  
 Only to perish, victims, at the last,

\* This circumstance, according to Eustathius, is mentioned by the poet in order to ascertain the time,—C. which must have been in the winter, for at the end of the fourteenth book it is evidently a winter-night which Ulysses spends with Eumæus.

Of a perfidious woman's dark designs\*.

Now, when chaste Proserpine had wide dispers'd  
 Those female shades, the mournful spirit, next,  
 Of Agamemnon, Atreus' son, appear'd ;  
 Encircled by a throng, he came ; by all  
 Who with himself beneath Ægisthus' roof  
 Their fate fulfilling, perish'd by the sword.  
 He knew me quickly, soon as he had drunk  
 The crimson pool ; with lamentations loud  
 He pierced the gloom ; tears trickling bathed his cheeks,  
 And with spread palms, through ardour of desire,  
 He sought to infold me fast, but vigour none,  
 Or force, as erst, his agile limbs inform'd.  
 I wept for pity at that sight, and thus  
 In words by friendship wing'd his shade address'd.

Ah glorious son of Atreus, King of men !  
 By what dire stroke of destiny subdued  
 Becam'st thou pris'ner here ? By cruel force  
 Of overbearing storms that whelm'd thy barks  
 Beneath the waves, at Neptune's dread command ?  
 Or slain at home by robbers arm'd to seize  
 Thy flocks and herds † ; Or fighting to secure

\* Clytemnestra.

† Having attempted himself the same thing at Ismarus, but unsuccessfully, and with the loss of many of his companions, he naturally suspects that Agamemnon might have fallen in a similar enterprise.—B. & C.

From hostile pow'rs your city and your wives ?

I ceas'd, when Agamemnon thus replied.

Ulysses, noble Chief, Laertes' son

For wisdom famed ! I neither died by force

Of overbearing storms that whelm'd my barks

Beneath the waves, at Neptune's dread command,

Nor yet by spoilers of my flocks and herds,

But by the base Ægisthus. He, combined

With my perfidious wife, the fatal stroke

Contrived for me ; he bade me to his house,

And slew me at his board, as at his crib

Men slay an ox. Thus miserably died

I and my friends around me, slaughter'd, all,

As at the nuptials of some wealthy Chief

Or other banquet, bleed the fatted boars

Bright-tusk'd, for service of his num'rous guests.

Thou hast already witness'd many a field

With warriors overspread, slain one by one ;

But that dire scene had most thy pity moved ;

For we, with brimming beakers at our side,

And underneath full tables, bleeding lay.

Blood floated all the pavement. Then the cries

Of Priam's daughter founded in my ears

Most pitiable of all, Cassandra's cries,

Whom Clytemnestra close beside me slew.

Expiring as I lay, I yet essay'd

To grasp my falchion, but the trait'refs quick  
 Withdrew herself, nor would vouchsafe to close  
 My languid eyes, or prop my drooping chin  
 Ev'n in the moment when I fought the shades.  
 So that the thing breathes not, ruthless and fell  
 As woman once resolv'd on such a deed  
 Detestable as my base wife contrived,  
 The murder of the husband of her youth\*.  
 I thought to have gladden'd by my safe return  
 My children, and the maidens of mine house,  
 But she, past measure profligate, hath poured  
 Shame on herself, on women yet unborn,  
 And even on the virtuous of her sex.

He ceas'd, to whom, thus, answer I return'd.  
 Gods! how severely hath the Thund'rer plagued  
 The house of Atreus, even from the first,  
 By female counsels! we for Helen's sake  
 Have num'rous died, and Clytemnestra framed  
 While thou wast far remote, this snare for thee!

\* Homer more than once tells us that Clytemnestra was never married till to Agamemnon, but Euripides, says Eustathius, knew the contrary, who affirms that she was married first to Tantalus. In his Iphigenia in Aulis he introduces her saying

*Ἐγώμας ἀπεσάν με καὶ λάβεις βία,*

*Τὸν πρόσθεν ἄνδρα Τάνταλον καταπανών.—C.*

Against my will thou took'st me, and by force,  
 When thou hadst slain my first mate Tantalus.



So I, to whom Atrides thus replied.

Thou, therefore, be not pliant overmuch  
 To woman; trust her not with all thy mind,  
 But half disclose to her, and half conceal\*.  
 Yet, from thy consort's hand no bloody death,  
 My friend, hast thou to fear; for passing wise  
 Icarius' daughter is, far other thoughts,  
 Intelligent, and other plans, to frame.  
 Her, going to the wars, we left a bride  
 New-wedded, nourishing her infant boy,  
 Who, man himself, consorts ere now with men  
 A prosp'rous youth; his father, safe restored  
 To his own Ithaca, shall see him soon,  
 And *he* shall clasp his father in his arms  
 As nature bids; but me, my cruel one  
 Indulged not with the dear delight to gaze  
 On my Orestes, for she slew me first.  
 Yet deep repose this counsel in thy breast.  
 Steer secret to thy native isle; avoid  
 Notice; for woman merits trust no more †.

Now

\* And yet, not because she was a woman, but because she was a wicked one, Clytemnestra thus dealt with her husband, and woman is not on her account to be deemed less worthy of trust than man. But it is natural to look with a suspicious eye to the quarter whence came the mischief by which we ourselves have suffered, and to caution others against it.—Dio, Orat. 74.—C.

† This is, surely, one of the most natural strokes to be found in any poet. Convinced, for a moment, by the virtues of Penelope,

he

Now tell me truly. Know ye by report  
 That still my son survives? where dwells he, say?  
 With ancient Nestor at his Pylian home,  
 Or in Orchomenos, or else beneath  
 My brother's roof in Sparta's wide domain?  
 For my Orestes is not yet a shade.

So he, to whom I answer thus return'd.  
 Atrides, ask not me, for of his life  
 Or of his death I know not; words alone  
 Are empty sounds, and better far suppress'd.

Thus we discoursing mutual food, and tears  
 Shedding disconsolate. Achilles' shade  
 Mean-time approach'd me, Peleus' mighty son;  
 Patroclus also, and Antilochus  
 Appear'd, with Ajax, for proportion just  
 And stature tall, (Pelides sole except)  
 Distinguish'd above all Achaia's sons.  
 The soul of swift Æacides at once  
 Knew me, and in wing'd accents thus began.

Brave Laertiades, for wiles renown'd!  
 What bolder deed than this wilt thou devise?  
 How hast thou dared descend into the gloom  
 Of Hades, where the shadows of the Dead,

he mentions her with respect; but, recollecting himself suddenly, involves even her in his general ill opinion of the sex, begotten in him by the crimes of Clytemnestra.

Forms without intellect, alone reside \* ?

So spake the Chief, whom answering thus I said.

O Peleus' son ! Achilles ! bravest far  
Of all Achaia's race ? I here arrived  
Seeking Tiresias, from his lips to learn  
By what means I may reach the rugged coast  
Of Ithaca ; for, tofs'd by ceaseless storms,  
Never have I approach'd Achaia's shore,  
Or touch'd my country yet, from day to day  
Still seeking it in vain. But as for Thee,  
Felicity like thine, Achilles ! none  
Hath known, or shall hereafter ; for the Greeks  
Thee living honour'd ever as a God,  
And thy control is even here supreme  
O'er all thy fellow-shades ; indulge not then,  
Achilles, causeless grief that thou hast died.

I ceased, and answer thus at once received.  
Renown'd Ulysses ! think not death a theme  
Of consolation ; I had rather live  
The servile hind for hire, and eat the bread  
Of some man scantily himself sustain'd,

\* This is plainly the import of the word *'Αφραδίας*, since none of them knew Ulysses, or could articulate, till they had drunk at the trench ; after which they were inspired by Proserpine and enabled to converse with him.

Than sov'reign empire hold o'er all the shades \*.  
 But come—speak to me of my noble boy ;  
 Proceeds he, as he promis'd, brave in arms,  
 Or shuns he war ? Say also, hast thou heard  
 Of royal Peleus ? shares he still respect  
 Among his num'rous Myrmidons, or scorn  
 In Hellas and in Phthia, for that age  
 Predominates in his enfeebled limbs ?  
 For help is none in me ; the glorious sun  
 No longer sees me such, as when in aid  
 Of the Achaians I o'erspread the field  
 Of spacious Troy with all their bravest slain.  
 Oh might I, vigorous as then, repair  
 For one short moment to my father's house,

\* It seems plain, and so the answer of Achilles was understood by Dionysius Halicarn: that the abhorrence in which he holds the state of the Dead, and the emphatical preference he gives to Life when compared with it, arose from his desire of still greater glory, and from his inability to endure the wearisomeness of a condition so inactive. Therefore, it is that, always consistent with himself, he had rather toil for lean wages and eat scanty bread, than be the supreme in authority over all below. In the same stile of complaint, he adds in the sequel

Οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼν ἐπαρωγός, &c.

For help is none in me, the glorious Sun

No longer sees me such—————

what advantage have we, says the Critick abovementioned, from the possession of virtue, where we have no room to exert it?—C.

They

They all should tremble ; I would show an arm,  
Such as should daunt the fiercest who presumes  
To injure *him*, or to despise his age\*.

Achilles spake, to whom I thus replied.  
Of noble Peleus have I nothing heard ;  
But I will tell thee, as thou bidd'st, the truth  
Unfeign'd of Neoptolemus thy son ;  
For him, myself, on board my hollow bark  
From Scyros to Achaia's host convey'd †.  
Oft as in council under Ilium's walls  
Our Chiefs assembled, foremost he pronounced  
His mind, and ever prudently ; by none,  
Save godlike Nestor and myself, excell'd.  
Oft, too, as we with battle hemm'd around  
Troy's bulwarks, from among the mingled crowd  
Thy son sprang foremost into martial act,  
Emulous always of superiour fame.  
Beneath him num'rous fell the sons of Troy  
In dreadful fight, nor have I pow'r to name  
Distinctly all, who by his glorious arm

\* Another most beautiful stroke of nature. Ere yet Ulysses has had opportunity to answer, the very thought that Peleus may possibly be insulted, fires him, and he takes the whole for granted. Thus is the impetuous character of Achilles sustained to the last moment!

† This Ulysses did after the death of Achilles, for while he lived his son was not among the besiegers.—C. Scyros was a city of Dolia.—B. & C.

Exerted in the cause of Greece, expired.  
 Yet will I name Eurypylus, the son  
 Of Telephus, an Hero whom his sword  
 Of life bereaved, and all around him strew'd  
 The plain with his Cetean warriors, won  
 To Ilium's side by bribes to women giv'n \*.  
 Save noble Memnon only, I beheld  
 No Chief at Ilium beautiful as he.  
 Again, when all our bravest to the horse  
 Of wood ascended, by Epeüs framed,  
 And I was charged to open or to shut  
 The hollow fraud; then, many a Grecian Chief  
 And Senator the tear in silence wiped  
 From his wan cheek, and trembled ev'ry limb;  
 But never saw I changed to terrour's hue  
*His* ruddy cheek, no tears wiped *he* away,  
 But oft he press'd me to go forth, his suit  
 With pray'rs enforcing, griping hard his hilt  
 And his brass-burthen'd spear, and dire revenge  
 Denouncing, ardent, on the race of Troy.  
 At length, when we had sack'd the lofty town

\* *Γυναίων εἶνεκα δώρων*—Priam is said to have influenced by gifts the wife and mother of Eurypylus, to persuade him to the assistance of Troy, he being himself unwilling to engage.—B. & C. The passage through defect of history has long been dark, and commentators have adapted different senses to it, all conjectural.

The Ceteans were a people of Mysia, and Telephus was their King.—B. & C.

Of Priam, laden with abundant spoils  
 He safe embark'd, nor pierced by shaft or spear  
 Sent from afar, nor smitten by the sword,  
 As oft in war befalls, where wounds are dealt  
 Promiscuous, at the will of fiery Mars.

I spake, whose praises of his son, the ghost  
 Of swift Æacides exulting heard,  
 And measuring with larger strides, for joy,  
 The meadow gray with asphodel, retired\*.

Thus, many a mournful ghost beside me stood  
 Rehearsing, each, his sorrows, and, alone,  
 The ghost of Ajax eyed me from afar,  
 Indignant that Achilles' armour left  
 By Thetis to the worthiest at the ships,  
 Troy and Minerva judges of the strife,  
 Not to himself had fallen, but to me †.  
 Fatal award! and which I now deplore,

\* Κατ' ἀσφοδελὸν λειμῶνα—Asphodel was planted on the graves, and around the tombs of the deceased, and hence the supposition, that the Stygian plain was clothed with asphodel. F.

† Agamemnon, desirous not to seem partial to either of the competitors for the armour of Achilles, assembling the Trojan captives asked them whether Ajax or Ulysses had occasioned most lamentation in their city. They replied that their city had suffered most by Ulysses. When taking that as a just criterion of their respective merits, to Ulysses he gave the armour.—B. & C. The consequence to Ajax was such insupportable disappointment and mortification that he slew himself.

Since Ajax (save Achilles) in his form  
 And martial exploits foremost of the Greeks,  
 Now lies sepultured for that armour' sake!  
 I, seeking to appease him, thus began.

O Ajax, son of glorious Telamon!  
 Canst thou remember, even after death,  
 Thy wrath against me, kindled for the sake  
 Of those pernicious arms? arms which the Gods  
 Ordain'd of such dire consequence to Greece,  
 Which caus'd thy death, our bulwark! Thee we mourn  
 With grief perpetual, nor the death lament  
 Of Peleus' son, Achilles, more than thine.  
 Yet none is blamable; Jove evermore  
 With bitt'rest hate pursued Achaia's host,  
 And he ordain'd thy death. Hero! approach,  
 That thou may'st hear the words with which I seek  
 To sooth thee; let thy long displeasure cease!  
 Quell all resentment in thy gen'rous breast!

I spake; nought answer'd he, but sullen join'd  
 His fellow ghosts; yet, still I had essay'd  
 To move the angry Chief to some reply,  
 But for the wish that in my soul I felt  
 To view the sad estate of others there.

There saw I Minos, offspring famed of Jove;  
 His golden sceptre in his hand, he sat  
 Judge of the dead; they pleaded each in turn;

Some



Some food; some fat, furrounding on his throne  
The King whose ample doors are never closed.

Orion next, huge ghost, engaged my view,  
Droves urging o'er the grassy mead, of beasts  
Which he had slain, himself, on the wild hills,  
With strong club arm'd of ever-during brass.

There also Tityus on the ground I saw  
Extended, offspring of the glorious earth ;  
Nine acres he o'erspread, and, at his side  
Station'd, two vultures on his liver prey'd,  
Scooping his entrails ; nor his hands were free  
To chafe them thence ; for he had fought to force  
Latona, glorious concubine of Jove,  
What time through pleasant Panope \* she pass'd  
A lonely trav'ler to the Pythian dome.

Next, suff'ring grievous torments, I beheld  
Tantalus ; in a pool he stood, his chin  
Wash'd by the wave ; thirst-parch'd he seem'd, but found  
Nought to assuage his thirst ; for when he bow'd  
His hoary head and strove to drink, the flood  
Vanish'd absorb'd, and, at his feet, adust  
The soil appear'd, dried, instant, by the Gods.  
Tall trees, fruit-laden, with inflected heads  
Stoop'd to him, pears, pomegranates, apples bright,

\* A city of Phocis.—B. & C.

The luscious fig, and unctuous olive smooth ;  
Which when with sudden grasp he would have seized,  
Winds whirl'd them high into the dusky clouds\*.

There, too, the hard-task'd Sisyphus I saw,  
Thrusting before him an enormous rock †.  
With hands and feet struggling, he shov'd the stone  
Up to a hill-top ; but the steep wellnigh  
Vanquish'd, by some great force repuls'd, the mass  
Rush'd again, obstinate, down to the plain ‡.  
Again, stretch'd prone, he toil'd ; sweat bathed his limbs,  
And thick the dust around his brows arose.

The might of Hercules I, next, survey'd ;  
His semblance ; for himself their banquet shares  
With the Immortal Gods, and in his arms  
Infolds neat-footed Hebe, daughter fair  
Of Jove, and of his golden-sandall'd spouse.  
Around him, clamorous as birds, the dead

\* The offence of Tantalus was insatiable greediness ; for not contented to banquet with the Gods himself, he also stole their nectar and ambrosia, and gave them to his companions.—B. & C.

† *Βασάζοντα* must have this sense interpreted by what follows. To attempt to make the English numbers expressive as the Greek, is a labour like that of Sisyphus. The Translator has done what he could.

‡ It is now, perhaps, impossible to ascertain with precision what Homer meant by the word *καταπίψ*, which he uses only here, and in the next book, where it is the name of Scylla's dam.—Some understand it in this place to be an adverb only, formed in the same manner as the adverb *λικριπίς*.—B. & C.

Swarm'd

Swarm'd turbulent; he, gloomy-brow'd as night,  
 With uncased bow and arrow on the string  
 Peer'd terrible from side to side, as one  
 Ever in act to shoot, a dreadful belt  
 He bore athwart his bosom, thong'd with gold\*.  
 There broider'd, many a form stupendous shone,  
 Bears, wild-boars, lions with fire-flashing eyes,  
 Fierce combats, battles, bloodshed, homicide.  
 The matchless artist who that belt devised  
 And wrought those various forms, ne'er fram'd the like  
 Before or after. Soon as he beheld  
 He knew me, and in sorrow thus began.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!  
 Ah, hapless Hero! thou art, doubtless, charged,  
 Thou also, with some arduous labour, such  
 As in the realms of day I once endured.  
 Son of Saturnian Jove, I yet sustain'd  
 Enormous toils, subjected to a man  
 In worth and might inferiour far to me,  
 For whom much arduous service I perform'd.  
 He even bade me on a time lead hence  
 The dog, that task believing above all  
 Impracticable; yet from Ades him  
 I dragg'd reluctant into light, by aid

\* A thong was attached to the belt, and the sword was suspended by it.—B. & C.

Of Hermes, and of Pallas azure-eyed.

So saying, he penetrated deep again  
 The abode of Pluto ; but I still unmoved  
 There stood expecting, curious, other shades  
 To see of Heroes in old time deceased,  
 And Theseus and Pirithoüs had beheld  
 Famed offspring of the Gods, with other Chiefs  
 Of old renown, and even whom I would ;  
 But nations countless of the shadowy Dead  
 Now gath'ring fast around me rent the air  
 With hideous outcry ; me pale horror seized,  
 Lest awful Proserpine should thither send  
 The Gorgon-head from Ades, sight abhorr'd !  
 Thence, therefore, hastening to the shore, I bade  
 My crew cast loose their moorings and embark.  
 Obedient they their seats on board resumed,  
 And down th' Oceanus with oars we won  
 Our passage, first, then fann'd by pleasant gales \*.

\* The two first lines of the following book seem to ascertain the true meaning of the conclusion of this, and to prove sufficiently that by *Ὠκεανὸς* here, Homer could not possibly intend any other than a river. In those lines he tells us in the plainest terms, that *the ship left the stream of the river Oceanus, and arrived in the open sea*. Diodorus Siculus informs us, that *Ὠκεανὸς* had been a name anciently given to the Nile.—C.

## A R G U M E N T

OF THE

## T W E L F T H    B O O K.

Ulysses, pursuing his narrative, relates his return from the shades to Circe's island, the precautions given him by that Goddess, his escape from the Sirens, and from Scylla and Charybdis; his arrival in Sicily, where his companions, having slain and eaten the oxen of the Sun, are afterward shipwreck'd and lost; and concludes the whole with an account of his arrival, alone, on the mast of his vessel, at the island of Calypso.

## B O O K    X I I.

W H E N down the smooth Oceanus impell'd  
 By prosp'rous gales, my galley, once again,  
 Cleaving the billows of the spacious Deep  
 Had reach'd th' Ææan isle, where sprightly Morn  
 Comes dancing forth, and Phœbus first appears,  
 We thrust her to the sands, and, going forth,

Slept

Slept on the beach till ruddy dawn arose \*.  
 But soon as day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd  
 Look'd forth again, sending my friends before,  
 I bade them bring Elpenor's body down  
 From the abode of Circe to the shore.  
 Then, on the utmost headland of the coast  
 We timber fell'd, and, sorrowing o'er the dead,  
 Water'd his fun'ral rites with many tears.  
 The dead consumed, and with the dead his arms,  
 We heap'd his tomb, and the sepulchral post  
 Erecting, fix'd his shapely oar aloft.

Thus, punctual, we perform'd ; nor our return  
 From Ades knew not Circe, but attired  
 In haste, ere long arrived, with whom appear'd  
 Her female train with plenteous viands charged,  
 And bright wine rosy-red. Amidst us all  
 Standing, the beauteous Goddess thus began.

Unhappy trav'lers, who have fought, alive,  
 The house of Hades, destin'd twice to die,  
 While all besides, once dying, die no more !  
 Come—take ye food ; drink wine ; and on the beach  
 All day regale, for ye shall hence again

\* According to the opinion of the Scholiast, the poet means not to say that the Ææan isle is the place where Aurora actually first rises, but merely to call it a land of day-light. And it seems natural that Ulysses, who had so lately left the gloomy city of the Cimmerians, should so distinguish it.—B. & C.

At day-spring o'er the Deep ; but I will mark  
 Myself your future course, nor uninform'd  
 Leave you in aught, lest, through some dire mistake,  
 By sea or land new mis'ries ye incur.

The Goddess spake, whose invitation kind  
 We glad accepted ; thus we feasting sat  
 Till set of sun, and quaffing richest wine ;  
 But when the sun was set and darkness fell,  
 My crew beside the hawfers slept ; while me  
 The Goddess leading by the hand apart,  
 First bade me sit, then, seated opposite,  
 Inquired, minute, of all that I had seen ;  
 And I, from first to last, recounted all.  
 Then, thus the awful Goddess in return.

Thus far thy toils are finish'd. Now attend !  
 Hear what the Gods themselves, I know, will bring  
 To thy remembrance in the needful hour.  
 First shalt thou reach the Sirens ; they the hearts  
 Enchant of all who on their coast arrive \*.  
 The wretch, who unforewarn'd approaching, hears

\* The Sirens, according to many, were the daughters of Achelöus and Sterope, but others call them the daughters of Achelöus and Terpsichore, one of the Muses. Choosing to live virgins they were hated by Venus, and, having wings, flew to Anthemusa an island of the Tyrrhene sea. Their names were Aglaophema, Thelxiepia, and Pisinoë ; but Homer allows only two, mentioning them in the Dual number.—B. & C.

The Sirens' voice, his wife and little-ones  
 Ne'er fly to gratulate his glad return ;  
 But him the Sirens sitting in the meads  
 Charm with mellifluous song, although he see  
 Bones heap'd around them, and the mould'ring skins  
 Of hapless men, whose bodies have decay'd.  
 But, pass them thou, and, lest thy people hear  
 Those warblings, ere thou yet approach, with wax  
 Moulded between thy palms fill all their ears ;  
 But as for thee—thou hear them if thou wilt.  
 Yet let thy people, compassing around  
 Thy feet and arms with cordage of the ship,  
 Close bind thee to the socket of the mast ;  
 So shalt thou, raptur'd, hear the Sirens' song.  
 But if thou supplicate to be released,  
 Or give such order, then, with added cords  
 Let thy companions bind thee still the more.  
 When thus thy people shall have safely pass'd  
 The Sirens, think not, taught by me, to learn  
 What course thou next shalt steer ; no—choose thyself  
 The best of two, which I shall now describe.  
 Here vaulted rocks impend, for ever dash'd  
 By the hoarse billows of the azure Deep ;  
 The blessed Gods those rocks, Erratic, call \*.

Not

\* These rocks are understood to be those called the Cyanean or Symplegades from *συμπληγάδιον* which signifies *to dash together*. For, standing



Not even birds can pass them ; not the birds  
 Themselves which his ambrosia bear to Jove,  
 But even of those doves the slipp'ry rock  
 Proves fatal still to one, for which the God  
 Supplies another, lest the number fail \*.  
 Ship never yet, arriving there, escaped,  
 But planks and mariners are whelm'd at once,  
 Or, caught by fiery tempests, swept away.  
 The Argo only from the Colchian shore  
 Pass'd safely, further'd by the vows of all ;  
 And even her perhaps rude winds had driv'n  
 Against those bulky rocks, but Juno's aid  
 Vouchsafed to Jason sent her safe along.  
 These rocks are two ; one lifts his summit sharp  
 High as the spacious heav'ns, in dusky clouds  
 Enveloped, which nor autumn fées dispers'd

standing at small distance from each other, to those who approached them in a right line, they appeared two, but, seen in an oblique direction, had the appearance of approximation till at last they seemed to meet. They were therefore fabulously said to clash, and were denominated *The rocks of collision*. For the same reason evidently it is that Homer calls them Πλαγυκται or Erratic.—C.

\* While Jupiter was an infant a cave in Crete was his nursery, where he was attended by doves who brought him ambrosia in their bills, and by a vast eagle which supplied him in the same place with nectar. The God, having subdued and tamed the latter, assigned him an abode in heaven, and the doves he made his harbingers to announce the approach of summer and winter.—See Byzant. Metro cited by Barnes.—B. & C.

Nor summer, for the sun shines never there ;  
 No mortal man, with twice ten feet supplied,  
 And were his hands as num'rous, might attain  
 Its tow'ring head, or to its base descend,  
 For smoothness such it shows, as if by skill  
 Of some nice artist polish'd all around.  
 Full in the centre of its western side,  
 Turn'd toward Erebus, a cavern yawns  
 Gloomy and deep ; beneath it ye shall steer  
 Ulysses, glorious Chief ! your flying bark.  
 No youth could send an arrow from on board  
 High as its horrid mouth. There Scylla dwells,  
 And like a wild-beast's whelp of late renounced  
 By its fierce dam, with hungry whinings fills  
 Her deep recess, a monster to be view'd  
 With terrour even by the Gods themselves.  
 Her feet are twelve, all fore-feet ; six her necks  
 Of hideous length, each clubb'd into a head  
 Terrifick, arm'd with fangs in triple row,  
 Thick-planted, and with carnage fill'd between.  
 Plunged to her middle in the hollow den  
 She lurks, protruding from the black abyfs  
 Her heads, with which the rav'ning monster dives  
 In quest of dolphins, dog-fish, or of prey  
 More bulky, such as in the roaring gulphs  
 Of Amphitrite without end abounds.

None ever boasted yet that he had pass'd  
 Her cavern safely, for with ev'ry mouth  
 She bears upcaught a mariner away \*.  
 The other rock, Ulysses, thou shalt find  
 Humbler, a bow-shot only from the first ;  
 On this a wild fig grows broad-leav'd, and here  
 Charybdis dire ingulphs the fable flood †.  
 Each day she thrice disgorges, and again  
 'Thrice drinks, insatiable, the deluge down.  
 Ah, fear her Then ! for should thy bark approach  
 What time she drinks the billows, not the pow'r  
 Of Neptune' self could rescue thee and thine.  
 Steer, therefore, close to Scylla, and thy bark  
 Urge swiftly on, since loss of six alone  
 Is better far than shipwreck made of all.

So Circe spake, to whom I thus replied.

Oh Goddess ! tell me true. Should I escape,  
 Perchance, the dread Charybdis, may I strike

\* The history of Scylla divested of the fable, according to Palæphatus was simply this. A three-bank'd galley belonging to an island in the Tyrrhene sea, and named Scylla, with the aid of as many ships as she could procure to assist her, plundered the coasts of Sicily and of the bay of Ionia so frequently, that she caused in those parts much talk and general consternation. Ulysses, by the help of a strong and fair wind, had the good fortune to escape when this galley chased him.—C.

† The fig-tree is mentioned here because it will soon be wanted for the preservation of the hero.—B. & C.

In their defence whom Scylla would annoy ?

I said, and quick the Goddeſs in return.

Wretch ! may no toils thy thirſt of battle quell,

Nor even Pow'rs immortal move thy fear ?

For ſuch is Scylla ; that enormous peſt

Defies all force ; retreats not ; cannot die.

Defence is vain ; flight is thy ſole reſource \*.

For ſhould'ſt thou linger putting on thy arms

Befide the rock, beware, leſt darting forth

Her num'rous heads, ſhe ſeize with ev'ry mouth

A Grecian, and with others, even thee.

Paſs therefore ſwiftly, and aloud invoke

Crataïs, mother of this plague of man,

Who will forbid her to aſſail thee more †.

Thou next ſhalt reach Thrinacia's iſle ; there graze

The num'rous ſheep and oxen of the Sun ;

Sev'n herds ; as many flocks of ſnowy fleece ;

Fifty in each ; they breed not, neither die,

No ſhepherds them, but Goddeſſes attend,

Lampetia fair, and Phaëthufa, both

By nymph Næara to Hyperion borne.

\* Barnes on this paſſage cites a punning epigram, expreſſive of the ſame ſentiment ; underſtanding Scylla as a type of Luſt.

Quid facies, facies Veneris cum veneris ante ?

Ne ſedeas, ſed eas ; ne pereas, per eas.

† Others make Scylla the daughter of Phorcys and Hecate.—B.&C.

Them,

Them, soon as she had train'd them to an age  
 Proportion'd to that charge, their mother sent  
 Into Thrinacia, there to dwell and keep  
 Inviolate their father's flocks and herds.  
 If, anxious for a safe return, thou spare  
 Those herds and flocks, though after much endured,  
 Ye may at last your Ithaca regain ;  
 But should'st thou violate them, I foretell  
 Destruction of thy ship and of thy crew ;  
 And though thyself escape, thou shalt return  
 Late, in ill plight, with not a follower left.

She ended, and the golden morning dawn'd.  
 Then, all-divine, her graceful steps she turn'd  
 Back through the isle, and, at the beach arrived,  
 I summon'd all my followers, bade them cast  
 My vessel loose, and climb her sides again ;  
 Obedient they embark'd, the benches fill'd,  
 And thrush'd with well-timed oars the foamy Deep.  
 And now, melodious Circe, nymph divine,  
 Sent after us a canvas-stretching breeze,  
 Pleasant companion of our course, and we  
 (The tackle all adjusted) to the gale  
 Resign'd the bark, and to the pilot's care,  
 And, pierced with heart-felt sorrow, thus I said.

Oh friends ! it much imports you to be taught  
 (Not one but all) such tidings as myself

Have learn'd from Circe, prophetess divine,  
That should we perish, we may perish arm'd  
With like foreknowledge, both yourselves and I.  
First, we must pass the Sirens singing sweet  
In flow'ry meads, of whose enticing strains  
She bids us all beware, and me alone  
With open ears receive them ; me with cords  
Bind, therefore, ye, so surely to the mast  
That fixt erect and moveless at its foot  
I may perforce remain ; and should I sue  
In gentle sort, or seek with stern commands  
T'obtain deliv'rance, bind me still the more.

Thus with distinct precaution I prepared  
My people ; rapid in her course, mean-time,  
My gallant bark approach'd the Sirens' isle,  
For brisk and favourable blew the wind.  
Then, all at once, a breathless calm ensued,  
And the waves slumber'd, lull'd by pow'r divine:  
Up-sprang my people, and the folded sails  
Bestowing safe below, with all their oars  
Timed in just measure, swept the whitening flood.  
Myself, the while, dissolving with my knife  
A waxen cake, the num'rous portions chafed  
Between my palms ; ere long the ductile mass  
Grew warm, obedient to that ceaseless force,  
Assisted by the sun's all-piercing beam.

With that soft liniment I fill'd the ears  
 Of my companions, man by man, and they  
 My feet and arms with strong coercion bound  
 Of cordage to the mast-foot well secured.  
 Then down they sat, and, rowing, thresh'd the brine.  
 But when with rapid course we had arrived  
 Within such distance as a voice may reach,  
 Not unperceiv'd by them the gliding bark  
 Approach'd, and, thus, harmonious they began.

Achaia's boast ! Ulysses ! glorious Chief !  
 Oh hither guide thy bark, that thou may'st hear  
 The Sirens' voice ! these shores none ever pass'd  
 Till happier, first, and wiser he became  
 List'ning awhile to our melodious song.  
 For all the woes inflicted by the Gods  
 On Ilium's sons, and on Achaia's host,  
 And all events wherever else, we know\*.

So

\* The following transcript of a Latin version of this famous song by Cicero, may perhaps gratify the curious reader.

O decus Argolicum ! quin puppim flectis, Ulysses,  
 Auribus ut nostros possis agnoscere cantus !  
 Nam nemo hæc unquam est transectus cærule cursû,  
 Quin priùs adstiterit, vocum dulcedine captus ;  
 Post, variis avido satiatus pectore musis,  
 Doctior ad patrias lapsus pervenerit oras.  
 Nos grave certamen belli, clademque tenemus  
 Græcia quam Trojæ divino numine vexit,  
 Omniaque è latis rerum restigia terris.

So they with voices sweet their musick poured  
 On my delighted ear, winning with ease  
 My heart's desire to listen, and by signs  
 I bade my people, instant, set me free.  
 But they more strenuous row'd, and from their seats  
 Eurylochus and Perimedes sprang  
 With added cords to bind me still the more.  
 This danger past, and when the Sirens' voice,  
 Now left remote, had lost its pow'r to charm,  
 Then, my companions freeing from the wax  
 Their ears, deliver'd me from my restraint.  
 The island left afar, I soon discern'd  
 Huge waves, and smoke, and horrid thund'rings heard.  
 All sat aghast; forth flew at once the oars  
 From ev'ry hand, and with a clash the waves  
 Smote all together; check'd, the galley stood,  
 By billow-sweeping oars no longer urged,  
 And I, throughout the vessel, man by man

To these lines of Cicero it may not be improper to add his opinion of the subject.—The Sirens, he says, seem to have arrested the passenger not only by the novelty or variety of their song, but by the knowledge they professed and promised to communicate; such as men would even cling to their rocks to hear. Homer saw plainly that to represent so great a man detained by a ditty only, would make his story incredible. The songstresses therefore offer him knowledge also, which if a man, ardently desirous of wisdom, had preferred even to his native country, it had been no wonder.



Addressing all, encouraged thus my crew.

We meet not, now, my friends, our first distress.  
 This evil is not greater than we found  
 When the huge Cyclops in his den by force  
 Imprison'd us, yet even thence we 'scaped,  
 My intrepidity and fertile thought  
 Opening the way ; and we shall recollect  
 These dangers also, in due time, with joy\*.  
 Come, then—pursue my counsel. Ye your seats  
 Still occupying, smite the furrow'd flood  
 With well-timed strokes, that by the will of Jove  
 We may escape, perchance, this death, secure.  
 To thee the pilot thus I speak, (my words  
 Mark thou, for at thy touch the rudder moves)  
 Shunning yon smoke and those tumultuous waves,  
 Close by this rock direct thy wary course  
 And fear to leave it ; lest the vessel slide  
 Into the current's force, and all be lost.

So I, with whose advice all, quick, complied.  
 But Scylla I as yet named not, (that woe  
 Without a cure) lest, terrified, my crew  
 Should all renounce their oars, and crowd below.

\* Ulysses assumes to himself the honour of their deliverance from the Cyclops, not in the spirit of self-praise and vain-glory, but to confirm their confidence in him the more. For confidence in their leader is often the salvation of his followers.—C.

Just then, forgetful of the strict command  
Of Circe to forbear, I cloth'd my limbs  
In radiant armour, grasp'd two quiv'ring spears,  
And to the deck ascended at the prow,  
Expecting earliest notice there, what time  
The rock-bred Scylla should annoy my friends.  
But I discern'd her not, nor could, although  
To weariness of fight the dusky rock  
I vigilant explored. Thus, many a groan  
Heaving, we navigated sad the streight,  
For here stood Scylla, while Charybdis there  
With hoarse throat deep absorb'd the briny flood.  
Oft as she vomited the deluge forth,  
Like water cauldron'd o'er a furious fire  
The whirling Deep all murmur'd, and the spray  
On both those rocky summits fell in show'rs.  
But when she suck'd the salt wave down again,  
Then, all the pool appear'd wheeling about  
Within, the rock rebellow'd, and the sea  
Drawn off into that gulph disclosed to view  
The oozy bottom. Us pale horror seized.  
Thus, dreading death, with fast-set eyes we watch'd  
Charybdis; mean-time, Scylla from the bark  
Caught six away, the bravest of my friends;  
And as I watching stood the galley's course  
And them within, uplifted high in air

Their

Their legs and arms I saw. My name aloud  
 Pronouncing in their agony, they went,  
 My name, and never to pronounce it more.  
 As when from some bold point among the rocks  
 The angler, with his taper rod in hand,  
 Casts forth his bait to snare the smaller fry,  
 He swings away remote his guarded line \*,  
 Then jerks aground at once the struggling prey,  
 So Scylla them raised struggling to the rock,  
 And at her cavern's mouth devour'd them all,  
 Shrieking and stretching forth to me their arms  
 In sign of hopeless misery. Ne'er beheld  
 These eyes in all the seas that I have roam'd,  
 A sight so piteous, nor in all my toils.

These rocks thus past, Charybdis, and the den  
 Of dreadful Scylla, to the fruitful isle  
 Where graze the fatted flocks and spotless herds  
 Of bright Hyperion, suddenly we came.  
 Ere yet we reach'd the coast, the bleat of sheep  
 And lowings loud of oxen in the stall  
 Came o'er mine ear. Then dropp'd into my mind  
 The charge enjoin'd me by the Theban seer  
 Tiresias, nor by Circe less enforced,  
 That I should leave afar with trembling awe

\* They passed the line through a pipe of horn, to secure it against the fishes' bite.—B. & C.

The island of the all-enlivening Sun,  
And to my people, forrowing, thus I said.

Receive, my friends, however fore distress'd,  
The charge prophetick of the Theban seer  
Tiresias, and by Circe much enforced,  
To shun this island sacred to the God  
Of all-enliv'ning day; for deadliest woes  
She said, would meet us there. Ye, therefore, pass  
A coast so dang'rous swiftly as ye may.

I ceased; they me with consternation heard,  
And harshly thus Eurylochus replied.

Ulysses, ruthless Chief! no toils impair  
Thy strength, of senseless iron thou art form'd,  
Who thy companions weary and o'erwatch'd  
Forbidd'st to disembark on this fair isle,  
Where now, at last, we might with ease regale.  
Thou, rash, command'st us, leaving it afar,  
To roam all night the Ocean's dreary waste;  
But winds to ships injurious spring by night,  
And how shall we escape a dreadful death  
If, chance, a sudden gust from South arise  
Or stormy West, that dash in pieces o't  
The vessel, even in the Gods despite?  
Prepare we rather now, as night enjoins,  
Our evening fare beside the sable bark,  
In which at peep of day we may again

Launch forth secure into the boundless flood.

He ceas'd, whom all applauded. Then I knew  
That sorrow by the will of adverse heav'n  
Approach'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied.

I suffer force, Eurylochus! and yield  
O'er-ruled by numbers. Come, then, swear ye all  
A solemn oath, that should we find an herd  
Or num'rous flock, none here shall either sheep  
Or bullock slay, by appetite profane  
Seduced, but shall the viands eat content  
Which from immortal Circe we received.

I spake; they readily a solemn oath  
Swore all, and when their oath was fully sworn,  
Within a creek where a fresh fountain rose  
They moor'd the bark, and, issuing, began  
Brisk preparation of their evening cheer.  
But when nor hunger more nor thirst remain'd  
Unfated, recollecting, then, their friends  
By Scylla seized and at her cave devour'd,  
They mourn'd, nor ceased to mourn them, till they slept.  
The night's third portion come, when now the stars,  
Had travers'd the mid sky, ethereal Jove  
Call'd forth a vehement wind with tempest charged,  
Menacing earth and sea with pitchy clouds  
Tremendous, and the night fell dark from heav'n.  
But when Aurora, daughter of the day,

Look'd

Look'd rosy forth, we thrust the threaten'd ship  
 For safety far within a deep recess  
 Umbrageous, whither oft the nymphs retired  
 For sport and for repose, and gath'ring, there,  
 My gallant friends around me, thus I said.

My friends! food fails us not, but bread is yet  
 And wine on board. Abstain we from the herds,  
 Lest harm ensue; for ye behold the flocks  
 And herds of a most potent God, the Sun!  
 Whose eye and watchful ear may none elude.

So saying, I sway'd the gen'rous minds of all.  
 A month complete the South wind ceaseless blew,  
 Nor other wind blew next, save East and South;  
 Yet they, while neither food nor rosy wine  
 Fail'd them, the herds harm'd not, through fear to die.  
 But when, at length, provision none remain'd,  
 Necessity, then, sent them forth to roam  
 In quest of prey, with pointed hooks to snare  
 Fishes, or birds, and even what they might,  
 By famine urged. I solitary roam'd  
 Mean-time the isle and pray'd, with hope to move  
 Some God to show us a deliv'rance thence.  
 When, roving thus the isle, I had at length  
 Left all my crew remote, I laved my hands  
 Where shelter warm from ev'ry blast I found,  
 And supplicated all the Pow'rs above;

But

But they my eyes with slumber whelm'd, and thus  
Eurylochus seduced my crew the while.

My friends! afflicted as ye are, yet hear  
A fellow-suff'rer. Death, however caused,  
Abhorrence moves in miserable man,  
But death by famine is a fate of all  
Most to be fear'd. Come, drive me to the shore  
The best and fairest oxen of the Sun,  
For sacrifice to the Immortal Pow'rs,  
Resolving thus—that soon as we shall reach  
Our native Ithaca, we will erect  
To bright Hyperion an illustrious fane,  
Which with magnificent and num'rous gifts  
We will enrich. But should he choose to sink  
Our vessel, for his stately bees incensed,  
And should, with him, all heav'n resent the deed,  
I rather had with open mouth, at once,  
Meeting the billows, perish, than by slow  
And pining mis'ry in this desert isle.

So spake Eurylochus, whom all approved.  
Then, driving all the fattest of the herd  
Few paces only, (for the sacred bees  
Grazed rarely distant from the bark) they stood  
Encircling them around, and, grasping each  
Green foliage newly pluck'd from saplings tall,  
(For barley none in all our bark remain'd)

Worshipp'd

Worshipp'd the Gods in pray'r \*. Pray'r made, they flew  
 And flay'd them, and the thighs with double fat  
 Investing, spread them o'er with slices crude.  
 No wine had they with which to consecrate  
 The blazing rites, but with libation poor  
 Of water hallow'd the interiour parts.

Now, when the thighs were burnt, and each had shared  
 His portion of the maw, and when the rest  
 All flash'd and scored hung roasting at the fire,  
 Sleep, in that moment, suddenly my eyes  
 Forsaking, to the shore I bent my way.  
 But ere the station of our bark I reach'd,  
 The fav'ry vapour met me. At the scent  
 I groan'd aloud, and to the Gods exclaim'd.

Oh Jupiter, and all ye Pow'rs above !  
 With cruel sleep and fatal ye have lull'd  
 My cares to rest, such horrible offence  
 Mean-time my rash companions have devised.

Then, flew long-stoled Lampetia to the Sun  
 At once with tidings of his slaughter'd bees,  
 And he, incens'd, the Immortals thus address'd.

Jove, and ye everlasting Pow'rs divine !  
 Avenge me instant on the crew profane

\* They might encircle them either because the ceremonial required them to do so, or to confine and keep them together.—C.



Of Laertiades ; Ulyffes' friends

Have dared to flay my beeves, which I with joy  
Beheld, both when I climb'd the ftarry heav'ns,  
And when to earth I flop'd my " weftering wheels ;"  
They fhall requite the wrong, or I renounce  
Henceforth the fkies, and give the ghofts my beams.

Then, thus the Ruler of the realms of air.

Sun ! fhine thou ftill on the Immortal pow'rs,  
And on the teeming earth, frail man's abode.  
My candent bolts can fhiver at a ftroke  
Their flying bark amid the billowy Deep.

Thefe things Calypfo, taught them, as fhe faid,  
Herfelf by Mercury, made known to me.

But when, defcending to the fhore, I reach'd  
At length my bark, with look and tone fevere  
I reprimanded them, yet no redrefs  
Could frame, or remedy —the beeves were dead.  
Soon follow'd figns portentous fent from heav'n.  
The fkins all crept, and on the fplits the flefh  
But crude and roasted, moan'd as with the voice  
Of living beeves. Thus my devoted friends  
Driving the fatteft oxen of the Sun,  
Feafted fix days entire ; but when the fev'nth  
By mandate of Saturnian Jove appeared,  
The ftorm then ceafed to rage, and we, again  
Embarking, launch'd our galley, reared the maft,

And

And gave our unfurl'd canvas to the wind.

The island left afar, and other land  
 Appearing none, but sky alone and sea,  
 Right o'er the hollow bark Saturnian Jove  
 A blue cloud station'd, dark'ning all the Deep.  
 Not long my vessel ran, for, blowing wild,  
 Now came shrill Zephyrus; a stormy gust  
 Snapp'd sheer the shrouds on both sides; backward fell  
 The mast, and with loose tackle strew'd the hold;  
 Striking the pilot in the stern, it crush'd  
 His skull together; he a diver's plunge  
 Made downward, and his noble spirit fled.  
 Then Jove, still thund'ring, hurl'd into the ship  
 His candent bolts; she, quaking all her length,  
 With sulphur reek'd, and o'er her shatter'd sides  
 My people, plunging, on the boist'rous waves  
 Like sea-mews rode, forbidden by that stroke  
 Of wrath divine to hope their country more.  
 But I, the vessel still paced to and fro,  
 Till sever'd by the storm her planks and ribs  
 Forsook the keel now left to float alone.  
 Snapp'd where it join'd the keel the mast had fall'n,  
 But fell encircled with a leathern brace,  
 Which it retain'd; binding with this the mast  
 And keel together, on them both I sat,  
 Borne helpless onward by the dreadful gale.

And

And now the West subsided, and the South  
 Arose instead, with mis'ry charged for me,  
 That I might measure back my course again  
 To dire Charybdis. All night long I drove,  
 And when the sun arose, at Scylla's rock  
 Once more, and at Charybdis' gulph arrived.  
 It was the fearful time when she absorb'd  
 The briny flood, but by a wave upborne  
 I seized the branches of the wild-fig fast \*,  
 To which, bat-like, I clung; yet where to fix  
 My foot secure found not, or where to ascend,  
 For distant lay the roots, and distant shot  
 The largest arms erect into the air,  
 O'ershadowing all Charybdis; therefore hard  
 I clench'd the boughs, till she disgorg'd again  
 Both keel and mast. Not undesired by me  
 They came, though late; for at what hour the judge,  
 After decision made of num'rous strifes  
 Between young candidates for honour, leaves  
 The forum for refreshment' sake at home,  
 Then was it that the mast and keel emerged †.  
 Deliver'd to a voluntary fall,  
 Fast by those beams I dash'd into the flood,

\* See line 120.

† He had therefore held by the fig-tree from sun-rise till afternoon.

And seated on them both, with oary palms  
 Impell'd them; nor the Sire of Gods and men  
 Permitted Scylla to discern me more,  
 Else, in that moment, had I surely died \*.  
 Nine days I floated, and the Gods, at length,  
 On the tenth night, the beams which I bestrode  
 Drove to Ogygia, where the beauteous Nymph  
 Calypso dwells; she pitied and supplied  
 My want of all things.—But let this suffice.  
 Whate'er ensued, thy royal spouse and thou  
 Learn'd yesterday; and, to rehearse a tale  
 So lately told, were wearisome and vain †.

\* Strabo contends that Circe misinformed Ulysses; for she assured him that if he arrived at Charybdis at the time when she ingulphed the water, Neptune himself could not deliver him. He arrives there, however, at that very time, and nevertheless escapes. But Circe gave him that caution, on a supposition that if he arrived there at all it must be in his ship, and his escape by means of the wild fig when the timbers on which he had floated thither were actually swallowed up, is no impeachment of the truth of her intelligence.—C.

† Hence it is plain, says Eustathius, that none of Homer's repetitions are made without a reason, or escape him through mere garrulity. And Plutarch says, observing on this passage, Of all that can be said of poets nothing is so true as that Homer alone, always new, always beautiful, may bid defiance to the most fastidious reader. Leading us, as he does, from subject to subject he never cloy, but is sure to present some novelty or other to our relief before satiety can seize us —C.

• 2929 11







UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY  
Los Angeles  
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

M  
APR

REC'D

APR 28 1990

FE

OO

JUN

JUN 25 1990

NOV



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LIBRARY

URL

RE

34  
5

E

85

15





3 1158 00418 8644

